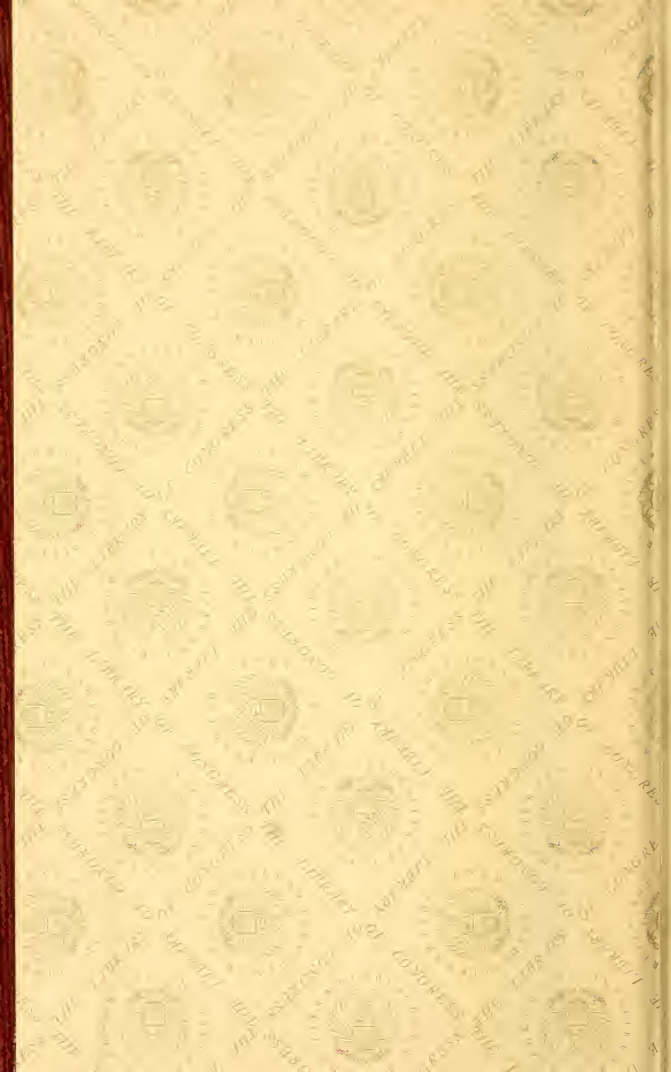
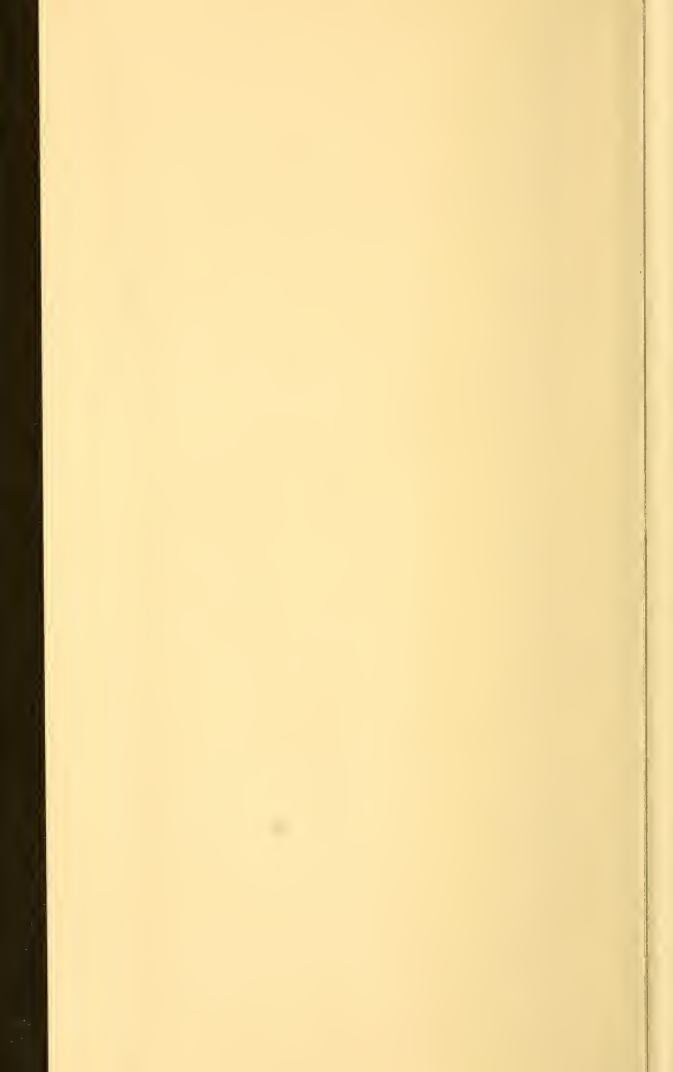










CLASSICAL STUDIES:

ESSAYS

ON

ANCIENT LITERATURE AND ART.

WITH THE BIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
EMINENT PHILOLOGISTS.



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BOSTON:
GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN,
59 WASHINGTON STREET.
1843.

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NO. 11 CORNHILL....BOSTON.

## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the United States, the question of classical education has often been discussed, and its utility sometimes vehemently denied. In the meantime, the study of the Greek and Roman authors, and the taste for ancient art, have been making constant progress, both in schools and colleges. Many of the choicest works of the classical writers have been carefully and learnedly edited by American scholars. Professor Woolsey's selection of the Attic Tragedies has been welcomed with applause, both at home and abroad; and his recent edition of the *Gorgias* of Plato is the best edition of that admirable dialogue, for practical use, that has ever yet appeared. Other works, prepared on similar principles, have been published from time to time; and, at present, the classical course, in several of our colleges, instead of being limited to a volume or two of extracts, embraces a series of entire works in all the leading departments of ancient literature. The mode of studying antiquity has also been materially changed and improved within a few years. History, the arts, the domestic life, the private and public usages, the mythology, and the education of the ancients, have been carefully investigated, and their scattered lights concentrated upon the literary remains of

antiquity. Thus classical scholarship in America is beginning to breathe the same spirit which animates it in the old world; it is beginning to be something higher and better than the dry study of words and grammatical forms; it is becoming a liberal and elegant pursuit; a comprehensive appreciation of the greatest works in history, poetry, and the arts, that the genius of man has ever produced.

Amidst the din of practical interests, the rivalries of commerce, and the great enterprises of the age, classical studies are gaining ground in public estimation. It must always be so with the advance of civilization. We must, however, confess with shame, that in American legislative assemblies, where we naturally look to find the highest courtesy of manners and the graces of literature, little proof of advancing culture, of any kind, is given. Scenes of brutality, to the disgrace and sorrow of the nation, are often enacted in the Congress of the United States, that seem to show that the night of barbarism is settling over the land. Many of the speeches delivered there, exhibit a coarseness and vulgarity of sentiment, a disregard or ignorance of the proprieties of speech, an utter insensibility to the elegances of letters, and to the humanizing influences of the arts, which must be bitterly deplored. When a work of art was lately received in Washington,—a work on which the great American sculptor had lavished all the resources of his genius, and spent several years in the flower of his life,—it was assailed by an honorable member, in a strain of ribaldry, which a gentleman cannot even quote.

But the prospects of American education and refinement are more encouraging, if we turn from public to private life. It is a much more common thing for young men to continue their classical studies beyond the time of the college education, than

it has been in former days. The orators and dramatists of Greece and Rome are frequently made the companions of the writers on law and divinity, though classical pursuits are sometimes represented as on the decline all over the world. Modern literature, throbbing with present life; impassioned poetry, which the strong and exciting character of the age kindles into fiery expression, take hold of all hearts, stir up all minds, and leave but little time for the severer pursuits of the classical scholar. But this is a wrong view of the subject, at least in the extent to which it is sometimes carried. The excitements of modern literature lend additional ardor to classical studies. The young blood of modern literature has put new life into the literature of the dead languages. That exquisitely beautiful poem, Goethe's *Iphigenia at Tauris*, has inseparably connected the name of the great German with him whom Aristotle calls the most tragic of poets, and who was Milton's most cherished bard. The comparison between the German and the Greek gives a fresh charm to the works of both. This point is admirably illustrated in Hermann's eloquent preface to his edition of the *Iphigenia Taurica* of Euripides. That most delicate and harmonious tragic drama, the *Ion* of Mr. Talfourd, — whose composition shed a delight and a charm over many years of intense professional labor, — has led many a scholar back to the beautiful antique, from which the title and the general subject were taken; and the applause with which this masterly re-production of the classical spirit and almost the antique form, was welcomed a few years ago, was a pleasant indication of the still existing love of antique beauty. The majestic simplicity of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, and its Dorian choruses, forcibly bring to mind the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and suggest very instructive comparisons between the lofty characters of the two poets. And who does not feel

that he can better understand, and more profoundly appreciate, the glorious, but terrible imagination of the poet of Agamemnon, when he has once been moved and agitated by the awful power of Macbeth; when the myriad-minded poet of England, in whom the genius of man took its sublimest flights, has once entered into and taken possession of his soul.

But the Greek and Roman classics stand at the beginning and at the source of European culture. Nothing can displace them. Homer is the fountain-head of all European poetry and art. There he stands, venerable with nearly thirty centuries, touching his heroic harp to strains of unsurpassed, nay, unapproachable excellence and grandeur. All the features of a great heroic age,—the chivalry of the classical world,—from which European civilization dates, and political and domestic order take their rise,—stand forth in living reality, in his immortal pictures. There he stands, radiant with the beams of the early Grecian morning, as “jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.” Who is to drive him from his station there? And how, then, is Homer to pass from the memory and the hearts of men? Impossible. It is not a question to be decided by a few petty and short-sighted utilitarian views. Homer’s reign is firmly established over the literary world, and if any nation should ever become so barbarous as to banish him from their schools, the penalty and disgrace would be their own. The language of Homer, as a picturesque, melodious, and enchanting instrument of thought, has never been surpassed.

Now these great ancients have been, time out of mind, the teachers of the civilized world. They form a common bond, which unites the cultivated minds of all nations and ages together. He who cuts himself off from the classics, excludes himself from a world of delightful associations with



the best minds. He fails to become a member of the great society of scholars; he is an alien from the great community of letters. He may be a learned man; he may have all the treasures of science at his command; he may speak the modern languages with facility; but if he have not imbued his mind with at least a tincture of classical taste, he will inevitably feel, that a great defect exists in his intellectual culture.

We have said, that the neglect of classical studies among liberally educated men was less general now than formerly. And yet these pursuits are too often thrown aside. Why should they be so? Why is classical study abandoned at all, at the close of the college course? Are there good reasons for laying it aside when one leaves the walls of the university? The apology is substantially this. It has no immediate connection with practical life. Imperative duty is not to be neglected for an elegant pastime. The lawyer and the physician must direct their energies to the business on which their living depends. The client does not inquire, whether an advocate is conversant with Greek metres, or can write beautiful Latin. A religious society seeks for a good theologian and pastor. They care little for the classical phrase of his discourses. In other words, the members of the learned professions must not diverge to the right hand or to the left. Even if classical learning should be, in some respects, connected with the practical business of life, it is not so regarded by the mass of the people. The lawyer, who is known to possess a fine classical taste, is less popular, other things being equal, than his neighbor, who is a lawyer, and nothing else. If he would be much sought after by clients, he must not read Homer, unless by stealth.

This method of reasoning, however, does not seem to accord with facts. Some of the most successful men in

all the professions have been accomplished classical scholars, pursuing the study of the ancient languages in the midst of exhausting labors. A few instances may be cited. Edmund Burke said, that Virgil was a book which he always had within his reach. William Pitt was deeply versed in the niceties of construction and peculiarities of idiom, both in the Greek and Latin languages. It is mentioned of Curran, that, amid the distractions of business and ambition, he was all his life returning with fresh delight to the perusal of the classics. In the last journey which he ever took, Horace and Virgil were his travelling companions. The late chief justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, filling, perhaps, the most laborious office in the State, always found time to gratify his classical taste. John Luzac, an eminent professor of Greek at Leyden, spoke of him as "a giant in Greek criticism." Robert Hall, in the most active period of his ministry, devoted several hours in a day, for a number of years, to a thorough study of the classics. He often referred to Plato in terms of fervid eulogy, expressing his astonishment at the neglect into which he apprehended the writings of that philosopher were sinking. In our own neighborhood, an eminent lawyer, constantly employed in the duties of his profession, stands confessedly at the head of American philologists. A judge, also, in one of our metropolitan courts, whose practical duties are of a very laborious nature, is a profound and accurate Greek scholar.

Reliance, however, in a question of this kind, need not be placed exclusively on special cases. It may be supported by satisfactory arguments, at least in relation to the clerical profession. A book written in Hebrew and Greek is their *Magna Charta*, their authoritative commission. Resort to translations is as obviously improper, as it would be for a constitutional lawyer to gain his knowledge of the political

institutions of the State at second hand. A mastery of the original languages of the Bible was, probably, never attained by any one, who was not familiar with classical Greek. The main element of the New Testament is the later Attic dialect, as modified by the intermingling of words from other languages. Even authors of the highest name, in regard to style, like Xenophon and Pindar, throw much valuable light on the Scriptures. Homer and Herodotus remind the reader, in a thousand places, of the sweet simplicity and childlike artlessness which delight us in the narratives of the Pentateuch. Philo and Josephus are among the best helps for the interpretation of parts of the Bible. A large portion of the standard commentaries on the Scriptures, from the time of Jerome down, have been written in Latin.

The direct benefits of classical study to the medical and legal student may not be so obvious. The arguments which the lawyer employs, and the observations which direct the physician's practice, are more or less of recent origin. Still, medical science first struck its roots into Grecian soil. The fathers of the healing art wrote in the Greek language. The distinguished physician, Boerhaave, who was well acquainted with Latin and Greek before he was eleven years old, was forcibly struck, in the course of his subsequent reading, with the correct method and sterling sense of Hippocrates. An eminent American physician has said, that the best descriptions of the symptoms of disease are found in the Greek language. Roman law is the parent and germ of every code which has been formed since. No sovereign, not even Napoleon himself, has done so much for the science of law, as the Greek emperor Justinian. No language contains so many of the sources of scientific legislation as the Latin. It is a treasury of facts and principles down to our day.

It may be urged, indeed, that there is no necessity for repairing to the original fountain. All that is valuable in the treatises of Hippocrates, or in the rescripts of Justinian, are readily accessible in the modern languages. Why compel the student to ascend to the little spring hidden under the moss of an old language, when he can drink of a river that flows fast by his own door, and which has been increased by a thousand fresh fountains? A sufficient answer is, that we cannot understand a subject with certainty, if we do not trace it to its source. By the radical study of any topic, we come to feel an assurance of belief, which is one of the best elements of success, because it imparts to the mind a firm confidence in its own powers. It is said, that there are, in the writings of Hippocrates, some of the finest descriptions of the natural course of disease, disturbed neither by medicine nor violent interference. Now these characteristic touches, which are the marks of genius, as well as of an accurate understanding, cannot be enjoyed through a translation. The more picturesque they are, the more need of seeing the very shape and coloring by which they are delineated. So of law and political science. Who has laid the best foundation for statesmanship, the man that has patiently studied Demosthenes, Thucydides, and Polybius, in the original; or he whose knowledge of ancient Greece is made up from Langhorne's Plutarch, and Mitford's jaundiced history? Mere information is not the only thing which is needed. There are now American senators, whose heads are crammed with encyclopedias, but whose great, ponderous speeches have no other effect than to thin the senate chamber. A statesman needs that close, vivid apprehension of a principle or theory, which he can get from Thucydides, but not from Rollin. In the sciences of law and medicine, much is depending on nice discrimination in

language, or exact definition ; who is so well prepared to make accurate distinctions as he who is versed in the literature of those languages, where the greater number of medical and political terms have their origin ?

Still more important are the indirect benefits of classical study. Among these are its effects in securing completeness of character, both intellectual and moral. The powers of the soul are various in their structure, and are developed only by various nourishment. Being a bright image of the perfect Mind that formed it, the soul has susceptibilities for all things beautiful and sublime in nature and in art. The law graven on it is violated whenever its affections are hemmed in upon one dusty track. A man may be so absorbed with the cure of the maladies of the body, or of legislation, that a single faculty of his mind attains an enormous growth, while he has no ear for the music which comes from every part of the visible creation, or those finer strains uttered by every well-attuned human soul.

An illustration of this tendency may be drawn from the clerical profession. A clergyman may limit his studies to Oriental literature. He may be inordinately fond of the literary treasures of the East. The poetry of the Hebrews is, undoubtedly, loftier than that of any other people. "The sweet singer of Israel" is the child of nature. He opens his imaginative soul to the full impression of the scenes around him. He is fettered by no passion for ideal beauty, by none of the devices of rhyme, metre, or fastidious criticism. His song breaks out in the stately rhythm of nature. All things tend towards the sublime. He looks off from Lebanon, and sees the sun setting on the level bosom of the "great sea, and wide on every hand," without an intervening object.

The same luminary, rising on a boundless desert of sand, is one of the grandest objects in nature. The tempest has a terrible commission to execute there. In his ideas of the true God, also, the Hebrew has, immeasurably, the superiority over the Greek and the Roman. By universal consent, the passages which are sublimest in Greek poetry, are those which make the nearest approach to the Hebrew delineations of the Divine attributes.

Yet, on the other hand, in the quality of beauty, the Greek has greatly the advantage. His language is an exact copy of himself, easy, graceful, flexible, fashioned to express the subtlest conceptions, and to charm the most practised ear; cultivated, till, as it should seem, cultivation could proceed no further; copious in its forms, perfect music in its movement. The scenery, too, of Greece, and the natural treasures which it contained, conspired to the same end. "Five hours' walk from the plain of Marathon," says Dr. Wordsworth, "are the marble quarries of Pentelicus, inviting, by its perfect whiteness and splendor, the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles. On another side of Athens, are the quarries of the snow-white Megarian, and the grey stone of Eleusis, to which Rome was indebted for some of her best buildings." All things tended to make the Greeks a nation of artists. They had the richest materials in overflowing abundance, the kindest sky for the preservation of their works, and an exquisite inward sense for fair proportion and beautiful forms.

Now, have not such things an influence in training the mind of the theological scholar? If he fails to cultivate his original susceptibilities for sweet sounds and delicate thoughts, or, in other words, if he does not repair to the primary sources and true models for instruction, so far will his soul continue

unformed and unsightly. If he cannot refresh his weary spirit, or unfold some of his better faculties by classical culture, he should accept it as a severe misfortune.

Is the study of the modern tongues an equivalent? The French language has immense stores of science; the German, of literature. Paris is the centre of medical knowledge; Berlin and Heidelberg, of legal. Still, it may be doubted, whether the best works in any modern language are fitted, in the highest degree, to educate the soul. How different is the impression which is felt in the perusal of what are called the classical works in French and German, from that which is experienced while reading the *Tusculan Questions*, or the *Phaedo*? The difference, indeed, is partly owing to association. The latter have the ancient coloring upon them. There are a thousand time-hallowed reminiscences with old Hesiod and Homer. The modern languages remind us of copy-rights, and of the steam power-press. Yet it is not to be wholly ascribed to the mellowing effect of time. No languages ever were, none ever will be, polished, like the Greek and Latin. There is no similar instance in the ancient world. No such phenomenon will exist hereafter, because all the modern languages are necessarily undergoing rapid changes. The art of printing is as fatal to the perfection of the outward form in English or in German, as it is to the faultless calligraphy of the Persian scribe. Innumerable causes are at work to modify the German, a language which has some close affinities to the Greek. Should it cease to be, in some of the strange accidents of time, a spoken language, stopped in its mid-career, like a stream from the Alps suddenly congealed by the frost, what motley forms would it reveal! How different from the two classical languages! About these, there is a repose, a sculpture-like finish, a serenity, to which no modern dialect

approaches. What a perfect correspondence between the thought and the expression. The writer does not stumble on a synonym, or a word somewhere in the neighborhood of that which was needed, like most modern authors, but hits the very word. We feel that it would be sacrilege to try to change it for another. In the best Greek writers, the collocation of words is wonderfully felicitous, not resulting from the laws of prosody alone, but from the musical soul of the writer. The Italian is called a beautiful language, but how unlike is its monotony to the endless variety of the Homeric hexameter, or the lofty rhythm of the Platonic prose.

It is sometimes asked, in a skeptical tone, why this idolatrous attachment to the classics? Why do Latin and Greek hold such a supremacy over the thousand tongues of earth? It is enough to answer, that the fact is beyond contradiction. We do not know why the Egyptian language was not more perfect. Yet we hardly feel bound to sit down and study Coptic for the purpose of improving our taste. It is not known why there have not been more than one Shakspeare and one Milton. But, because our attachment to these masters may be called idolatrous, ought we to betake ourselves to Sir Richard Blackmore's *Creation* and Glover's *Leonidas*? Just so with Greek and Latin. They happen to be the only languages which are developed according to the rules of perfect art. Therefore it is the wisdom of all public men, who would mature their own faculties, and labor worthily in their respective spheres, to devote a little time every day to these ancient masters of wisdom and eloquence.

The members of the learned professions are necessarily involved in wearying cares. In the whirl of business, or in the collisions of interest, the feelings of the heart are apt to be blunted, and, though once delicate and gentle, to



become harsh and violent. Something is needed to soothe the chafed spirit. What better resort than to Cicero's Epistles, or Homer's Odyssey, in order to calm the troubled heart, and recall the pleasant days of early youth. The very sight of an ancient classic sometimes acts as a spell to lay the irritated temper. It speaks with the voice of an affectionate monitor, full of the words of wisdom.

In the strifes of various kinds, which all men in public life must encounter, more or less, it is well that there is a common ground on which they can mingle in friendly intercourse. There is an ancient classical homestead, which has not been divided off among the different heirs. All will be received back with a joyous welcome. All have the same right to the fruits and flowers. No theories of government, no theological feuds, no small bickerings, may find admission among this happy gathering. There is a binding influence even in Greek and Latin words. In the very midst of a stormy debate, a felicitous classical allusion will sometimes restore good humor. On the floor of the British parliament, a well-timed citation from Horace has often been like oil poured upon the troubled waters. It recalls to whig and tory the happy days of Eton and of Westminster, or the ripening scholarship and joyous communion of later college days. In a neighboring State, there is a veteran statesman and scholar, who was fourteen years a senator of the United States, "whose selectest pleasure it has been, for sixty years, to commune with those immortal minds, who have bequeathed to the world the richest treasures of thought, and the most exquisite models of style." Who can tell the worth of this venerable Nestor, in maintaining the decorum of a deliberative body? The scenes of wild turmoil that have so often reigned in the lower branch, to the shame of the actors and the sorrow of the country, were not

caused, it may be confidently affirmed, by the classical scholars in that house. Those, who daily commune with the best minds of antiquity, may, and sometimes do, differ in political opinion, but they have no taste for the coarse dialect of the low-bred politician. The vernacular language is the armory to which the demagogue resorts. A thorough classical training, and a continued recurrence, through life, to these sources of refined feeling and elegant thought, is one of the best assurances for a kind and gentlemanly deportment in public men.

A happy influence is exerted by classical study in another way. It is well known, that our mental and moral habits are intimately connected with our style of thinking and of speaking. Thus our sense of rectitude is very much dependent on the accuracy of the language which we employ. Confusion in speech leads to confusion in morals. Perspicuity in diction is often the parent of clear mental and moral conceptions. Hence, scarcely any thing is more important in the culture of the young, than exact attention to the nicer shades of thought; than the ability to discriminate in respect to all terms, those relating to moral subjects particularly, which are, in general, regarded as synonymous. One of the chief benefits of classical study goes to this very point. It is itself a process of accurate comparison. It is taking the valuation, as it were, of the whole stock of two most copious languages. Some of the principal authors use words with wonderful precision. Plato, for instance, defines with microscopic acuteness. His power of analysis was, perhaps, never equalled. His ear seemed to be so trained as to detect the slightest differences both in the sense and in the sound of words. This is one reason why no translation can do justice either to his poetic cadences, or to his thoughts. No one can

be familiar with such an author, and really perceive the fitness of his words, and the truth of the distinctions which they imply, without becoming himself a more exact reasoner and a nicer judge of moral truth. Language, when thus employed, is not a dead thing. It re-acts, with quickening power, on our minds and hearts. When we use words of definite import, our intellectual and moral judgments will become definite. A hazy dialect is the parent of a hazy style of thinking, if it is not of doubtful actions. The dishonest man, or the dishonest State, often allow themselves to be imposed upon by a loose mode of reasoning, and a looser use of language. Here, then, may be drawn an argument not unimportant, in favor of continued attention to those finished models of style and of thought, which are found in the studies in question. They nourish a delicacy of perception, and the sentiments and feelings gradually gain that crystal clearness which belongs to the visible symbols.

Once more, it is to be feared, that a degenerating process has been long going on in our vernacular tongue. There is danger that it will become the dialect of conceits, of prettinesses, of dashing coxcombry, or of affected strength, and of extravagant metaphor. Preachers, as well as writers, appear to regard convulsive force as the only quality of a good style. They seem to imagine that the human heart is, in all its moods, to be carried by storm. Their aim is the production of immediate practical effect. Hence, there is a struggle for the boldest figures and the most passionate oratory. The same tendency is seen in the hall of legislation, and pre-eminently in much of our popular literature. Passion; over-statement; ridiculous conceits; the introduction of terms that have no citizenship in any language on earth; a disregard of grammar; an affected smartness, characterize, to a very

melancholy degree, our recent literature. To be natural, is to be antiquated. To use correct and elegant English, is to plod. Hesitancy in respect to the adoption of some new-fangled word, is the sure sign of a purist. Such writers as Addison and Swift are not to be mentioned in the ears of our "enterprising" age. The man or the woman, who should be caught reading the *Spectator*, would be looked upon as smitten with lunacy. In short, there is reason to fear, that our noble old tongue is changing into a dialect for traffickers, magazine-writers, and bedlamites.

One way by which this acknowledged evil may be stayed, is a return to such books as Milton, Dryden and Cowper loved; to such as breathed their spirit into the best literature of England; to the old historians and poets, that were pondered over, from youth to hoary years, by her noblest divines, philosophers, and statesmen. Eloquence, both secular and sacred, such as the English world has never listened to elsewhere, has flowed from minds that were imbued with classical learning.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

|                                                          | Page. |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| INTRODUCTION, . . . . .                                  | 3     |
| I.                                                       |       |
| SCHOOLS OF GERMAN PHILOLOGY, S. . . . .                  | 13    |
| II.                                                      |       |
| STUDY OF GREEK LITERATURE, E. . . . .                    | 33    |
| III.                                                     |       |
| STUDY OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY, E. . . . .                 | 45    |
| IV.                                                      |       |
| WEALTH OF THE GREEKS IN WORKS OF PLASTIC ART, F. . . . . | 65    |
| V.                                                       |       |
| PHILOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE, S. . . . .                  | 99    |
| David Ruhnken to John Daniel Ritter, . . . . .           | 101   |
| Ruhnken to Ritter, . . . . .                             | 103   |
| Ruhnken to Ritter, . . . . .                             | 103   |
| Ruhnken to Ritter, . . . . .                             | 106   |
| Ruhnken to J. P. D'Orville, . . . . .                    | 106   |
| Ruhnken to D'Orville, . . . . .                          | 107   |
| Ruhnken to J. A. Ernesti, . . . . .                      | 107   |
| Ruhnken to Ernesti, . . . . .                            | 108   |
| Ruhnken to Ernesti, . . . . .                            | 108   |
| Ruhnken to Ernesti, . . . . .                            | 109   |
| Ruhnken to Ernesti, . . . . .                            | 110   |
| Ruhnken to Ernesti, . . . . .                            | 111   |
| C. G. Heyne to Ernesti, . . . . .                        | 112   |

|                                                 | Page. |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 113   |
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 114   |
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 115   |
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 115   |
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 116   |
| Ruhnken to Heyne, . . . . .                     | 117   |
| Ruhnken to Immanuel Kant, . . . . .             | 117   |
| Ruhnken to Thomas Tyrwhitt, . . . . .           | 119   |
| Ruhnken to John Henry Voss, . . . . .           | 119   |
| Voss to Ruhnken, . . . . .                      | 120   |
| Ruhnken to F. A. Wolf, . . . . .                | 123   |
| Ruhnken to Wolf, . . . . .                      | 124   |
| Daniel Wyttenbach to William Cleaver, . . . . . | 125   |
| Wyttenbach to J. C. Banks, . . . . .            | 128   |
| Wyttenbach to Thomas Gaisford, . . . . .        | 129   |
| Wyttenbach to Gaisford, . . . . .               | 130   |
| Wyttenbach to J. B. G. Villoison, . . . . .     | 132   |
| Wyttenbach to Villoison, . . . . .              | 132   |
| Wyttenbach to Pierre-Henri Larcher, . . . . .   | 133   |
| Wyttenbach to Sainte Croix, . . . . .           | 135   |
| Wyttenbach to Sainte Croix, . . . . .           | 137   |
| Wyttenbach to J. A. Boissonade, . . . . .       | 140   |
| Wyttenbach to Chardon la Rochette, . . . . .    | 141   |
| Wyttenbach to Larcher, . . . . .                | 142   |
| Wyttenbach to J. B. Gail, . . . . .             | 143   |
| Wyttenbach to Count de Fontanes, . . . . .      | 144   |
| Wyttenbach to H. C. A. Eichstaedt, . . . . .    | 146   |
| Wyttenbach to J. C. Bang, . . . . .             | 148   |
| Wyttenbach to Christian Daniel Beck, . . . . .  | 150   |
| Wyttenbach to F. A. Wolf, . . . . .             | 151   |
| Wyttenbach to Heyne, . . . . .                  | 153   |
| Wyttenbach to C. G. Schütz, . . . . .           | 156   |
| Wyttenbach to Wolf, . . . . .                   | 157   |
| Wyttenbach to Augustus Matthiae, . . . . .      | 158   |
| Wyttenbach to Frederic Creuzer, . . . . .       | 161   |
| Wyttenbach to Creuzer, . . . . .                | 163   |
| Wyttenbach to Augustus Böckh, . . . . .         | 164   |
| Wyttenbach to Heyne, . . . . .                  | 164   |
| Wyttenbach to A. H. Niemeyer, . . . . .         | 166   |
| J. C. Adelung to C. G. Schütz, . . . . .        | 166   |
| J. A. Apel to Schütz, . . . . .                 | 167   |
| F. J. Bast to Schütz, . . . . .                 | 168   |
| F. Schöll to Schütz, . . . . .                  | 169   |
| Immanuel Bekker to Schütz, . . . . .            | 169   |

|                                         | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------|-------|
| Augustus Böckh to Schütz, . . . . .     | 170   |
| Böckh to Schütz, . . . . .              | 171   |
| K. A. Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .     | 172   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 172   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 173   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 173   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 175   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 175   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 176   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 176   |
| Böttiger to Schütz, . . . . .           | 177   |
| A. B. Caillard to Schütz, . . . . .     | 177   |
| Caillard to Schütz, . . . . .           | 178   |
| Creuzer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 179   |
| Creuzer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 180   |
| Creuzer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 182   |
| Eichstaedt to Schütz, . . . . .         | 183   |
| Eichstaedt to Schütz, . . . . .         | 183   |
| J. G. Gruber to Schütz, . . . . .       | 184   |
| Gruber to Schütz, . . . . .             | 184   |
| Gruber to Schütz, . . . . .             | 185   |
| Gruber to Schütz, . . . . .             | 185   |
| Godfrey Hermann to Schütz, . . . . .    | 186   |
| Hermann to Schütz, . . . . .            | 186   |
| Hermann to Schütz, . . . . .            | 187   |
| Hermann to Schütz, . . . . .            | 187   |
| C. D. Ilgen to Schütz, . . . . .        | 188   |
| Frederic Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .    | 188   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 189   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 189   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 189   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 190   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 190   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 191   |
| Jacobs to Schütz, . . . . .             | 191   |
| Schütz to Jacobs, . . . . .             | 192   |
| Schütz to Jacobs, . . . . .             | 192   |
| Schütz to Jacobs, . . . . .             | 193   |
| G. Schäfer to Schütz, . . . . .         | 194   |
| Schäfer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 195   |
| Schäfer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 196   |
| Schäfer to Schütz, . . . . .            | 197   |
| Francis Passow to Hudtwalker, . . . . . | 198   |
| Passow to Ernest Bream, . . . . .       | 199   |

|                                 | Page. |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Passow to Jacobs, . . . . .     | 200   |
| Passow to Henry Voss, . . . . . | 203   |
| Passow to Voss, . . . . .       | 204   |
| Passow to Voss, . . . . .       | 206   |
| Passow to Voss, . . . . .       | 206   |
| Passow to Jacobs, . . . . .     | 207   |

## VI.

|                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| SCHOOL OF PHILOLOGY IN HOLLAND, E. . . . . | 209 |
| Early Philologists, . . . . .              | 211 |
| Tiberius Hemsterhuys, . . . . .            | 213 |
| L. C. Valckenaer, . . . . .                | 228 |
| David Ruhnken, . . . . .                   | 229 |
| Daniel Wyttenbach, . . . . .               | 246 |
| Philip Van Heusde, . . . . .               | 264 |
| Living Philologists, . . . . .             | 264 |

## VII.

|                                                                             |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| SUPERIORITY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE IN THE USE OF ITS<br>DIALECTS, F. . . . . | 267 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## VIII.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| HISTORY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE, S. . . . . | 287 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

## IX.

|                                                                          |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| EDUCATION OF THE MORAL SENTIMENT AMONG THE ANCIENT<br>GREEKS, F. . . . . | 313 |
| NOTES, . . . . .                                                         | 355 |



I.

SCHOOLS OF GERMAN PHILOLOGY.



# CLASSICAL STUDIES.

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## SCHOOLS OF GERMAN PHILOLOGY.

NOTHING in Germany attracts the attention of the literary world more than the philological attainments of her great scholars. While, on the one hand, we are interested to know the results of their immense learning and toil, in order that we may not remain ignorant of those things pertaining to antiquity, with which so many are familiar, we are not less concerned, on the other hand, to ascertain the process by which such scholarship is formed, so that we, also, may enter upon the same course of improvement.

In giving some account of the principal classical philologists of Germany, we shall best accomplish our object, by exhibiting the peculiar character of the different schools of German philology, accompanied by examples of individuals, who have risen to eminence in Greek and Roman literature, only by efforts of an extraordinary character.

Heyne and Winckelmann are the two individuals who have contributed most to the formation of the present character of German philology, and who, therefore, deserve our first attention.

Heyne was a native of Chemnitz, in the kingdom of Saxony. His parents lived in the greatest poverty. Want was the earliest companion of his childish sports. The first impressions made upon his heart were those produced by a mother's tears, on returning to her house, at the close of the week, without having sold enough of the cloth woven by her husband, to furnish bread for their children. His earliest employment was to wander about, endeavoring to force the sale of this article, in times of great commercial depression. Indeed, his father's condition was not unlike that of the starving English operatives at this moment. The heart of young Heyne was driven to desperation, and the hungry boy was naturally enough a violent Chartist in feeling; and he afterwards attributed it to the kindness of Providence, that there was no popular tumult to set fire to his patriotic soul. He entered the school in the fauxbourg, and, during the first year, gave lessons to little children, in order to raise money to pay his own tuition. At length, the ordinary instruction in the school no longer met his wants, and, to take lessons in Latin, would cost three cents a week more, which neither he nor his parents could provide. One day, as he was sent to a distant relative for a loaf of bread, his countenance showed that he had been weeping. On inquiry, it was ascertained that poverty kept him from those studies which he longed to pursue, and the three cents a week were at once promised him. The boy returned, tossing his loaf into the air, and bounding, with his bare feet, like a lamb. As he made rapid progress in his studies, the time soon came, when he could learn no more at the school in the suburbs. At this period, if there had been the least encouragement to industry, he would have become a weaver, like his father. His fondest desire was to enter the Latin school within the walls of the town; but whence could he obtain

his *gulden* a week for tuition, his books, and his blue mantle? A pastor in the fauxbourg had received good accounts of the boy's talents and scholarship, and was, moreover, his second sponsor. These circumstances induced the good preacher to have the youth examined by a competent instructor; and, the examination turning out favorably, he sent him to the Latin school, at his own expense. In this school he remained seven years, during which period he made great progress in his studies.

At the age of nineteen, he went to Leipsic; but, on arriving at the university, he learned, for the first time, that his support was to be discontinued. Indeed, he had earned his living, for some time, by giving private lessons; but he had been encouraged to expect the continued aid of the old preacher. Thus, with but two *gulden*s in his pocket—less than two dollars—with a slender wardrobe, and with no books, he found himself a stranger, in a large city, about to enter the university. Most boys would have returned home at once, and have abandoned a pursuit beset with so many difficulties. Heyne was willing to endure any hardship, if he might go on with his studies. His sufferings, at this period, were almost incredible. He was reduced to such extreme distress, that a waiting-maid was moved to compassion, and actually supplied him daily with food from her own wages. "Dear creature," he afterwards exclaimed, when at the head of the critics of his age, "could I now but find thee among the living, how gladly would I repay thee!" Some of the professors admitted him gratuitously to their lectures; one of them lent him books, and gave him advice; and, among other things, advised him to follow Scaliger's example, and read the Greek authors through, in chronological order. He followed the advice with such ardor, or, in his own language, "with such folly," that, for more than six months, he slept only two nights in the week. But

another professor sent the beadle to demand the tuition for a course of lectures, a part of which only he had attended. Heyne was in distress. He had never succeeded in obtaining a stipend. He often had to buy his dinner with less than three *pfennigs*, or about one cent. At this time, he had an opportunity of becoming a private tutor in a family. "But I perceived," he observes, in his autobiography, "that to leave the university then, would ruin my scholarship for life. For several days, I struggled under these contending influences. I cannot now comprehend how it was, that I had the courage to decline the offer, and to pursue my studies at the university." These are among the most interesting incidents in Heyne's early life. But his evil star followed him to the very day of his appointment to the most important philological professorship in Germany. Even after he had finished his course in the university, and while he was in Dresden, living on promises of promotion, he could not afford to hire lodgings. A friend permitted him to stay in his room, but could offer him no bed. He slept on the floor, with books for his pillow. Heeren, his son-in-law, and biographer, says, that "a sort of soup, made of the empty pods of peas, was often his only repast." After a few years, when the place of Gesner, the celebrated professor of languages in Göttingen, became vacant by his death, Ruhnken, of Leyden, was invited to fill it. But he preferred not to leave Holland, where he had resided so long, and was so advantageously situated, and declined the appointment, adding the inquiry, why the university should think it necessary to go out of the country to find a worthy successor of Gesner; and affirming, that there was a young man in Saxony, who would soon fill Europe with his fame; that his name was Christian Gottlob Heyne. A letter was immediately addressed to Ernesti, in Leipsic, to ascertain where the

individual was to be found. All that Ernesti could say was, that there was such a young man, and that he was somewhere in Dresden. Letters were then sent to the Saxon capital, but no information respecting Heyne could, at first, be obtained. Thus the residence of the candidate for the most important professorship in Germany could not, without difficulty, be found ! Ruhnken and Hemsterhuys, in Holland, had read his edition of Tibullus, and predicted his future greatness ; and their word overcame all the doubts arising from the fact of his obscurity.

From the hour of that appointment, we are to date the origin of the present school of German philology. Gesner and Ernesti had previously introduced a better taste ; but the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of modern German philology are first found in Heyne. Until his time, classical literature did not form a distinct profession. It was but a subsidiary branch of the other professions, especially of theology. Heyne was the first man who took his position, not as a theologian, or jurist, but as a philologist by profession. He enlarged the domain of philology, marked out its boundaries, and arranged its parts into a complete and independent system.

We would not claim undue regard for this distinguished man, nor exalt him at the expense of others. Ernesti and Gesner have their just fame, and they can never be despoiled of it. But it would argue great ignorance of the facts in the case, to deny the distinction just made. Nor would we attribute to Heyne, what has been accomplished by his successors. Wolf, and Hermann, and Böckh have, unquestionably, made great advances upon him.

But it would be wrong to attribute all the improvement, made in philology, to Heyne. Twelve years earlier, another poor boy, son of a cobbler, was born in Stendal, about midway between Berlin and Hamburg. The extraordinary force of his character alone raised him above

the occupation of his father. He pushed his way along in the world by his own resoluteness and unconquerable love of knowledge. In the Latin school—into which he found his way, nobody knows how—he maintained himself, as Luther did, by singing before the doors of the great, and by giving private lessons in music. In his sixteenth year, he went to Berlin, in order to enjoy better literary advantages. Fabricius had recently died; and the extensive and select library of that great scholar was about to be sold in Hamburg by public auction. This poor country boy felt an insatiable desire for some of the choice editions of the classics contained in that library. He accordingly undertook the journey from Berlin to Hamburg on foot, a distance of about 160 miles, and on his way, begged of the rich the money for the purchase, and returned on foot, with the books on his shoulders. We cannot pursue his early career any further. He entered the university of Halle. Afterwards, he became *conrector*, or usher, in the gymnasium of Seehausen, where he laid the foundation of his Greek scholarship. Having struggled with numerous difficulties, and made various fruitless attempts to enter upon a higher course, he finally succeeded in becoming librarian to a nobleman near Dresden, where his aspiring genius not only found nourishment in the literary treasures of that city, but received its proper direction, from the collections of art which adorn this Florence of Germany. It was here, that the way was, at length, opened for his being transferred to Rome, and placed in the midst of the ruins of the ancient world. He was, at first, secretary to one of the cardinals, who needed the aid of a Greek scholar in his library. Winckelmann's progress in ancient learning and ancient art was wonderful. He read all the remains of Greek literature, in order to throw their concentrated light upon the history of art. Not only were these productions,



including fragments and inscriptions, interpreted with philological severity, but the original text was criticised and corrected, as it had been done by no student of art before him. He was soon regarded as the first Grecian in Rome. His *History of Ancient Art* was no sooner published, than it placed him at the head of that department of learning in Europe. He was made superintendent of all the antiquities in and about Rome, and, afterwards, president of the society of Antiquarians. The most interesting fact to us is, that, through Winckelmann, classical literature was associated with the elegant arts. The cultivation of a Grecian taste now became distinctly an object of the student's ambition; and, by the confluence of the two new streams of learning, which flowed fresh from the schools of Heyne and Winckelmann, was produced that style of scholarship which is, at present, the chief characteristic of German philology, and which is most perfectly represented, in all its parts and due proportions, in the lamented Charles Otfried Müller, of Göttingen, a scholar, whose early death has deprived classical learning of one of its chief ornaments.

Before proceeding to sketch the history of this modern school of philology, it will be necessary to survey the state of classical learning in Europe, as it was in the year 1767, just before the assassination of Winckelmann, when Heyne was thirty-eight years of age.

A bright day had long before dawned on Italy. Bembo and Manutius had successfully imitated the Ciceronian Latinity. A youthful enthusiasm had seized upon the choice spirits of the nation. The sighing of Petrarch after the Homeric songs, had found not only a response, but had attained the object of its longing, in the Greek school of the court of the Medici. No one is ignorant of the immense benefit which resulted to Europe from the classic spirit which was awakened, at an early period, in

Italy. But if we estimate it according to the standard of the present, we shall see, that, if it had the freshness of youth, it had its weakness too. At a later period, Italian scholarship declined, and, in Winckelmann's time, it was comparatively weak and superficial.

France had taken up classical learning with more vigor. Never did that nation manifest more intellectual power than through her early Grecian scholars. The achievements of Henry Stephens, of Scaliger, Casaubon, and of Salmasius, will bear honorable comparison with those of her greatest mathematicians. But her golden age of classical learning terminated with the banishment of the Huguenots.

England and Holland had put a strong hand to the same great work, but each in a different way, and with widely different results. The former, by establishing a national system of classical education, has impressed upon the literary and historical character of the people the marks of Greek and Roman greatness. The latter collected, with great industry, her folios, to swell the libraries of the learned, who formed a separate caste, having but little to do with their fellow-citizens, or with the native language and literature. England, in the days of Stanley, pursued the favorite method of polyhistory, as it was termed, which was introduced by the French, and carried to an extreme by the Dutch. At a later period, it separated history and geography from philology and criticism; and, under Bentley, Taylor, Markland, Tyrwhitt and others, English philology rose to such an eminence, as to become the admiration of the learned of all countries. Through Porson and his followers, it became so exquisite, and so limited to the mere language and metre of the Greek tragedians, to the neglect of the orators, historians, and philosophers, as to lose its strong hold on the general character of the nation.

Meanwhile, the Dutch critics prosecuted their method of accumulating facts and parallel passages, with as little concern for their native tongue as for the Chinese. No one discoursed in purer Latin than Ruhnken; but he nearly forgot his native German, and despised the Dutch, as did all the scholars of Holland at that time. Hermann says of him, that, in conversation, he spoke no language, but dealt out a medley of Dutch, Latin, French and English. Roman literature and Latin poetry were most cultivated in Holland. A distinguished Grecian school had, indeed, sprung up under the auspices of Hemsterhuys, and was now in its highest glory, under Ruhnken.

We are now prepared to assign to Heyne his true position. If we go back to the period of 1767, we find, in all the south of Europe, none who could compete with him, except Winckelmann, who was now at Rome; and he, by nature an artist, and a critic by study, excelled in a congenial, but different, department of learning. They were friends and correspondents; and the influence of the latter, upon the studies of the former, was of the happiest kind. In the west, was his friend and admirer, Ruhnken, in Leyden, six years older than himself. Hemsterhuys had been dead one year. Wyttenbach was but twenty-one years of age, and was still at Marburg. He was yet to study at Göttingen, under Heyne, before removing to Holland. In England, was the aged Markland, modest, refined, and hypochondriacal; and the physician, Musgrave; but the young Tyrwhitt was the only brilliant star in the English constellation of critics at that time. Parr was of the same age with Wyttenbach, and Porson was but a boy, eight years old. Of all these, Ruhnken alone could dispute the palm with Heyne. In his own country, the latter was then without a rival. He differed from Winckelmann, by surveying all the literary remains of the ancients, from poetry, instead of art, as its centre; from

the French and Dutch critics, not so much by extent of erudition, as by refinement of taste. He introduced order and system, doing, for what the Germans term the science of antiquity, the same that Bacon did for natural science. He was a less exquisite verbal critic than Ruhnken, but his range of study was more comprehensive and systematic.

We dwell the longer on Heyne's personal history, as it furnishes the thread of the principal events with which we are concerned. He was a man of public spirit and high aims. It was a matter of sacred duty with him, to contribute to the advancement of classical learning, as a means of human improvement. Integrity, simplicity, and dignity, united with an almost unparalleled earnestness and laboriousness, fitted him admirably for his public station. Both natural disposition and experience made him cautious and reserved in his intercourse with strangers, especially with young men. The number and pressure of his public duties often caused him to appear less affable than he really was. Hence the jealousy of some students, afterwards conspicuous for their literary disputes, who imagined they were not sufficiently noticed by him. His preparations for the ordinary university exercises were of the most comprehensive character. With his ardent mind, and literary enthusiasm, a short time for special preparation on any given subject was sufficient, not only to give him the command of all his resources, but to awaken a deep interest in the exercise. Thus prepared, he was accustomed to enter his lecture-room, where the richness of his learning and the fire of his spirit made ample amends for his plain, extemporaneous language, and his free, and, sometimes, desultory manner.

Here the most singular and extraordinary character, in the annals of German philology, presents himself to our notice. About ten years later, an original, coarse

self-confident youth, seventeen years of age, came to Heyne, proposing to study nothing but philology. Heyne knew the usages of the schools to be such, that few men would be supported as mere philologists. He therefore discouraged the young man, saying that it was customary for every student to choose one of the learned professions, and study philology in connection with that; and added, that there were but four or five professorships in all Germany, where a professor of classical philology would be supported. The determined youth replied, very characteristically, "I intend to have one of them." This young man was Wolf, subsequently the author of the celebrated *Prolegomena to Homer*. The interview was not very gratifying to either party. Wolf expected to be received with open arms, and applauded for his courage and zeal. Heyne desired to see more modesty and civility. The result was, that, while the greatest classical scholar in Germany was lecturing, year after year, with unbounded applause, on Homer, the young man, who was destined to become the greatest Homeric critic of his age, was prosecuting his studies in the very same place, and yet would not attend those lectures—the only lectures, it would be supposed, in which he would take any special interest. That bold spirit was only nerved to greater daring by the repulse which he met with. He resolved, on the spot, to become the rival, rather than the disciple. In the case of another, this would have been a great mistake; but in the case of Wolf, it was not so. He had a spirit which nothing could discourage, and an intellectual energy which loved to grapple with difficulties. His course was his own, and the results were his own. Had he been disciplined by Heyne, he might have been less paradoxical as a critic, and less rough and self-willed as a man; but the world might never have been blessed with the Homeric heresy.

Still, Wolf did, at first, attend some of the lectures of Heyne; and an interchange of civilities continued between them, until after the publication of the *Prolegomena*, about twenty years from this time, and twelve after he had actually obtained, in Halle, one of those professorships, which he told Heyne, in his first interview with him, he intended to have. They corresponded occasionally, and complimented each other in those convenient superlatives which the Latin language, particularly the modern, so well supplies. During this long interval, Wolf had, by his own private studies, raised himself so high as to become the acknowledged head of ancient, and especially of Homeric literature. In 1797, when Heyne had reviewed Wolf's great work, in a manner that was not very complimentary, the latter at once broke off his private correspondence, and publicly addressed to the former the famous letters on the new theory of the *Iliad*. Heyne himself took but little part in the controversy; but the rivalry of the two schools of learning, and the zeal of the friends and disciples of the two leaders, carried the excitement to the highest pitch.

We may now extend our view, and advance to the present generation of critics. In Leipsic, classical studies were flourishing, in an unusual degree, under Reiz, of whose exquisite scholarship we need mention no other proof, than that Hermann was trained under him. Indeed, the present Leipsic school of Greek philology was founded by Reiz, and carried to its highest eminence by Hermann. In Jena, Professor Schütz, editor of the most celebrated critical journal of that age, the *Universal Literary Gazette*, held a distinguished place, as a classical teacher. His editions of *Æschylus*, *Aristophanes*, and *Cicero*, gave him a high reputation, and extensive influence as a critic. Of the numerous young men reared to eminence by him, *Jacobs* and *Creuzer* are best known. The former, though

placed in the very first rank of critics, by his Greek Anthology, and other works, and though invited by the university of Göttingen to become Heyne's successor, has, in his modesty and love of quiet, always chosen to remain in Gotha, either as teacher in the gymnasium, or as librarian to the duke, except the short interval in which he was unfortunately seduced to Munich. Creuzer was early an object of attention among scholars, and had scarce made a beginning as academical teacher at Marburg, when he was called to Heidelberg. Through Wyttenbach's influence, he was made professor of philology in Leyden; but, on account of the unfavorable effects of the climate in Holland, he soon returned to Heidelberg, where, from that time to the present, he has distinguished himself by his extensive investigations pertaining to antiquity. This is not the place to enter into the merits of the mythological controversy, originating with Voss and Heyne, and prosecuted by Creuzer, Hermann, Lobeck, and Müller. He, who would rightly estimate Creuzer as a scholar and an antiquarian, must follow him through all his mythological researches, in which are to be found his chief excellences and his chief defects. But we return to the earlier days of Schütz and of his associates. All the teachers at Leipsic and Jena, and their disciples, except Jacobs, while they duly valued the extraordinary merits of Heyne, gave the preference to Wolf, as the finer and more thorough critic.

If the founder of a particular school of criticism is to be estimated by the character of his disciples, few will come off with more honor than Wolf. Heyne's influence was felt throughout all Germany, and all Europe. He interested different classes of minds in ancient learning. Wolf's influence, on the contrary, was greatest upon the few who were thoroughly disciplined under his care. The first distinguished scholar, formed under Wolf, was

Heindorf, so justly celebrated for his edition of Plato. The second, was the ablest and most prolific editor of the age, Immanuel Bekker, of Berlin. The third, was that prodigy of Greek and antiquarian learning, Augustus Böckh. These young men were, indeed, finally alienated, to some extent, from their teacher, in consequence of his growing arrogance; but they were always true to his principles of criticism. They were certainly excusable for being restive under the galling yoke which was unceremoniously put upon them, after they were full-grown, by this ill-natured and freakish veteran of learning. The truth is, the whole period, from 1807, when he was called to Berlin, and employed in laying the foundations of the university, up to his death in 1824, was one which increased neither his literary reputation, nor the number of his friends. The rupture which broke out between him and Buttmann, Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Böckh, J. G. Schneider, and Savigny, has no importance, except to illustrate the literary feuds of those times.

Heindorf, then in Berlin, as were most of the early disciples of Wolf, was the very opposite of his teacher. He was uncommonly mild and amiable. His health was very feeble, and he was subject to melancholy. One cannot read his history without feelings of sadness. All our sympathies are awakened in favor of a worthy and modest young man, eager for improvement, and yet depressed in spirit; first encouraged and highly honored by his teacher, and then an object of jealousy; struggling with ill health, and working enthusiastically upon his Plato, partly as an antidote to despondency; seeking to merit an important station, and rapidly rising in fame; and then thrown upon a bed of illness, at the idea of his responsibilities, when appointed professor at Breslau, and finally dying a few years after.



Immanuel Bekker, now fifty-eight years of age, betrays in his iron features the determined and unyielding perseverance of his character. No living critic has such a knowledge of Greek manuscripts. The libraries of Paris and Rome have been his laboratories. He was, at first, educated under Spalding and Heindorf, in a gymnasium of Berlin, his native city; then he went to Halle, and studied under Wolf, who pronounced him the best qualified, of all his disciples, to carry out his views of criticism. Since then, he has been professor in the university of Berlin, though he has spent much time abroad, in various foreign libraries. The extent of his critical labors is truly astonishing. The most searching investigation of the texts and manuscripts of such voluminous authors as Plato, and Aristophanes, and Aristotle, is only a small part of his labors.

Augustus Böckh, also fifty-eight years of age, is a native of Carlsruhe. He studied under Wolf in Halle, and was then, for a time, in Berlin. At the age of twenty-two, he was made professor in Heidelberg, and since 1811, he has been professor in Berlin. At the present time, his reputation is higher than that of any classical scholar in Germany. In mere language, Hermann is, undoubtedly, his superior; in the single department of manuscript learning, called, in Germany, diplomatic criticism, Bekker takes precedence. In the archæology of art, Müller excelled him, as do many others. But in a knowledge of what the Greeks and Romans were practically—in the power of reproducing Grecian and Roman life, in all its thousand forms—no one can pretend to be his equal. No one else could have written the *Public Economy of the Athenians*, published when he was but thirty-two years of age. In this kind of research, Charles Otfried Müller, his own disciple, came nearest to him. It is the union of the better portions of the methods

of Wolf and of Niebuhr, that constitutes the excellence of Böckh and his followers. Bernhardt, Gerhard, and Meyer are now among his most distinguished disciples; and it is very evident, that the Berlin method of philology is gaining upon that of Leipsic, and is more closely united with all the intellectual movements of the present day. In the lecture-room of Böckh, when he is upon some important subject, it is no uncommon thing to meet with such men as von Humboldt and others, who are, themselves, among the profoundest scholars of the age. The ascendancy of this school may be owing, in part, to the spirit of the times, which is more intent upon great discoveries in the world of facts, than upon the niceties of language. The best Latin writers of the present day, and the best expositors of words and phrases, are trained under Hermann, to whom we now turn our attention.

If one were to go into the lecture-room of the professor of Poetry and Eloquence at Leipsic, a few moments before the hour, he would see a crowd of the maturest scholars of the university, and of philologists who had been educated elsewhere, finding their seats, and preparing their papers, for taking notes. The hum of numerous whispering voices fills the room. An aged, but spirited man, of moderate stature, with fire in his eye, and fury in every movement, darts in at the door. The well-known signal, given by those nearest him, instantly silences a hundred tongues. By this time, you hear his clinking spurs, and, as he mounts the stairs to the desk, your eye falls upon his blue coat, with metal buttons and badge of knighthood, his deer-skin breeches, and long riding boots. His whip and gloves, and hat and chair are all flying to their places, and a stream of extemporaneous Latin is already pouring forth. Before you are aware of it, the ship is under full sail. The whole energy of the lecturer's mind is directed

to his object; the point of difficulty in the Greek text, or in the interpretation, is placed directly before you in all its bearings; the principles involved, are clearly stated, and discussed in animated and flowing Latin; the difference between his views and those of Böckh, Müller, or Dissen, are alluded to freely but kindly, occasionally with keen satire, but more frequently with the playfulness of harmless wit; and thus the hour is passed, and the most difficult and abstruse subjects luminously exhibited and disposed of, before the hearer stops to take a long breath. When the lecture is over, one's mind is so exhilarated, and so possessed of the spirit of the Greek author, as to be ready to plunge directly into a protracted perusal of the text; but, after a moment, a feeling of exhaustion suggests the query, whether it would not be better to go to the dinner-table.

Such is Godfrey Hermann, in his lecture-room. Visit him in his museum, as he calls his study in the city, and he will entertain you with free and lively conversation; and if you have any reasonable claim upon his attention, he will show you a chair, and draw you into protracted conversation, as if you were an old friend. In his family, that resides a little out of the city, he appears as a plain, but lively old man. Simplicity and sterling sense characterize his domestic circle.

Hermann has no airs of professional dignity. He seems to act with reference to himself, simply as man, not as the titled individual whom kings love to honor; and, in this respect, he is the very opposite of Schlegel, of Bonn. Once, he promised the writer some of his occasional works, but would not set a time when they might be called for. A few days after, he was seen walking from one side of the city to the other, to the writer's lodgings, with the pamphlets under his arm. The Germans generally pour out their curses liberally upon Napoleon,

as the enslaver of their nation ; but Hermann, in the true spirit of an old Greek, said, it was a good thing, once in a while, to have the slumbering spirit of a whole continent stirred up by such a man as Napoleon. In regard to the proverbially intricate statutes of the Leipsic university, he once observed, that, for his part, he followed his own sense of propriety, in the affairs of the university ; for no man could safely calculate on a life long enough to trace the laws through all their alterations and amendments, so as to be able to follow them.

Hermann has been a spirited controversialist, and always victorious, till Böckh and Müller entered the lists. Neither of these men could be completely vanquished by any opponent. Probably no German scholar understands the Greek language, its grammar, lexicography, and general usage, and Greek metre, better than Hermann, or has read the Greek authors more than he. Certainly, no one excels Böckh in his way. I know not how to characterize the lamented Müller's greatness. Perhaps it may be represented as consisting in comprehensive and magnificent views of antiquity as a whole, a true survey of it in all its aspects, a harmonious construction of the materials of Winckelmann, Hermann, and Böckh, into one grand and beautiful system.

Hermann and Böckh are to be regarded as the heads of the two great schools of philology that divide Germany : the former, making language the end, and all historical and antiquarian research subservient to that end ; the latter, making a complete knowledge of antiquity the end, and language only the means : the one aiming chiefly at intellectual discipline, the other at useful knowledge. Among the more distinguished disciples of Hermann, may be mentioned the names of Lobeck, Thiersch, Passow, Rost, Poppo, Eichstädt, Hand, Fritzsche, and Klotz.

The Society of Philologists, formed in Germany a few years ago, has, thus far, been characterized by so much humanity, that it deserves to be noticed, before we close this sketch. It originated thus. In 1837, the university of Göttingen held its centennial celebration. The festival of a university, which could look back upon so proud a century as that which marked the history of this celebrated seat of learning, naturally attracted an unusual assemblage of scholars. Distinguished philologists, of all parties, met together, forgetting their animosities, and embracing each other as fellow-laborers in the same great enterprise, though contemplating it from different points of view.

So touching was the scene, and so delightful the magnanimous feelings with which those who participated in it, greeted each other, that Thiersch, the pillar of Greek learning in Bavaria, a man of the noblest enthusiasm, as well as of great eloquence, gave utterance to his struggling emotions, and ventured, in his remarks, to propose the formation of a society which should secure the annual recurrence of such occasions. A special meeting was called to consider the subject, at which Humboldt presided. The proposal was received with acclamation, and the first meeting was appointed to be held in Nuremberg, in 1838, at which Thiersch was to preside. In 1839, the society met at Manheim.

Frederick Jacobs, whose age and partial deafness prevented him from attending the first meeting, where his name had been mentioned with particular marks of respect, had also decided not to attend the second. But Rost, of Gotha, resorted to a stratagem, which was successful in procuring the attendance of Jacobs. At the age of seventy-five, he undertook his four days' journey, travelling forty miles a day, and calling, as he went, on his literary friends at Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Heidelberg. When this amiable old man and popular writer—the

favorite of all parties—arrived, he could not decline addressing the assembled classical teachers of his country, mostly of the younger generation. He spoke in an affecting strain of eloquence, which was received with unusual applause. After the meeting, the principal members of the society appointed Hermann, of Marburg, to draw up a special communication in Latin, addressed to Jacobs, testifying, in the warmest terms, their respect for him, as one of the most accomplished of classical scholars, and their personal regards for him, as a man and as a friend. This circumstance called him out, in another public speech, on a subsequent day, so that the occasion was a kind of jubilee to that noble representative of the past generation.



II.

STUDY OF GREEK LITERATURE.

BY

BISHOP ESAIAS TEGNÉR.





## STUDY OF GREEK LITERATURE.

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IN closing my lectures on Thucydides, I complete, at the same time, the course of public instruction which I have pursued, for twelve years, in the university. The moment when one quits an old calling, to which his feelings are more or less attached, is naturally crowded with interest. He thus stands on the threshold of a new period in his existence; it is an epoch, a kind of new year, which must awaken many emotions in every heart that is not utterly dead. Back of us lies the past, with all its reminiscences. If some of these occasion regret, still the shadows cover them; while those of a delightful kind pass before us in unwonted brightness. High on the shore they stand, like our kindred, and wave an adieu to those sailing away. It is as when we leave our native country, not feeling how dear it is till we are separated from it; or like bidding farewell to friends and companions, with whose faults we have become familiar, and whose worth we never value so much as when we part from them. And there is the future, and the new relations which it brings with it. How dark and doubtful are they! Forests lie in the distance; who knows what dwells among their boughs? Indeed, familiarity with an object works strongly on the human heart; and every

kind of employment, be it what it may, binds insensibly, with a thousand cords, from which no one can easily free himself. Is he now convinced, that it is intrinsically valuable, and that it is not, or at least should not be, without its effect on human improvement? then must the moment, when he is to quit it for ever, be alike solemn and touching.

It were easy to close my lectures with that with which many begin theirs,—a eulogy on the subject itself. I might say, that not only no academic scholarship, but, in general, no higher culture is possible, without a knowledge of Greek. In favor of such a position, I might adduce the testimonies of eminent men, and add the weight of the convictions of centuries. Thus I could exalt the study at the expense of all, or at least, of most others. But this would be clearly a partial decision. I readily admit, on the contrary, that, in the present state of the world, much culture, a large amount of true learning, can be secured without a knowledge of the classical languages. Why, then, is that epithet applied to them? Not merely because of their inward development, but, specially, on account of their literature. Such a literature, however, several of the living languages possess. The stock of ideas, which made up the culture of the ancients, has gradually passed over into the general modes of thinking. We live on the capital that the early ages amassed. So must it be, for nothing in man's existence remains alone. Human improvement is a continuous chain. The present link ever joins to the one before it, and that again to the preceding, up to the creation. One generation bequeaths its estate to the next. The history of education is a progressive illustration of the great law of man's inheritance.

Such a heritage, however, is strictly nothing more than the materials, the rough mass, which one age takes from

another, and, in its own way, works up and appropriates. The form, the outward manifestation, is inseparably connected with the present time, and its accidental relations. In this way, our age, long ago, employed in legislation, in the sciences, and in elegant literature, all the essential ideas of the ancients. They are no longer new; they are readily accessible to every one, and may be found in all languages. We understand, not simply what the ancients knew, but, in many respects, infinitely more. The materials which they left, are not only collected, but in manifold ways enlarged. The knowledge, which was with them a child, has gradually grown into a mature and perfect form.

We should certainly be right in maintaining, that classical literature is now superfluous, were we to regard it simply as materials. But no where have the materials, the stores of knowledge, been so closely united with their form, no where have they grown so much together, as with the Greeks. The idea was always one element only in culture. The other element, which was just as essential, was the expression, the visible representation of it in accordance with the general laws of the beautiful. Their oldest philosophical speculations on nature, their earliest historical reminiscences, shaped themselves to poetic forms, from the very beginning. Their first legislation was metrical. Even their gods gave responses only in poetical oracles. The rough, but significant, mythical images, which they received from the East, were transformed by them into bright ideals of beauty. Olympus became a museum, just as the national traditions became an epos. In a word, the external form, for them, was never a matter of indifference. The Greeks were born with love to beautiful forms. That which distinguished them, was a natural sense for the apt and the fitting; an innate dislike of extravagance in

any shape ; an affection, as just as it was delicate, for true proportion—for that which is both the rule and the substance of real beauty. In æsthetics, we speak of the line of beauty. If it could be found, we might affirm, that old Hellas lay within it. This separated the Greek from the barbarian. Hence, the Greek taste has been regarded, by all cultivated nations, as the standard in various respects. Whatever falls short of it, or goes beyond it, is weak, extravagant, or confused. It is connected with the plastic arts in the highest and most general sense. After the lapse of ages, the forms of the Olympic gods yet stand there in high and unsurpassed beauty. Man's genius for art feels its want of progress only the more, as it approaches that eternal pattern.

In respect, also, to polite literature, poetry, eloquence, and historical art, the Greek models have been regarded as pre-eminent. This conclusion is just, provided those limitations are made, which exist in the nature of the subject ; for the fine arts, and poetry, in particular, are so universal, so all-comprehending, that they must, of necessity, express themselves in ways infinitely various. Every age, the rudest even, has its own poetry, as every plant has its own flower. I place a high estimate upon the poetic art of the Greeks, but I am far from regarding it as the only true poetic art, or as, in every respect, the highest. There are poetic excellences, of which the Greeks neither had, nor could have, any conception. If you love the images, not merely of a rich, but of a luxuriant fancy ; if you are pleased with the most daring flights ; if you would see a poetic creation full of wonders, then turn to the poetry of the Orient, where all forms appear in purple ; where each flower glows like the morning ray resting on the earth, and the eagle-thought flies to the sun on gilded wing. But if, on the contrary, you prefer depth of thought, and earnestness of reflection ; if you delight in

the colossal, yet pale forms, which float about in the mist, and whisper of the mysteries of the spirit-world, and of the vanity of all things, except honor, then I must point you to the hoary North, rich in sagas, where Wala struck the key-note in the song of creation, while the moon rose on Fjellen, where the brook struck up its one-toned song, and the thrush, on the top of the golden birch, sat and sung a lament on the brief summer, and on dying nature. Or, are your sympathies with that deep feeling, that longing of soul, which does not linger on the earth, but evermore looks up to the azure tent of the stars, where happiness dwells, where the unquiet of the beating heart is still? then you must resort to the romantic poetry of the West, especially during the middle ages, when the Troubadour sang of an unearthly love, and the knight fought with equal zeal for the honor of the holy virgin, and of his own fair one. But, are you attracted, on the other hand, by wealth of ideas, and the truths of reflection; would you look down into the depths of the human bosom; would you see all the fibres of the heart uncovered, as by the stroke of the magician's wand? then you must go to the masters of modern poetry, to the few who went on their independent course, and relied rather on their own age and genius, than upon the inspiration of others.

These things make, unquestionably, fine poetic elements. No classic partialities should prevent us from acknowledging their worth. But in what heavy, indistinct and barbaric forms, must we often seek for them, as one searches for diamonds in the barren rocks! With the Greeks, on the contrary, we find these elements, not often perhaps, but, whenever seen, beautifully fitted and polished. What Corinna said to Pindar, who, in his youth, showed some tendencies to oriental extravagance, "That one must sow with the hand, not with a full sack," illustrates the national taste of the Greeks, and shows what

was a standing principle in their entire elegant literature. It is a poetry which is self-controlled, even in the strongest outbursts of feeling, decorous both in joy and grief, and like Polyxena in Euripides, who was solicitous, even in death, to fall with dignity. There was an imagination, which the Greeks symbolized under the image of Pegasus, who had reins, as well as wings. When with these Perseus flew too near Olympus, he was precipitated by the angry gods, though himself a son of the gods. Again, there was a poetic judgment, which never forgets itself, never sacrifices the whole for a part, never lacks calmness, perspicuity and order, even in the stormiest moments of inspiration. In respect to form and representation, there was an innate aversion to the extravagant, to the overladen; there was a love for simple beauty; in style every thing was chaste and in keeping, never violently sweeping along—attracting and soothing, but not terrifying. Every thing is as easy and unaffected, as if it had grown up without art and attention; as simple and natural, as though it could not be otherwise than what it is. We may compare the romantic poetry, in all its species, to the oak, which, in strong but irregular forms, bends out of a mountain cleft over the dark valley. Greek poetry is slender, smooth, erect, like the palm-tree, with its rich yet symmetrical crown; and a nightingale sits among the leaves and sings. Greek poetry may be likened to the tongue in the mechanical scales; it shows the true equipoise, which is merely another term for perfect beauty, while the oriental poetry, or the romantic poetry of the West, throws its heavy weight into one of the scales. In short, if the question has reference to a mere natural gift for poetry, to copiousness of invention, boldness of thought, or glow of feeling, then, possibly, the Greeks are inferior to several other nations, or, at least, do not excel them. But if the question concerns the art, the clearness, the

truth of the composition, the simple beauty of form, in that case the Greeks are, and will remain, the unchangeable models. And here I must direct your attention, not simply to Homer and Sophocles, but to Plato, Herodotus, and Xenophon; for in the qualities just alluded to, the Greek has something loftier and more perfect than has elsewhere appeared.

It is, unquestionably, in this quality, this beauty of form, where the highest excellence of Greek poetry appears, and which makes the knowledge of the language indispensable for all who would perceive that beauty. The thoughts and opinions of a Greek author, the substance of his writings, may be expressed in a translation. But the peculiar character and spirit of the style, all those qualities in the mode of exhibition which are special, and that often pertain to the words, are, to such an extent, of the same cast with the language itself, that it is impossible to detach them from it, and present them alone. Any translation, therefore, be it what it may, even the most exact, can furnish of all this nothing but a remote and imperfect idea. Particularly is this true of the poets, in whom, oftentimes, a whole series of associations is linked to a single word that has no perfect equivalent in any other language. The ancient, dead languages possess, not merely a grammatical structure essentially unlike that of living languages, but a peculiar system of poetic symbols, which, often, with one expression, open an entire gallery of pictures, that must be, almost invariably, lost in a translation. The resemblance between such a translation and the original is, for the most part, like that between a topographical chart and a landscape painting. The last reveals, in striking forms, the rivers, woods and mountains; the former substitutes an indistinct, lifeless line. We obtain an obscure hint, instead of a living intuition. Accordingly, if we would understand the

ancients, we must first understand their language. It is, indeed an inconvenience, that the road to classic beauty passes, at its beginning, through the grammar and lexicon; but no other path can be found, and he, who would reach the end of his course, must himself master the difficulties of the journey.

We are now prepared to remove the common objections against Greek literature, not with positive assertions, or by an appeal to ancient usage, but on substantial grounds. Its characteristic traits, as we have seen, cannot be fully discovered without an acquaintance with the language. The value of such an insight no one can call in question. It is important, when viewed historically; for the Greeks hold so high a place in the history of human improvement, their influence on the present culture of Europe is so obvious, all purer taste is so manifestly of Greek origin, that an intimate acquaintance with the authors of our civilization can be a matter of absolute indifference to no one who would mark the progress of man, or who has any sense for the unfolding of his noblest powers.

This knowledge is, also, valuable to the student of polite literature. After the lapse of centuries, he may yet study the old masters, who need not fear any rivalry in that which constitutes their peculiar greatness. To him, likewise, who does not aspire to become a poet, an orator, or an historian, but who is pleased with whatever is beautiful and elevated, either in sentiment or the classical expression of it, this knowledge will not be unimportant. It has an especial bearing, however, on the "Academies," that should not wear their Greek names in vain. If they do not, as universities, embrace the whole circle of knowledge, still they should include the essential parts of it. Just so far as classical literature has been made unnecessary in our popular and imperfect education, being thus withdrawn from the sphere of its



general cultivation, must it find a resting-place in the seats of learning. It is like the Nile, which, having made the adjacent fields fruitful, flows back to its original channel. But there it should run untroubled, a royal stream, whose veins are never dry, and whose fountains are on the highest eminences.



III.

THE

STUDY OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY,

AN INAUGURAL DISCOURSE.

BY

FREDERIC JACOBS.



## STUDY OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY.

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I now appear before you, to commence the honorable course to which I have been invited by our gracious sovereign, and his enlightened government. I am to be connected with an institution, which, under the charge of estimable teachers, in the centre of the kingdom, and at the foot of the throne, has drawn together a company of youth, the hope of the country, eager for knowledge, and susceptible to every good influence. I am thus cheered by the happiest anticipations, and encircled with hopes which might encourage the most dejected heart. If the sight of inanimate nature, in its blossoming freshness, can enliven and soothe the mind that is but little cultivated, how much more must the spectacle of man's activity gladden us, where the deepest impulses of nature are awakened, where the fairest flowers of the soul are unfolding, and where generous and buoyant spirits are cultivating the field of human improvement. And how can the heart be exalted with fresher hopes, than when encircled by a company of youth, who, from their own honorable feelings, devote themselves to learning, seek their appropriate culture in knowledge, and collect treasures which are fitted to promote the prosperity of their native land. Here, at the altar of science and of

literature, they become inspired with the sentiment of a generous patriotism; with the power to defend truth and right; with the inclination to widen the realm of beauty among their fellow-men, and, in particular, among their countrymen, by noble sentiment, by worthy actions, and intellectual labors. They are thus preparing to benefit their native land, as teachers of religion, defenders of law, guides and examples to the young; or, by the general influence which they may exert, honoring the sciences, and thereby, themselves, and advancing, as far as possible, the glory of an ancient and respected nation.

In the happy anticipation of being connected with youth, who are animated by such sentiments, I approach you with the same confidence and friendly feelings, that I desire to awaken in you. It is in the mutual devotion of our powers to the noblest objects, that those virtuous and sacred friendships bloom, which beautify the young more than any other gift of Providence, and which often illumine even a troubled life, like the unfading morning light. It is this, which fills the pure heart with inextinguishable enthusiasm, and which is alone adequate, oftentimes, to scatter the darkness that rests on the intricate path of life. Where can a happier position be pointed out, not merely for youth in its bloom, but for the man who wishes to enjoy life, than in the midst of those who confide in their teacher with open hearts, and, free from the cares of a weary life, rise most easily to the heights of ideal excellence? Far, then, from accusing fortune, that she has confined him to a harsh and joyless career, he will envy the servants of the State none of their privileges. He would not exchange his own fresh and happy circle for those who surround kings and nobles. Is not a pure and ingenuous heart a fairer sight than any splendor of wealth? Is there not a fulness of joyful hopes in every healthful germ which has swollen up

under his care? Can mere earthly power boast a richer harvest of joys than the paternal teacher, when he sees the success of his efforts? Every generous spirit is akin to him. His pupils are his friends. That, which life, in its perplexities, rarely exhibits, is seen in a company of open-hearted youth at school; emulation, without envy; freedom, with obedience to law; love, unalloyed by jealousy; in short, knowledge and wisdom, entwined by the charms of affection, buoyant hope, and beauty.

Every school, that does not degenerate into a workhouse, where, through fear of punishment, rather than by hope of reward, a sad day's task is forced from the sighing slaves, must strive to reach such an ideal, though it cannot, through earthly imperfection, fully attain it. In order to accomplish what is possible, every one thus engaged, be he teacher or scholar, must place before him the ultimate end of his exertions.

It seems to me, therefore, pertinent to the present occasion, to submit a statement of the opinions which I entertain, in respect to the object of a learned school; partly, that I may direct the attention of my future pupils to what I regard, with my deepest convictions, as the truth; partly, that I may vindicate the course which I propose to pursue. The subject has an universal importance; it is recognized by all men of learning. With you it is connected by the closest relations.

Every high school should be an institute for the education of its pupils, and, by the comprehensive nature of its object, should be distinct from other scientific and practical seminaries. Were it designed merely to prepare youth for active employments, or to enable them to amass the requisite knowledge, and could the business of men be brought back to the processes of a machine, then, unquestionably, all schools, from the era of the revival of learning, down, have been conducted in a most unwise

manner. If man is destined, like the beast, to consume the fruits of the field, and to exhaust his strength by a certain prescribed course of duty, with no ability to go beyond it, then,—as *Æschylus* says of the human frame, “before it received the spark of the divine fire, it had eyes without seeing, ears without hearing,”—must man wander along the close and dreary road of life, only to mingle again with his original dust. If such be the destiny of the lord of the creation, then every thing which his eye can discover in the distance, or that awakens in him a longing to leap over the narrow bounds of his poor existence; every beam of light, every spark of irrepressible aspiration in his heart, is not a blessing, but a curse, and the benefactors of mankind are its despotic tyrants. They allot to every class of men, yea, to each individual, the talents and capacities which are needful to keep the machine of State in motion, and satisfy their own desires. In such a case, nothing could be more judicious, than for the mother to tear away the child from her bosom, before he can, himself, choose—assign him his destiny arbitrarily, and, with the fixedness of a caste, root out every aspiring feeling in him, and direct every step on the narrow path to the immovable goal. A State, which should undertake thus to educate its citizens, would show, in no long period, a people possessing a slavish spirit, in its most perfect form, by which even the capacity for freedom would be lost. Such a course would be consistent. Upon those, who, in this spirit, demand that a premature regard should be had, in the education of the young, to the business of active life, would rest the reproach of bringing back, as far as they could, a state of society, at which mankind trembles, and the bare idea of which every German heart rejects with abhorrence.

While, then, the education of the young must be freed from these narrow and unworthy barriers, it must have



a higher and more befitting aim, which can be nothing less than humanity itself, in its beauty and worth. Such should be the great object, in the education of the young.

Wonderfully is man placed on the confines of two worlds. By his animal nature, he belongs to the outward. He wanders with the beasts, weaker than most of them, helpless, and without a guiding instinct. On the other hand, that in him which thinks, which commands him, when it pleases, to scorn every earthly good, even to esteem life itself as worthless, conducts him away from the bounds of the world of sense, and shows him a place in the world of spirits as his peculiar home. These two natures,—one full of unrestrained appetites, every moment strongly exciting it, the other armed with its unbending dignity,—seem to be separated in an irreconcilable manner. From the period of their union, there appears to have been a sentence of dissension pronounced upon them, as wretched as it is implacable. Such is the natural condition of those who are destitute of a true culture. This unceasing internal conflict occasions complaints of the arrangements of the Deity, who has placed over the strong passions, which he implanted within them, a stern mistress, that forbids their gratification. Despairing of being able to put an end to this internal warfare, they either resign themselves to the domination of their desires, or surrender their rights to a despotic reason which tramples down and extirpates every impulse of the animal nature.

The feeling of despair, to which I have alluded, is still observed, too often in the same individual, in spite of a stern opposition, and it is well known, that efforts have been made even to demonstrate the wisdom of it. The Cyrenaic morals, on the one hand, and Stoicism on the other, are nothing else than a proud and partial

development, elevated into the rank of a system. But such a course can never be justified by the decisions of true wisdom. It perpetuates, instead of terminating, this inward strife. That Providence, which caused a world to spring out of chaos, and that ever unites the most various elements, has, in man, also, designed such a union. The two opposite natures in him, it has not forcibly chained together, but has joined them in a marriage covenant. When they approach each other, through the medium of the human will, there originates that perfect and ravishing harmony, of which every other union of matter and mind appears to be only a repetition and an image. The impulses of the earthly nature are illumined and made pure by the rays of the spiritual. Without impairing its dignity, the spiritual nature clothes itself with the raiment of the outward form, and like one of the graces, does not haughtily terrify, but gladdens with its mild earnestness. In such a union, human nature is exalted. The highest triumph of man is the coincidence of the inclinations and impulses with the lawful demands of reason. The limit of his exertions is that education of himself by which the war of conflicting elements shall cease.

The open, light and attractive form in which man's nature, in its highly cultivated state, appears, induces, too often, the erroneous opinion, that it can be very readily attained, just as a finished work of art seems, to the unskilled, to have been wrought without care by the magical stroke of its author's will, because all traces of the labor bestowed upon it are obliterated. But since there is no work of art, slight as its claims may be, in which there has not been the necessity of overcoming the intractableness of the resisting materials, so the generous culture of man's faculties, like a work of art, involves a struggle the harder and the more strenuous in proportion

to the unyielding force with which the material resists the efforts of the moulding spirit, and the violence with which it strives to take the law into its own hands. Long and persevering, then, must be the struggle. Not on a "primrose path of dalliance" can the lofty goal be reached. But the crown which it seeks, the reconciliation of man with himself, the calm yet high elevation above the shallows of earth, is the reward which awaits the unwearied combatant.

"It is a grand idea,  
Worth the struggle of the noblest."

In the gymnasias of the ancients, the bodies of the free-born youth were exercised, not only that they might be taught to yield, in all things, to the control of the will, but that they might be free and graceful in form and motion. In like manner, would our schools accomplish their great object, they must so train the youthful mind, as to raise it to that freedom, without which there is no dignity or happiness. While they hold up before it, unceasingly, without regard to the question of practical utility, the highest ideal, which has been formed by the greatest men of all ages, such a love for it will be awakened, that it will scorn every thing mean and degrading, and will endeavor to unfold in itself all the graces of humanity. By these wisely directed efforts, every power of the soul is awakened and invigorated.

The system of school instruction, then, which was adopted at the restoration of learning, was perfectly just. The authors of it felt assured, that it is to the Greeks first, and then to the emulous Romans, we owe, not only the masterly works which were produced in the various departments of science, but, also, the lives and actions which honorably distinguished the best periods of ancient history. And have not all subsequent ages, rapidly as

they have advanced toward perfection, evermore confirmed this judgment anew? Has not literature, in its most flourishing periods, kindled its torch at the altars of antiquity? Does not every nation, when it fancies, in the intoxication of self-love, that it can dispense with its great leaders, sink down into mediocrity, or into an inflated redundancy of words?

To unfold the inward causes of this phenomenon, is not pertinent to this place. It is enough to refer to the fact; to the undisputed excellence of the ancient classical world; to the ripe and all-pervading culture of their great men in every art; to the multitude of their works in every department, in which the exact correspondence of the material to the form delights us: it is enough to refer to the inexhaustible affluence of these treasures, to justify the course of our ancestors, in considering the writers of classical antiquity as the best sources from which intellectual culture for the young could be drawn. They found in their times, possibly, as we do in ours, more than one author, who was admired by his contemporaries, and who quickened the mind, both by the copiousness of his materials, and by the skilful arrangement of them. But they would not entrust the care of the young to those, whose uncertain and perishable fame resembles the countless leaves of spring, that shoot up and then wither away. Rather would they commit them to the immortals, who, like Hercules, on the heights of *Æta*, have stood the fiery test of time. They would set before them the eternal models of beauty, the godlike forms of knowledge and freedom, that touch alike the earth and the heavens, and that, amid the throng of imitators, always seem to rise higher. With these heroic forms they held friendly communion in youth; in their society they strengthened manhood; and sought for advancing age its elevation and solace. A great part of their life was spent

in rendering themselves worthy of such confidential intimacy. For, not to the indolent and the feeble, do these mighty spirits condescend. To be received into the number of the gods, and to be made worthy of their companionship, the child of Jove passed through many struggles, which he voluntarily assumed, in addition to the multitude imposed upon him. Not less should he be able, who enters the august circle of those old worthies, to relish their songs, and understand their wise discourse. The reward is worth any exertion. Indeed, the very effort brings its own blessing, while it overcomes indolence, represses self-love, destroys the germs of every thing low and debased, and strengthens for all intellectual toil. It is not strange, that there sprung up a manly and vigorous race, at a period, when the study of antiquity occupied the schools; when the eager youth examined, unceasingly, the phenomena of a world, which, through the distance, assumed a fairer form; and when, with the scantiest helps, yet with the more resolute determination, they conquered every difficulty. Let us trace the footsteps which these sterling men have left us. Instead of finding fault with the degeneracy of the times, let us emulate that early period, and, with unrelaxing energy, strive to reach the high mark of a truly liberal culture. Impress upon yourselves, that it is not merely knowledge which you here seek. Profound learning may be joined with repulsive rudeness, or extreme perverseness. The culture and improvement of the heart is the ultimate end of all acquisition. Science, indeed, cannot be regarded as of little worth, however unimportant its objects may appear. Still, it is certain, that the largest amount of it is insignificant, compared with the abundance of which we are ignorant. It is obvious, also, that the conditions of knowledge are often accidental. Much, which appears demonstrated to-day, will be uncertain to-morrow, and will

be abandoned ere-long. The capital of our acquisitions may, therefore, be diminishing, as we toil for its enlargement. But the effort to acquire knowledge,—conscientious, earnest, and intelligent study,—has a value independent of accidents. Moral culture, likewise, has an intrinsic worth, distinct from the uses to which it may be applied.

If we look at the ancient world in its best aspects, as enclosing elegant and beautiful objects, wrought out, in youthful vigor and manly strength, by the human mind, under the most favorable circumstances; if we regard it as a world of nature and art, where all, that can ennoble and enlarge the soul of man, is presented in the most diversified and perfect forms, then nothing will appear uninteresting to us, which can complete the sacred circle, and unlock the wonderful laboratory from which those forms proceed. Besides, the entire internal connection of the ancient world; the place which each of its great men occupies; the various relations in which it appears; its existing and its lost works; together with their state and their fortunes, merit the most careful attention.

The ancient languages, so full of art, have a value in their very texture, and have an interest beyond being merely the instrument of communication. When we commend the zeal of the inquirer into nature, as he traces, with microscopic accuracy, its minutest productions, or when we applaud the anatomist, as he unravels the web of the human body, how can we undervalue the philologist, who, with untiring love, examines language in its elementary forms,—the best work of the reason, the most hallowed gift, and the fairest bond that connects human society?

But, commendable as this labor is in itself, it has a special reward, when directed to that language, which, from whatever seeds it may have first sprung, after it

took root in Grecian soil, attained a wonderful growth, by its own native and original vigor. Through a course of ages, under a manifold variety of circumstances, itself always free from foreign admixtures, it has aided the efforts of the ablest men in the most beautiful works of art and science. In affluence, fulness, comprehensive development, exactness, flexibility, and grace, the Greek language leaves far behind all other languages of antiquity, and the most cultivated of modern times. As we watch the growth of the tender plant with wonder and love, and at every fresh change, experience new joy, so the philologist, with a love no less just, will watch the tender plant of the Hellenic language, as it first unfolds under the mild skies of Ionia; then transplanted to the isles of the *Ægean*, to Sicily, and the southern shores of Italy, bearing the fragrant flowers of lyric poetry; afterwards striking its roots deep in Attica, and rising to its most perfect form, delicate and vigorous, adapting itself to all the uses of art and science; till at last, touched by the hand of despotism, it reminds us, even in death, of the beautiful days of its youth.

But the languages of Greek and Roman antiquity,—for even the daughter demands a twig from the garland of her mother,—of themselves claim our attention as a wonderful and almost divine work of nature and of art, and as a mirror of the cultivation of highly civilized nations. So, also, the style of every species of their productions, yes, of every one of the old classics, requires appropriate and earnest study. The care with which the ancients selected their expressions, the vigor with which they pursued the subject of eloquence,—embraced in the modern terms, ‘humanities’ and ‘aesthetics,’—the high estimate which they placed upon propriety and grace in delivery, are known to every one who is not a stranger to the entire ancient world. In like manner, as the

poets,—though the fact is less acknowledged,—chose, with unfailing tact, the measure and movement for every subject, and examined the laws of quantity with a severity of which the poetry of no modern nation can boast; so, also, the orators, historians and philosophers, practised, with equal versatility, the freer music of prosaic numbers in the most diversified forms of style, endowing every kind of utterance with the befitting measure of beauty, revealing a remarkable harmony between the materials and the expression, and proving that the airy grace and freedom, which delight us in their works, were not merely a happy hit of chance, nor the operation of genius, but the product of the most toilsome industry. On this point, the ancients themselves have taught us so perfectly, that every one, even should he silence his own feelings, can still be instructed by the most express and adequate examples. Perfection,—the fruit of long and patient exercise,—was in such estimation, that they gladly offered up to it the perishable laurels of universal knowledge, after which modern writers so zealously strive. The tragic poet scorned to lay hold on Homer's harp with an uncertain grasp, or, putting off the buskin, to walk carelessly over Thalia's stage. The epic bard did not seize the ivy, which shaded the brow of the lyric poet. The historian was not solicitous to gain the reputation of a public orator; nor did the latter emulate the sages, who explained the problems of the universe, on the banks of the Ilissus. Thus confining themselves with a wise moderation, and only anxious to stand firm in their position, they concentrated all the rays of their talent on one point, and scorned not any thing, even the least, if it could contribute to the perfection of a work of art. Therefore, after the lapse of ages, these works shine like never setting stars, and gladden the world, and point the



way, through the Syrtes of a corrupt taste, to the ideal of art.

But, with the same earnestness, with which the ancients toiled on their work, must their interpreter toil on his. That which they cherished with affection so extraordinary, he must trace out with equal love, setting a like value upon what they esteemed, and never, from a rude zeal in behalf of the materials, and the substance, destroying, with unholy hand, the casket in which they are contained. The first demand, then, which is made on the interpreter of the ancients, is an exact and comprehensive knowledge of the classical languages in their varied applications; an aptness to distinguish the sense pure and clear from the words by which it is expressed; and, finally, an unfailing sense for the beauty and exactness of form in which the thought is exhibited. These are the primary conditions, on which that consecration depends, which unlocks the holy of holies in the ancient world. Such are the steps which lead to certain knowledge, and which guard against the wiles of airy phantoms, playing around the path of an indolence, that would reap where it has not sowed, that would amuse with illusive expectations, which lead, like the *ignis fatuus*, into the bogs of error.

But the works of classical antiquity have come down to us through a long course of ages, in different ways, and through a great variety of fortunes. Much has been impaired by time and accident, by carelessness and ignorance. Often is the sense disfigured so as to be unintelligible; or it only glimmers out from confused traces. Frequently has a fraud or a mistake corrupted that which is true and genuine. Here is a new labor for the interpreter. With the same conscientiousness, that is shown by the guardian of the old works of sculpture, and of the arts of design, in preserving even

what is defaced, will he, also, guard from further injury the remains of eloquence entrusted to him, as if they were the common property of the human race. So far as he is able, he will free them from the dust with which time has covered them. Hence is criticism,—an art which has sometimes, by perversion, been exposed to the ridicule of ignorance, but which has still a fixed value,—one of the most important offices of the philologist, alike indispensable in every province of his labor, the smaller as well as the larger. By means of it, he places himself in the very centre of all ancient knowledge. That he may discriminate the genuine from the spurious, the original from the modern fabrication, that he may select, on sure grounds, not only what is in general best, but that which is most fitting, which most strictly corresponds to the relations of time and place, he needs something besides the knowledge of languages. He can attain his object only by means of history. In the record of events, in acquaintance with political constitutions, and with morals, and in the relation between literature and art among the ancients, he will find what he needs. Without this knowledge, grammar itself is dead. Without it, though one is possessed of all the gifts of mind, and powers of comprehension, he cannot penetrate into the spirit of antiquity, or judge of any of its works from the right point of view, or correctly estimate its internal excellence, or assign each to its true author and appropriate place.

Thus we return to the point from which we took our departure. The mention of grammatical study, as the primary condition in the knowledge of antiquity, has brought us to something greater and higher, to a comprehensive view of the classical world, and, especially, of its standard productions. Here the single elements arrange themselves into an intellectual whole, which,

worthy in itself of the profoundest study, points, in its connection, to a perfection of humanity, such as has not been seen before or since. No work, therefore, stands alone, as is mostly the case in the deficient history of modern literature, but one depends upon another, one presupposes, and is the cause of another; and thus appears, through all classical antiquity down, a large and beautiful wreath of the noblest works, hung on the temples of the gods, on the constitution of the State, and on political history. The consideration of this inward connection of events, of morals, of the inner and of the outward life, of art and science, of legislation and philosophy, which is altogether peculiar to Hellenic antiquity, is so grateful, so exhilarating to the heart and mind,—a blooming oâsis in the desert of the world's history,—that it fills us with consolation and hope, notwithstanding the painful disorders of the present period. Compressed into narrow limits of time and country, heroic spirits come forward, around whose radiant head is entwined the crown of patriotism, firm and lofty faith, contempt of danger and death; yea, most of all, the crown of gentle feelings and of the most liberal culture. By the side of these heroes, stand those eminent in knowledge; on friendly terms, both mingle together, without fear, envy, or pride. The poet exults in the warrior, and his inspiring deeds; the warrior, in the poet, and his immortal songs. Often it is the same hand, which, in peace, takes the palm of art, and, on the battle-field, the laurel of bravery. In friendly union with both, the sage wanders through the groves of the gymnasia, and the halls of the temple. One learns from the other; one inflames the other; one educates the other, in the freest and noblest manner, by the enlivening intercourse. Thus the warrior not only performs great actions, but has thoughts and words of wisdom, and his

companion, on the other hand, not merely teaches that which is good, but also performs heroic deeds.

Those, who view antiquity from this position, will not hesitate to answer the inquiry, "Why should we lead the young over a toilsome and thorny road, into the dark land of a departed people, and weary them, through long years, with the learning of a dead language?" There was a period, and it is not long since passed, when this question was confidently propounded, and many intelligent and well-meaning men entered the lists against the ancient usages of the schools. Looking at the subject, as they did, and in accordance with the existing condition of things, they were in the right. Were they to be blamed for the compassion which they felt for the young, who squandered their best years in the handling of a dead instrument? Or was their conclusion erroneous, that the learning of a foreign language, so far as it is concerned with the words and phrases, which one exchanges, alternately, with those of his native speech, exercised the memory only, while the intellect it did not enliven, but kill? Who can deny, that in many gymnasia, the labor of teachers and pupils was exhausted in mere idle, empty verbiage, by which the works of classical antiquity were transformed, through a pernicious perversion, from means into the principal end. Hence, the attacks, which were made by these well-meaning teachers, did not relate so much to the study of antiquity, as to the perversion of it. But, while they impugned an undeniable error, they veered round into an opposite mistake. They attacked the schools themselves in their essential characteristics. They overturned the temples and altars of antiquity, and made the instruction, not the education, of the young, the end of their labors. By this utilitarian spirit,—which confined the attention of the pupil to present and material objects; which accustomed him to value only such toil as would promise

the most immediate fruits,—by this calculating spirit, the feelings were unavoidably degraded, the power of the imagination was smothered, and the idol of mere gain was lifted up on the altar of virtue. The effect of this error could not long remain unobserved. Its exposure led back to the right path. With fresh love, recourse was had to the ancients. The sacred fire was not yet extinguished under the prostrate altars. The columns of the temple stood unshaken. Into the edifice, streamed, from all sides, priests and devotees. With more fervor than ever, was homage paid to the majesty of antiquity. All its remains were brought out to light. Its depths were searched and illuminated. Here, as well as over the whole territory of the sciences, the most gratifying activity prevailed. Under the pressure of hostile political influences, the vigor of the German people, in their lofty struggle, revealed itself gloriously. The great events of modern times have brought the ancient world nearer to us. Its authors are more diligently studied, and better understood. There is hardly any district in the wide classical realm, which has not been enlightened by new and rich investigations. Hence, more than ever, have the greatness and worth of the classical writers interested the heart. The childlike ingenuousness of their wonderful productions has been more adequately perceived, as well as the noble simplicity which pervaded their entire life. Already, in recent events, we see the working of this glorious inspiration. The low and vulgar yields to the generous and good. All, which the susceptible heart can awaken, is cherished with unwonted love, and with the happiest results. Side by side, boldly move on the spirit of culture and the muse of science. Every day their bounds widen.

Let nothing, therefore, hinder us from going whither we are called by the voices of time, the demands of our

better nature, and the honor of our native land. With mutual zeal, let us tread the path that is pointed out, and fix our eye on the high mark which beckons us with its crowns. And in this festival-hour, while I am reminded, in the retrospect, of the happy past, of a beloved home, and of that flourishing institution, which I had the honor to serve through a series of years, and while, in the future, a career is opened before me in this kingdom, and in the most celebrated of its schools, receive from me, at a moment when every thing conspires to awaken my deepest feelings, the assurance, that I will devote my entire energy to the honorable vocation entrusted to me by our venerated king. I know that you are animated by the love of knowledge, and of its generous fruits; and, for myself, I desire to be so happy, as to accompany you on a path where you will find your best wishes gratified.

IV.

THE WEALTH OF THE GREEKS

IN

WORKS OF PLASTIC ART.

A DISCOURSE

BY

FREDERIC JACOBS.





## PLASTIC ART OF THE GREEKS.

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WHEN Pausanias travelled through Greece, in the age of the Antonines, he found, together with many remains of former prosperity, far more numerous memorials of past calamities. As, according to the belief of antiquity, the gods deserted the walls which the arm of their citizens could no longer defend, so, by the sceptre of Macedonian rulers, and the severer fasces of Roman proconsuls, the ancient and godlike greatness had been frightened from the unprotected land. The vigor of the people, once noble, had been broken; their blooming plains lay wasted; and mourning brooded over the fields of their glory. Megalopolis, the latest of all the Grecian States, was robbed of nearly all her ornaments; and where once temples and gymnasia had stood, herds of horses and mules now grazed in fertile meadows. The ancient golden Mycenae had vanished from the earth, down to the traces of her cyclopean walls; haughty Thebes, the conqueror at Leuctra and Mantinea, had crumbled into ruins; Delos, once the centre of Grecian religion, was like the dreariest rock in the Archipelago, save in the beautiful reminiscences of ancient times. Even the surviving cities resembled only the shadow of their former

selves, and in their once animated streets nothing was astir but a dull and beggarly life. True, indeed, the sight of this state of things formed a sorrowful contrast with the recollection of ancient glory; but the enlightened traveller meets the sad feeling with serious reflection. "The deity," says he, "has changed to nothing these renowned cities; but I am not surprised thereby, for I know, that destiny is ever striving to produce something new, and changes the weak as well as the strong, by the power of necessity."

This reflection, simple as it seems, is nevertheless forgotten by many on similar occasions. But to require an unvarying continuance at the height of youth and intellectual vigor, or of beauty and prosperity, is like wishing to stop the wheel of time. It is unkind and unwise, to exact every thing of every period; and if art does sometimes force an untimely production from vegetable nature, still a like attempt in the province of human freedom will never be any thing better than a foolish war of the giants. Like the brilliant orb of day, the sun of fortune and prosperity passes on from sign to sign, and fancy and desire only can bring together what reality will ever leave asunder. Yet it were greatly to be desired, to wed the glory of departed antiquity with the conquests of modern times; but vainly should we await the fulfilment of this desire, and foolish should we be to mourn over its disappointment. The past ought to be to us, not a source of fruitless mourning, but of encouragement and joy; not to assail the reality, but to raise ourselves to the idea of the eternally and unchangeably great, should we look into the mirror of ancient times, and especially into the history of those nations, who as special favorites of Heaven, were called to bless the world with noble deeds, and instruct it by works of profound significance. But there is no nation whose

history in this respect more deserves a repeated contemplation, than the Greeks.

I may, therefore, be permitted, this day, which assembles our scientific society, to do honor to our royal patron, on this joyous occasion, to place before you, gentlemen, a fragment of the great whole, with which my studies are most closely connected, and to delineate Greece, as the fruitful mother of plastic art, with a few though but hasty strokes. I shall esteem myself fortunate, if I succeed in awakening, by my representation, in the minds of the intelligent judges before whose presence I have the honor to speak, pleasing recollections of a joyous and festal life, in a manner suitable to the day, which should be devoted, not to profound scientific inquiries, but to such entertainment as becomes liberally educated men.

Let us, therefore, first go, pilgrim-like, to the shores of aged and plundered Hellas, with Pausanias and Strabo for our guides. Innumerable remains of ancient glory and art still meet the traveller's eye there, although but the remnants of exuberant wealth, which had escaped the destroying hand of time, the desolating domestic wars, the inroads of barbarian hordes, and the hostilities of Macedonian and Roman conquerors. And yet these remains seem to us a bewildering affluence. But, as Cicero says, that at Syracuse, after the temples had been plundered by the hand of Verres, those who guided travellers showed them not what still existed there, but enumerated what had been taken away, so the contemplation of what had been preserved from those times, and what has since been brought up again, from the opened bosom of the earth, leads us also inevitably to the recollection of the infinitely greater affluence, which, in the age of bloom and vigor, had embellished the cities and plains of Greece.

But that I may not be overwhelmed by the mass of materials that press upon me, I will confine myself to one species of works of art, in which the modern world is most deficient, and the production of which, if we except the works of architecture, is subjected to the greatest difficulties,—I mean the works of plastic art. We will not linger upon the works of painting, which were accumulated in rich collections in so many temples, halls, and places for social meetings; upon the multitude of metal vases adorned with carvings by the hands of ingenious workmen; and of those others, not less important for art, which, buried in tombs, have preserved a wonderful treasure of skill and learning in art; upon the sarcophagi, altars and candelabra, sparkling with rich sculpture; upon the immeasurable collections of engraved stones; and, finally, upon those coins, whose form so far surpasses their material;—all these objects, so attractive in themselves, so powerful in their influence upon modern taste, so important for the knowledge of antiquity generally, must not at present fix our attention. Here we must only speak of statues, of the works of bronze and gold, of marble and ivory, “a subject,” as Pliny says, “for many volumes, if one would only recount something; since no man can speak of the whole.” Farther on, the same writer, as if amazed at the abundance of the materials, says, “In the ædileship of M. Scaurus, there were, in the theatre built only for a temporary purpose, three thousand statues, works of Grecian art, placed upon the stage. Mummius filled the city, after the conquest of Achæa, with treasures of art; the Luculli also made great additions. Yet the consul Mucianus has affirmed, that there are still three thousand statues in Rhodes; and there cannot be fewer remaining at Athens, Olympia, and Delphi. What mortal could enumerate all these? or what good would it do to know them all? Still,” continues he, “it will be very agreeable,

to touch upon the more distinguished, and to mention those which, for any cause, are remarkable." Even the little which Pliny has, in this way, distinguished, we fancy to be immeasurable, and yet it was only the smallest part of what actually existed. Not insignificant, indeed, are the ruins, which time has cast upon our shores, from the wreck of antiquity; much among them seems to us to touch the very summit of art, and yet the ancients mention scarcely one or two, of the innumerable works which embellish our museums and galleries. Like Pliny, other tourists of antiquity have mentioned only the most important; no one ever attempted, probably, to enumerate the whole; or if it were done, their catalogues have all perished.

It will be quite sufficient for our purpose, also, following the ancient example, to reason from a part to the whole. The affluence of art, in a few places only, has become known to us, and mostly by accident; but we may venture to affirm, that, as every Grecian town had public places of assembly, temples and colonnades, gymnasia and baths, the ornament of statues also could not have been wanting. For the wealth of art surprises us, by single, and, as it were, lost specimens, not only in the centres of culture and science, but even where the uneducated intellect of the people leads us to expect but little. As the savage hosts of the *Ætolians* had destroyed Dodona, the oldest sanctuary of Greece, the Macedonian warriors, burning with vengeance, raged with like fury in *Ætolia*; and more than two thousand statues were overthrown and broken in pieces by them, at *Thermon*, where the *Ætolian* confederacy held their congress. Now, the arts were never particularly cherished in *Ætolia*, more than they were in *Pamphylia*, where, however, according to Cicero's testimony, a vast treasure of the most excellent works of art was to be found at *Aspendus*. Who would have

suspected the existence of many works of art in Epirus? and yet Livy informs us, that Ambracia was filled with the rarest works, with statues of marble and bronze, and with numerous pictures, which dazzled the eyes of the Romans, at the triumph of Fulvius Nobilior. So, also, in many towns of small importance, as every body knows, works of the greatest masters are mentioned by name; and here it may also be said, that no Grecian town was without its gods.

But, that this affluence may be placed more clearly before our eyes, we will pass in review some of the fortunate places which made the fairest show of the wonders of art. First, the country of Pythagoras invites us, by its primeval splendor,—the fertile Samos, where rose that ancient temple of Juno, a work of Rhæcus, and, in the times of Herodotus, one of the oldest in Greece. What the city contained, no writer says; but the temple was filled with statues, among which, three, of colossal size, from Myron's hand, inflamed the avarice of Antony, the triumvir. Opposite Samos, lay the wealthy Ephesus, and, in its neighborhood, Diana's wondrous fane, whose statues, according to an expression of Pliny, would afford materials for many volumes. At a short distance, lay outspread, like an embroidered tissue, Æolian Smyrna, where temple ranged on temple, and theatres, gymnasia, and baths, not one of which was without its statues, alternately followed. But, among the dwelling-places of ancient art in that region, no country shone with greater splendor than the island of Rhodes, that ancient seat of commerce and wealth, upon which, according to Homeric fable, "the son of Saturn had poured down the fulness of abundance." More than one harbor of magnificent architecture here opened its arms to the ships of the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and, even from afar, numerous turrets announced a seat of power. Enriched

by commercial activity, and the wise use of favoring circumstances, the city, which first raised its head in Lysander's time, had grown up to wondrous beauty. Although the assertion of a rhetorical Greek, that Rhodes contained as many statues as all the rest of Greece, may seem an exaggeration, yet the testimony of Pliny is unsuspected, who, in a passage cited before, speaks of three thousand statues. But among these, according to the same authority, besides the most celebrated of all colossal statues, which was an image of the Sun, were found a hundred others, each important enough, to make the place in which it should but stand, renowned. And, even when an earthquake, in the second century of the Christian era, had destroyed the city, there yet remained, after infinite losses, as Aristides asserts, so many works of art, that a portion of this remnant would have sufficed for the glory of other cities.

I pass over several remarkable seats of ancient art; that enormous temple of the Branchidæ, near Miletus; the temple of Æsculapius, in Cos; Cyzicus, so filled with temples and statues of the gods, as if the powers of heaven had been rivals for the honor of protecting the city; the sacred grove of Apollo, at Antioch, a monument of luxurious kings, who loved the arts; Alexandria, finally, the rich burial-place of the great and accomplished conqueror, whose name it bore, with its regal display, and its festal processions, which were the triumph of splendor and the prodigality of art; I pass over all these, in order to continue my way over the islands, those forecourts of Attica, to Hellas proper, where the harbors of Piræus and Munychia, and the beloved city of Athena, protecting goddess of art, await us.

Here, however, the quantity of matter presses so overpoweringly upon us, that a complete delineation of what is most important only would far transcend the limits

of this discourse. The historian Hegesias, after having begun to enumerate the wonders of Athens, broke off, with the enthusiastic exclamation, "All cannot be mentioned, for Athens is built by the gods and by ancestral heroes." But the orator Aristides says, "The greatness of the city, and its splendor, correspond to its fortune in other respects, and to the great name of its inhabitants. Art here vies with nature; a pure and mild sky encompasses the land; large and secure harbors open here; but of art, it is hard to say what should be called the first and greatest; for here are the greatest and fairest temples that can any where be found, and statues of the foremost rank, old and new. Suppose, therefore," continues he, "we strip this city of its ancient and fabulous renown, its trophies by land and by sea, its orators and heroes, and all wherewith it has filled up the long time of its existence, yet will it take precedence of every other city by what we see before our eyes." Thus Aristides extols ancient Athens under the reign of the second Antonine; and what was then true on comparison with other Grecian cities, will even now be found true, if we compare the remains of her flourishing age with the remains of art in other places of Greece. But, though these monuments and the testimonies of antiquity were silent, still we might reasonably suppose, that, in a country to whose bosom nature had committed the seeds of art, where more than elsewhere the fear of the gods, the love of the beautiful, and the reverence for sacred custom dwelt, art, which is the child of religion and the pupil of modesty, would love to linger, and would leave most traces of its existence. As the Apollo at Delos was represented in a significant form of ancient times, with the terrible bow in his right hand, and on his left the intertwining Graces, each holding a musical instrument, so Athens appears to us, at the time of her bloom, equally armed for war and ready for the dance. It is



enough, here, to allude to the efforts of Cimon, who ornamented the public squares of the city from his private fortune, and the name of Pericles, which comprehends a long and famous history of brilliant achievements for art. As, in the earliest times, all the streets were filled with *Hermæ*, so after the Persian victories, markets and halls, temples and gymnasia were adorned with innumerable statues from the hands of the greatest masters. But especially had the works of art become so crowded upon the Acropolis, that this height seemed to the astonished traveller like one holy offering, one great work of art. To this citadel, an earthly Olympus, as it were, a gigantic flight of steps conducted him through the Propylæa, which opened in five-fold gates, to a world of forms of gods and men, in the temples and halls. Here Phidias had erected the brazen statue of Minerva, for the temple of Polias, whose helmet's plume flashed to meet the sailor approaching from the Sunian promontory; and that other brazen Pallas, which bore the name of "the beautiful," or the Lemnian, and a third, the "immortal maid," the protecting goddess of the Parthenon, that enormous Colossus of ivory and gold, forty feet in height. On her right hand perched the goddess of victory, itself an image of superhuman size, presenting to the goddess of war the symbolical fillet. After these works, it is useless to speak of others. It may be sufficient to state, that, after the city had been so often plundered, Pausanias mentions by name towards three hundred remarkable statues still within the circuit of Athens; the rest, however, without fixing their number, he indicates only in the mass.

We leave the centre of Hellenic culture, Athens, the lover of art, whose virtues have gained for her the reward of an enduring glory, and inspired respect even in the time of her abasement; Athens, whose name to every cultivated mind is synonymous with all that is greatest

and best in the genius of man. The numerous works of art, which covered all Attica, must not detain our steps; nor yet the remains of the ancient glory of Thebes, nor Thespiæ, the sacred city of Eros; nor Helicon, with its primeval groves, its inspiring fountains, and its quires of muses, whose images here, beside the statues of other gods, stood surrounded by numerous statues of ancient poets; but along the margin of the Cephissus, where rises the ancient seat of the Graces of Eteocles, wend we towards Delphi, "to Apollo's threshold, in rocky Pytho," where the gratitude of wealthy foreign princes, vieing with the piety of Hellenic cities, had adorned the treasures and the enclosure of the temple with offerings and images. From afar was seen an innumerable multitude of statues of victors, some raised on four-horse chariots of shining bronze, that seemed to the rapacious hosts of Brennus massive gold. More than once had avarice been inflamed by the treasures of this temple; more than once it had been a prey to the flames; and yet Nero found in its precincts still five hundred brazen statues which he was tempted to carry off, while he left behind, with many of less importance, some hundreds which Pausanias held not unworthy to be expressly mentioned.

At the gates of the Peloponnesus, an equal display was made by Corinth, which, on two seas enthroned, opened her ports to the treasures of eastern and western commerce. Cherished by affluence, domestic art had here grown up. How immense was the profusion of works of art in this flourishing city was not known until its destruction. During several days had the flames raged in Corinth, destructive even to the conqueror, and still the multitude of statues, pictures and other treasures, which fell into the victor's hands, almost surpassed belief. Many were destroyed by the Roman warriors; many were dispersed by the Roman generals themselves among the cities of Greece;

others fell into the hands of the king of Pergamus ; others were devoted as first offerings to the Olympian Jupiter and the Delphian Apollo ; but with the remainder not only Rome but all Italy was filled. Afterwards Corinth rose again from its ashes ; and immediately the love of art, like a native plant of the soil, put forth its shoots with new splendor. And so Pausanias found it, after the lapse of a century, to his astonishment, adorned by a multitude of works of the great masters.

Many parts of the Peloponnesus, although, on the whole, less the seat of culture than northern Greece, were rich in works of art ; but we pass over Argos, with its temple, world-renowned for a statue of Juno, from the hand of Polycletus ; Epidaurus, too, with its ancient sanctuary of Æsculapius,—and Megalopolis, and Tegea, and Phigaleia, a short time since revealed again through the unwearied diligence of travellers, lovers of art, in order to visit, on the banks of the Alpheus, in the grove of Olympian Jupiter, a more crowded treasury of works of art.

This whole region seemed a garden of the gods, and was rightly called a grove of Jupiter. Thick forests, the dwellings of Artemis, and the nymphs and Aphrodite, overshadowed clear streams, with flowery banks, every where sanctified by temples, and encompassed by *Hermæ* and statues. But Olympia itself seemed to be the centre of all that was holy, as the temple of Jupiter, a wondrous massive structure of the grandest style, was the central point of Olympia. Hovering on its front pediment, the goddess of victory declared the presence of the sovereign arbiter in the most sacred games. Numerous offerings, thrones and statues, brazen cars and tripods, filled the forecourt ; but in the interior of the temple, the colossal statue of Jupiter, from the hand of Phidias, outshone every other work. This colossus, in which the dignified representation of the highest majesty went far beyond the

admiration which its size produced at the first view, might again pass for a combination of the most varied sculpture. Perched on the right hand of the god, the goddess of victory held out the olive crown to the son of Saturn; by his side, were dancing, on the arm of the throne, the Hours and the Graces, as well as the goddesses of victory at its foot. The golden robe, which floated around his limbs and feet, was brodered with flowers, and figures of animals, and all the spaces of the throne with work in relief. For the love of art among the ancients was expressed, also, in the quantity of ornamental sculpture, with which great works were covered, down to the smallest parts, the shields, the sandals, the thrones and temple gates, the friezes and the pediments. But besides the colossus of Jupiter, Pausanias saw there about eighteen statues, the poor remains of a great treasure diminished by Nero. Next arose a temple of Juno, where Pausanias found still twenty statues of gods, chiefly of ivory and gold, and by great masters. But in the Altis, at the foot of the Cronian hill, there stood, to omit much besides, an almost incredible multitude of statues of Jupiter, and among them, five of colossal size, the largest of which measured seven and twenty feet, and the smallest six ells; a group, of Jupiter, Thetis, and Day; and next another, of ten champions, a work of Myron; finally, a third, in which, again, Jupiter appeared, with Nemea, and five other heroines. In the same enclosure of the Altis, was seen a group of five-and-thirty boys; another, of nine heroes, who were casting lots for the honor of the duel, and Nestor, who was collecting the lots; a colossus of Hercules, ten ells in height; several of the labors of this hero; statues of Amphitrite, of Poseidon, of Hestia, of Persephone, of Aphrodite, of Ganymede, of Artemis, of Æsculapius and Hygeia, of Homer and Hesiod, of Bacchus and Orpheus, and of many others, by the first masters. But of combatants, Pausanias

enumerates, in the same enclosure, two hundred and some thirty statues, expressly reminding us, that he makes mention only of the most remarkable. It is easy to believe, that there may have been no small number of those of less importance.

The many states of Magna Grecia, some of which were powerful, were no less depositaries of art. Thus, to mention some, Tarentum was found by the Roman conquerors filled with statues. Syracuse equally, and most of the cities of Sicily. Even the ruins of their temples, theatres, and palaces, still bear emphatic testimony to an age of high art. The temple of a Juno Lacinia, all Capua and Cumae, Syracuse and Enna, the temples of Selinus and Agrigentum, even now the wonder of travellers, contained numerous statues, and many other offerings, which here, as every where, wealth or gratitude had consecrated.

When these depositaries of art in the East and West fell into the power of the Romans, is it strange, that Rome, and the Latin cities, and the villas of the great and rich, were converted into great halls of art? Earlier, martial Rome, which, according to the expression of Plutarch, knew no ornaments but arms and spoils, furnished to the unwarlike and luxurious spectators no pleasing or unalarming spectacle. "To melt brass, and breathe into it the soul of art, or to create living forms in marble," the Roman had not learned. "His art was government and war." Tuscan artists had furnished him with what religion required, of wood or clay, earthen gods, just deities, who were looked back upon, with regret, in the evil days of tyranny, by ingenious panegyrists of the olden time, with pardonable over-estimation. But after Marcellus, the famous conqueror of Syracuse, had carried thence a multitude of statues, as the rightful spoils of war, and had turned the rude minds of his fellow-citizens

to the admiration of these works, then were all military commanders anxious to lend their triumphs a splendor before unknown, by works of art. So, T. Quinctius Flaminius, the conqueror of Macedonia, and the liberator of Hellas; so, M. Fulvius, who, after the conquest of the *Ætolians*, had two hundred and eighty-five brazen, and two hundred and thirty marble statues borne in his triumphal procession. A few years after, *Æmilius Paulus* celebrated a still more splendid triumph, when the captured images and colossal statues were carried on two hundred and fifty chariots. After a short period of time, Rome saw, in one year, the spoils of Carthage and Corinth, and, somewhat later, in the triumph of Sylla, the ornaments of wealthy Asia borne to the Capitol. Thus, in almost uninterrupted triumphs, in the course of a century, the finest works of Grecian art travelled to Rome, at first a decoration of the city, its temples, and markets; but anon, when virtue gave way to private interest, an ambiguous ornament of the houses and villas, where, formerly, only captured arms, and the images of ancestors had proclaimed the fame of Roman virtue. Now, also, the common soldier learned to despise the temples of the gods; to confound what was sacred and what was profane; to aspire to statues and richly wrought furniture; and to nourish desires, which became a new pretext for violence in war, and oppression in peace. As already, in the times of the republic, Lucullus and others regarded the statues of the Grecian masters as the fairest embellishment of their regal country palaces, of which they never had enough, so, later, did the *Cæsars*, also.

Even without the pretext of war and triumphs, the gods of Greece were torn from their temples, and borne away over the sea, and served to heighten the splendor of the haughty mistress of the world, and her princes. Soon there dwelt in Rome as many statues as men; and the

rich mines of art, which modern times have disclosed in the soil of Tibur and Tusculum, on the Alban Mount, and at Antium, and other places in the neighborhood of Rome, have sufficiently taught us, that the region round about was not much less rich than the capital city itself. It is remarkable here, that amidst all these riches of ancient and lofty art, a profound sense of art was never created in Rome, and no Roman artist, of whom we know, produced any great work. Even had the creative power not been denied them, still, perhaps, it could not be unfolded, in the crowd of such numerous and varied enjoyments as the capital of the world supplied. For contemplation, they had but very little time; quiet was wanting for study, both from without, and, in most cases, from within.

If we now turn our eyes from this infinitely rich plastic world to our own, what the latter has produced, seems almost trifling, considered with reference to the extent of all the European countries, and those settled by Europeans. While painting, without special models, reached the highest summit of conceivable excellence, in the course of a single century, after its revival, and filled all the countries of Europe, even to the boundaries of Asia, with its marvels, sculpture has but seldom passed beyond the barriers of imitation, though instructed by the greatest models. It is laboriously propagated, only in an artificial warmth, just as if its productive power had been exhausted in Hellas. Its few and scattered works seldom proceed from the inner life; still more rarely do they enlarge the province of forms by new and genial creations. Some that have attempted to open new paths have gone astray therein; most, lingering on the beaten track, have contented themselves to give back the old in manifold combinations. But, finally, all that has been produced in one way or the other, even as to number,



is but little, when compared with the ancient, and when we consider the extent of the geographical boundaries over which the efforts of art have extended. This twofold phenomenon is worthy of consideration, as is every thing that can lead to a clear and distinct knowledge of the modern and ancient world, and of their difference, and that consequently may disclose to us the essential character of both, with their contrasts.

Now, if we trace this difference to its origin, we must go back to the deepest principle in the nature of man,—to religion. Polytheism was the religion given to the youth of man, but Christianity was revealed to him in the fulness of time, in the maturity of his age. The former appears in Hellas in its highest power; and whatever could be accomplished by heathenism was accomplished in Greece. To recognize the Deity in the living power of nature was no exclusive prerogative of the Greeks; other nations of lively sensibility have also revered as deities the single rays of the Divine Being separated from their common centre; and we can hardly yield to the Greeks in this respect any other precedence than that they, by their livelier fancy and deeper feeling, traced more devoutly than others a divine life in every fair or mighty appearance. But it was peculiar to them, that, among all the phenomena of nature, they distinguished man as the first and noblest, and recognized in his form the highest sensible manifestation of the Divine Being. While, therefore, in other climates, Polytheism desecrated its altars and temples by significant images, before whose deformity the divine nature seems to flee, the Greek created God in his own image, as the purest symbol of the divine nature, and associated to every phenomenon in which he felt God's life-giving breath, a being, who appeared to his imagination under human guise as an object of human devotion. Thus, religion, which, according to its general nature is absorbed



into the immeasurableness of the formless infinite, fixed the eye of the Greeks upon the limitation of the human form, and the plastic sense, which usually disappears with the childhood of nations, was made permanent among the Greeks by religion. But this origin is also to be looked upon as the source of that inspiration, which transfigures whatever of beauty reality supplies into the most beautiful; and if, as one of the ancients says, the higher nature of the gods had passed into art, because art had been borrowed from the gods, it may be particularly affirmed of plastic art, that it became godlike, through the representation of the gods. For, as its task was to show the divine excellence under the limitation of the human body, it could not, like Egyptian art, confine itself to a laborious modelling of what the present supplied them, but was early forced to strike out lofty forms, in whose intelligible proportions a higher nature might be traced.

Therefore Pausanias says, of the works of Daedalus, that, with all their clumsiness of execution, they gave intimations of a high and divine character. Thus was done, in the beginning of art, what Plato prescribes, as a law to the artists of his republic, "that they should create nothing illiberal or deformed, as well as nothing immoral and loose, but should every where strive to attain to the nature of the beautiful and the becoming." Moreover, as a cheerful serenity stamped the character of this religion of the senses, and the felicity of the celestial beings consisted in passing their time free from care, it would, for this reason, the less occur to the thoughts of the creator of a divine form, to remind us, in the figure of a god, of the toilsome development of a common human nature, in proportion as he found more prototypes of what was noblest and most beautiful, in the figures of finely organized and happily developed men. Much rather must the forms of his gods have appeared to him as

having sprung into being free from toilsome effort, like the Aphrodite of the ancient fable, who, born, without a pang, in the watery element, landed on the flowery shore of Paphos, in the perfection of her spontaneously unfolded beauty.

But, as religion produced the ideality of art, so, on the other hand, the ideality of art gave birth to religion. Such forms, as ancient sculpture placed upon the altars, seemed taken from a higher world; their beauty and dignity had the effect of creating a belief in their actual existence, and commanded reverence. And, certainly, an art which so blended the earthly with the heavenly, and visibly presented, what Plato calls the most beautiful spectacle, the harmony of beautiful manners with a beautiful configuration, had a well-founded right to hold up its works to veneration.

Thus that tendency of religion operated directly upon the creative art, and, indirectly, towards the production of the often-noticed plastic character of the Greeks. This character, which all their poetry, nay, the language itself, and the rhythmical movement of the language, declare, is visible, even to the purblind eye, in Homer, and other ancient poets, whose works, on the other hand, as the universal fountain of all culture, nourished the plastic sense among the people. From the Homeric poetry, and, later, from the works of the tragic writers, came forth a world of sculpture. And was not all ancient fable a gallery of mighty forms of gods and heroes, which were, for the most part, embodied in the world of art, also? And must not our art make daily pilgrimages to those fountains, silently confessing, that the modern world, and its poetry, especially, is wanting in the life of form?

Thus, therefore, plastic art sprang from religion; not, indeed, from that external want of paganism, which even the formless symbol satisfies, as the object of worship, but from the deepest sources of Hellenic anthropomorphism.

But when the temples of the gods had once been decorated with the images of their protectors, the circle of art was soon enlarged, and embraced every thing that but touched upon the wide boundaries of the world of gods. Even heroes entered therein, and mortals, who, by mighty deeds, lofty virtues, or distinguished fortune, had attested a divine nature, and the favor of Heaven. Here, every age and sex found its place. Nay, this circle was enlarged, even to the boundaries of the animal kingdom, by the images of fawns and satyrs, and other natures of a mingled kind; and the material of art became at once attractive, by its higher relations and its endless affluence. It is enough, here, besides the variety of forms on Olympus itself, to call to mind the attendants of the gods, the motley throng of a Dionysiac procession, the picturesque arrangement and display of the festivals, and the wide world of public games.

But after plastic art had, in the mode described, been taken up and nurtured in the bosom of religion, it was adopted by the State, and cherished in every way. Both were closely united; not, however, in so material a way as those teach us, who consider priestly fraud and state craft to be the levers of ancient republican virtue, but by closer bonds of a spiritual union. Burning love of country, that rich germ of Grecian virtues, was most closely and intimately united with faith in the marvels of the ancient gods and heroes, as those who had roamed over the same soil, and had lived and loved, in human form, among their ancestors. It was a necessity to believing posterity, to encounter their images on every sacred spot where their deeds were done, where they were born, where they were released from the bonds of mortality. The whole history of Hellenic antiquity was interwoven with gods, and the whole soil of Greece was consecrated by ancient legends of their marvels. Thus their forms opened and cherished

the patriotic heart. In many places where they were honored, they still wrought through oracles and wonders ; so that the place of worship and its object seemed inseparable. Hence, too, the religious effect of those statues,—as of the Jupiter, at Olympia, where he, himself, as arbiter supreme, assigned the highest of the prizes ; or of Pallas, who surveyed her beloved city from the Acropolis,—must have been quite other than in a collection of art, where the religious sense, without which no such work can be sufficiently understood, is checked and restrained in various ways.

Upon the influence of climate on art and taste, much has been written ; more, perhaps, than is wanted ; but less notice has been taken of the bond which unites the temperature with the form of government, and the form of government with art. That serene heaven which Greece enjoys, was the best loved roof of its inhabitants ; the cooling breeze, the resounding sea, and the brilliant sun, were the delight of the people, and the joy of their life. They passed their time, the greater part of the year, exempt from toil, in the midst of nature, in the cheerful enjoyment of their existence, and in the excitements of social intercourse. Even in the flourishing period of Athens, the city seemed to those, who lived after the ancient fashion, only a resort for the intercourse of the busy, and the country was looked upon as the happy home ; and many an old Greek regarded the city as a huge prison. But these prisons must needs at least be cheerful. Hence, no Grecian city was without its public squares, airy colonnades, spacious halls, and shady groves ; here the people lived, here they transacted their business, and enjoyed their leisure. With the climate corresponded the form of government, and as this increased the tendency to an out-of-door life, it is nothing strange, that the people sought to adorn, in every way, the public places which

were their ordinary abodes, and where they assembled for common consultations on the most important affairs. The peculiar spirit common to the civil constitutions, was nurtured by the publicity of life. The residences of private men were small, the interior embellishments insignificant; so that even what in later times is censured as extravagant luxury, is only a proof of the simplicity of domestic life. But to devote to the State what was abstracted from selfish enjoyment; to beautify the city by religious festivals, brilliant spectacles, and immortal works of art, this was the glory of a patriotic Greek. Inasmuch, therefore, as a thousand slender streamlets poured into the sea of the common weal, it became possible, by the smallest means, to bring about the greatest ends. Frequently, patriotic artists wrought without reward, for the decoration of the city, content with the appropriate enjoyment, the pleasure of their contemporaries, and the hope of future fame. And as every work of art was designed for the public enjoyment, so was the artist himself, also, according to an expression of Pliny, more than any where else, a common property of the world.

But, besides this, the publicity of life had for art the double advantage, first, that it led undesignedly to the contemplation of nature in her most genuine manifestations, which for the artist, at least, was as important as the often contested excellences of Grecian beauty; but, secondly, that it maintained art upon a dignified elevation. Directed to the public, she nourished herself with an energetic life, and unfolded her wings in her native air, where she was maimed and limited by no individual caprices. So long, therefore, as public life existed in its dignity, so long did art maintain herself upon her serene elevation; and she sank, when that was degraded. The Macedonian princes, who honored in degenerate Greece the dwelling-place of virtue, left to most of the cities their self-government;

and yet the defeat at Cheronea was the turning-point of Hellenic excellence. The gladness of popular life vanished; the free spirit was broken; the ennobling pride of the citizen was humbled; only dull sparks of hope yet slumbered under the ashes of ancient recollections. As the base and evil will gains no power over the individual, so long as his spirit soars on the wings of inspiring ideas, and only comes to power when they are eclipsed; so, also, in Greece, the deadly tare began then first to grow rank when the genii of joy and conscious dignity had vanished from her happy plains. The change was rapid. Noble pride was expelled by ignominious flattery; the guiding stars of poetry and art were clouded over, and morals, which had come to a splendid maturity, robbed of animating light, lost strength and hue.

Thus, also, the prosperity of art was bound, by the closest ties, to the flourishing state of the Grecian civic governments, not only on account of the outward means, though these, too, were not to be despised, but especially on account of the interior life, which was thereby nourished and made productive. But the outward ability, also, of producing so numerous and costly works for the decoration of the cities, was closely dependent on the popular feeling which the civic constitution cherished. Wants were little, life was easy, and, what was more important than all, the idea of country held self-interest in check. The commonwealth was rich through the moderation of its members. Individuals provided for the gladness and adornment of life, as for their other wants, and it was the glory of an honest citizen, to do in this matter not the least, but the most, he could. A noble rivalry kindled the community, and nothing finer can be said in praise of Grecian culture, than that the promotion of the arts was the means by which the favor of the citizens was won. How many nations are there, who

could have been controlled by such means of popular influence as those that Pericles employed?

Wealth, therefore, was not, properly speaking, the patron of art, but civic virtue, the consort of a decent and philosophic poverty. Wealth has never, by itself, created any thing great; and even as an aid, it is without value, unless it move in the train of virtue. Thessaly, too, was rich. But when did the Thessalians ever do any thing great? Where did they ever, by the cultivation of the arts, betray a higher civilization?

As art was the daughter of civic virtue, so was she also the reward. The doers of famous deeds, the promoters of the country's glory in war and peace, the sages and the poets, were celebrated by works of art, and their forms handed down to after ages. Even acts of piety and filial love, or useful inventions, were eternized by statues, and hallowed in temples. "To be set up in bronze," says a later Grecian orator, "seems to noble men exceedingly excellent; and it is a worthy reward of virtue, to stand, not like contemporaries, but to retain one's name after death, and to leave behind a visible sign of eminence. Countless numbers were held worthy of such an honor."

Now it is far from wonderful, that a more than ordinary, a religious love for plastic art, encounters us every where in those States, as a sort of distinguishing mark of the Hellenic nature. He deserves to be called the most excellent, says Pindar, who knows much of nature. Grecian art was eminently excellent, because it sprung from the Grecian's inmost nature, and for that reason, the Greeks welcomed her to their heart of hearts. But how living and deeply-rooted this love for art was in Greece, may be pre-supposed as known; the source, also, of this love is clear from the preceding remarks. From this sprang that religious opinion of the sacredness and inviolability of every work of art; an opinion, which,



where it does not spring from feeling, cannot be forced by prescription. Those works were regarded as precious common possessions of every citizen; and, according to Cicero's assertion, no example was known of a Grecian city's having alienated such treasures. When, therefore, Nicomedes, of Bithynia, wished to buy of the Cnidians the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, with the promise of relieving the city of its pressing burden of debt, they replied, that they would rather submit to any hardship than bear this loss. In fact, many a city was rendered famous by a single work of art. Strabo relates, that after the Eros of Praxiteles was erected at Thespiæ, in Bœotia, travellers came from every quarter thither, though, before that time, Thespiæ was never visited. When Demetrius, the son of Antigonos, beleagured Rhodes, the beleagured citizens desired, above all things, the preservation of the Ialysus, by Protogenes, a picture situated in an exposed quarter of the city; and when they applied in this behalf, to the enemy, by ambassadors, he answered them, that he would rather burn the images of his fathers, than a work of such high art. This refined solicitude for the preservation of the beautiful was not only of a totally different nature from that mania-like dilettanteism, which, after the subjugation of Greece, took possession of the Romans, but it had grown up in a wholly peculiar manner, with the growth of Grecian culture, so that it is nothing strange, if we find the same sense again, even beyond the world of art, in all the phenomena of the higher Hellenic life. Even the constant sight of such great and noble works of art must have affected life, and given it a nobler bearing; and the higher sentiments, out of which they had sprung, were, in turn, cherished by them. Hence we find, not only in their poetry, but, also, in the manners of the better age, that harmonious proportion, that quiet greatness, that pleasing grace, and that balance between the overflowing joy of life



and severe regularity, which showed itself in ancient sculpture, as it were, at its highest point; and they not only honored beauty in nature and art, as it was honored no where else, but also strove to represent the harmony of character and of the form, on which all beauty rests, in bearing and address, and to introduce it into the common intercourse of life. Graceful demeanor thus became a distinguishing mark of Hellenism; for the reverence of a well-tempered character had its due effect upon outward appearance; hence, in Pericles, his serious aspect, his composed gait, the becoming arrangement of his robe, the quiet modulation of his voice, are commemorated, just as if the silent dignity of an animated work of art were the object of praise. So long as this respect for the becoming was prevalent, art also flourished; and when moderation in externals was forgotten, and an appearance of vigor was sought by violent motions and neglected array, then the period of the grand style in art, as well as in manners, was over.

It is unnecessary expressly to remark, that this love for art, penetrating through life itself, not only favored, but, to a certain degree, demanded, the multiplication of its works. But when the deeper fountains were dried up, their influence, nevertheless, as is usually the case, still continued, as the light of a lost star would shine upon the inhabitants of the earth, centuries after its extinction. After the age of Alexander the Great, whose love of art, perhaps, was only a Hellenized self-interest, creative art made no further progress; but the impulse given in better times worked on mechanically; the tradition of excellence remained; external respect for art was still propagated; adroitness in art was even increased, and, as the living fountain of new creations was exhausted, the works of earlier times were imitated. The successors of the Macedonian conqueror gave employment to the

artists, not without zeal, though not with a genuine sense of art; and what numerous and gigantic works their will commanded, is told on every page of their history. Thus the works of plastic art were multiplied; the old was repeated; and the limits earlier drawn, were ever filling more and more. Hence we perceive, in so many later works, the peculiar beauty of antiquity; as, also, in the productions of their eloquence and poetry, in the age of exhausted vigor, often with meagre materials, and deficient fulness of life, we still can trace a breath of the sense of art.

Now since the interior causes have been assigned, by which the exceeding affluence of works of plastic art in the Grecian States is comprehensible,—religion, public feeling and the love for art,—it only remains for me to cast a hasty glance upon the modern world, in order to place the feeling and the spirit of antiquity in a clearer light by the contrast.

Here, then, it appears, as if the tendency to this kind of art were rather acquired than natural, although many distinguished artists have practised sculpture with brilliant success. Having every outward appliance to inspire her with life, enjoying the profoundest instruction in theory and execution, she still lives almost entirely by the use of external means, being quite too feeble to sustain herself and prolong her own existence. More the daughter of ambition than of love, she almost ever moves in the train of power and rank alone; and as she makes her appearance but seldom, the interest felt in her existence is but small. So her life, too, cannot be energetic. Among the Greeks, this art, like every other, grew up from the deepest roots of life; and whoever among them exercised it, practised it as one should practise virtue, as the calling of his very soul. To obey this inward calling was religion. Thus art arose and flourished. From the country's soil she drew her vigor, as Antaeus gained new strength from the

bosom of mother earth ; but her radiance she borrowed from Olympus, and the faith in the world of gods and heroes. Forced to seek the means of culture within their own boundaries,—for what could foreign nations have supplied them, but the simplest elements ?—the Greeks gave every science a thoroughly national form, and yet, by reason of the happy unfolding of their pure nature, a universal one. Modern plastic art, on the contrary, especially the German, for the most part allured abroad by admiration of what is already completed, has been unable to acquire any peculiar form. Thus the noblest nurture on the country's maternal bosom has been denied it, and it has been compelled to content itself, mostly by imitation, to counterfeit a superficial appearance of life. Now, though the German soul has laid up many a jewel in the borrowed forms, as in a precious casket, still no work of art can be called perfect, in which the form has not been born and shaped from the material, the image from the animating idea. That art only thrives and kindles the hearts of men, which proceeds from love and necessity, offspring of Jove ; which is conceived in the love for the ideas, and in a profound impulse of nature, regulated by the severity of law and lovingly nurtured by outward life.

But that the outward life, which, as has been shown before, excited the art of the ancients in such various ways, was unfolded in modern times, after a fashion less favorable to art, is partly to be ascribed to other causes, but chiefly to the change of religion. Here we can only touch upon the most essential points. The plastic sense of the Greeks was converted by Christianity into a mystical one. While the Greek heathen deified the inner life of nature, and made this life, revered as divine, visible to the senses as well as to the soul, by a new creation,—in the Christian world, the contemplation of the Divine Being retired to the soul, and all earthly appearance paled in

the glory with which the new religion encompassed the only God of heaven and earth. By this new and more profound revelation, earth and life seemed to change their shape; the former was converted into a vale of trial and sorrow; the enjoyment of the present was lost in the effort to become worthy of future and real life, or in the longing for death; and, absorbed in the contemplation of the unfathomable, the spirit shunned, as far as possible, all that could enchain it to the life of form. It was no more the destiny of man to enjoy his existence on earth, but, mindful of the better, though forfeited country, to mourn over the earthly fetters that detained him in the prison-house of the flesh. Now, therefore, form, even in its perfected beauty, seemed only as a wall of separation from the recognition of the infinitely perfect, to a re-union with which, as to the object of unceasing longing, the overthrow of these earthly barriers led. The infinite beauty of a world, which transcended all conception, could only come forth from the annihilation of the finite form. The flowers of Paradise could only blossom from the ashes of the grave; the liberated champion could only travel to his proper country through the triumphal arch of the tomb. Under the influences of a religion so spiritual,—and how mightily this influence worked in early times, is known,—plastic art, limited to austere forms, could thrive no more. Music, as the most spiritual interpreter of the ineffable, and, as it seemed, the least enchained by earthly fetters, soared away beyond all the arts; but poetry moulded itself anew, and, swallowed up in the infinity of mysticism, strove to utter, in new tones, the boundless longing after perfect holiness, the never-satiated astonishment at the incomprehensible, the profound scorn of the earthly, the ecstasy of devotion, and the compunction of remorse. Here was no place left for creative art, had the weakness of human nature been able to follow the

steep and narrow path to the eternal, which the piety of the inspired fathers of the primitive church traced out before him. Meantime, human sentiment even here asserted its claims, and the love for the Divine Author of the religion came somewhat in aid of the natural wish of men, to cheat desire by the image of the desired object. But, in order to build itself up in this new-formed world, it must needs submit itself to new laws. To aim exclusively at beauty, like the Grecian sculptor, would have been profane. The first object Christian art had to aspire after, was instruction and significance; and, as painting can attain this end more easily and perfectly than plastic art, and as, besides, it works with more spiritual means, it soon became the favorite companion of Christianity, when Christianity gradually embodied itself in outward forms.

Moreover, the political institutions of Christian nations, in modern times, have changed in a way not altogether favorable to plastic art. The visible community of the civic States has been more and more resolved into a spiritual and invisible one; care for the preservation of the whole has been committed to the hands of a few; the citizen trustfully yields the government of the State to the sovereign appointed him by God, and, exempt from public cares, pursues his inclination or his business. Therefore, as once the interest of public life was predominant, so now will be the interest of the domestic circle. Besides this, the greater extent of our States, the broader course of affairs, the altered state of education, produces a separation of the several powers, as well as of different ranks; and that the whole may be more closely united under a single head, the parts must be more carefully distinguished. In Greece, the poet, the artist, the philosopher, were not divided from the general and the statesman; the power of every one belonged, in every possible application, to the public life, and to the great

family of which he was a member ; and all lay united in so narrow a circle, that the duties of the outward calling either promoted the efforts of the inner, or but little disturbed them. Inasmuch, therefore, as the individual rays were concentrated and directed upon the whole there, as well as for similar reasons, in the free States of the middle ages, the greatest results could be effected in the State often by apparently trifling means. On the contrary, in the modern world, domestic and private life, to which religion, and in the north of Europe especially, the climate invites, has been by the constitution, also, carried to the highest perfection. As the Grecian adorns his native city, every man in the modern world adorns, as much as he can, his own home, and no disapprobation of his townsmen disturbs the harmless pleasure he takes in the bosom of his family, or the narrow circle of his friends, in a cheerful and handsomely ornamented residence. Hence art has also, in monarchic States, assumed, for the most part, a domestic character, and painting, therefore, in its various branches, has become the most favorite art of the modern world.

This art, which thrives the more easily because it needs fewer appliances, and by the infinite variety of its objects is better adapted than any other to satisfy the most varied dispositions, seems to have been assigned to the modern world, instead of the costly embellishment of plastic art. This peculiar property it has therefore unfolded with zeal and success in all directions ; here, doubtless, will it, for the future, blend together the scattered rays of the love of art, which is stirring ever with more and more life in our country. And yet, perchance, in this so deeply excited age, the yet slumbering enthusiasm is only waiting the favorable moment for a new upward movement of plastic and every other species of art. If every one, who feels in his bosom the sparks of the Promethean fire, but seeks to

find the proper calling of his nature, in order to obey the summons when the right time appears, then may we hope, that in our country, if no where else, every art will find its favorers, every effort of art, its supporters. But, in order to produce what shall satisfy future times by the indwelling spirit and external perfection, it is not enough to imitate what is already completed; the age also asserts its right, and the character of the people. Every nation should undoubtedly be what it can most completely be, taking into view all the traits of its character. Modern times cannot run into antiquity; Germans cannot turn themselves into Greeks; but for every age and every nation can that, which once existed in perfection, serve as a mirror, in which it may the better know itself. Thus, also, should all who are concerned with high culture, look into antiquity, in order there to seize the manly spirit, without which nothing great can thrive, and to know themselves by the comparison. They should educate themselves by antiquity, but not borrow from it; they should rival antiquity, in earnest effort, but not idly appropriate its treasures to themselves.

If these wishes have any meaning, where could they better hope for fulfilment, than in this capital, where an inherited love of art is duly nurtured on the finest works, confirmed by noble institutions, and cherished and animated by the patronage of the most magnanimous of kings; this generous and wise monarch, to whom every one applies, with joyous conviction, what a Roman says of Cæsar Augustus, that he promoted with loving heart, not only the happiness of individuals, and the welfare of the State, but also the flowers of art, that the State may not only be enlarged by him with provinces, but the majesty of the kingdom may be enhanced by the sciences and the arts. May he, in whose honor we have here assembled to-day, long enjoy the

harvest which his beneficence has sown ; may the olive-branch of peace long give coolness and shade to his exalted head, and his prospering people ; and may the glad light of an inspiring joy, which the happiness of his illustrious son, the heir of his regal and domestic virtues, kindles on this delightful day in his paternal heart, encompass all his life with cheering brightness, down to the last moment, which is to remove him from this mortal state ; and may then a grateful posterity exclaim to each of his successors, Be as wise and beneficent, be as beloved and happy, as Maximilian Joseph.



v.

PHILOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE.



## PHILOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

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DAVID RUHNKEN TO JOHN DANIEL RITTER.

Leyden, July 29, 1747.

WHENEVER I think of you and your favors to me,—and I think of them very often,—I am vexed with myself, that I came away from Saxony without taking leave of you. But since this and other foibles of my youth have, as I hope, passed away, I feel assured they will not be treasured up against me, by any one, and, least of all, by you, whom I know to be the kindest of men. You will never see cause to regret having trained me as a disciple ; for I shall always cherish towards you sentiments of filial regard, and take pleasure in making your merits known to the learned of other nations. I have long been in doubt, whether to venerate your worth in silence, as heretofore, or to address you by letter. But my affection has overcome my modesty.

I know very well that this correspondence will be no honor to you in Wittenberg ; but, if I am not mistaken, it will afford you some pleasure, and be of some advantage.       \*       \*       \*

I will now give you a brief sketch of what has transpired with me since I left you. No sooner had I arrived in Holland,—that nursery of men of learning,—than G.

Meermann, a young man of superior talents, and an admirer of your productions, altogether unexpectedly made provision for me. He had perceived my ardent love for study; he therefore made me tutor to his younger brother. But this was not enough. He gave his parents such accounts of me, that his father took the place of father to me till his death; and his mother is a mother to me to this very hour. Consequently, I spent nearly three years in directing the studies of Meermann, the younger brother, in the university of Leyden, and in hearing the lectures of distinguished professors. In the study of civil law, Schelting was my teacher; in history, and Roman antiquities, Francis Oudendorp; in Greek literature, now my favorite study, John Alberti, and, most of all, that extraordinary man, Hemsterhuys. To have been permitted to enjoy the instructions and intimate acquaintance of this man, I regard as my highest felicity. With a mind almost superhuman, and an exhaustless store of learning, he, of himself, restores to the university of Leyden the splendor it had under Scaliger and Salmasius. On the expiration of this period of nearly three years, the excellent J. P. D'Orville invited me, on the most advantageous terms, to his house, where I still remain, engaged in my favorite pursuits. My Maecenas allows me to make an excursion nearly every week from Amsterdam to Leyden, to which I am attracted no less by the public library, than by the splendor of the university.

\* \* \*

Our Dutch critics are very nice judges of the merits of others. Of the numerous throng of German philologists, only nine or ten are held in any reputation by them; and I congratulate you, my dear Ritter, that you belong to that small number. No class of men are held in greater detestation here, than those shameless compilers, who, though they say some useful things, are led, for the sake

of making a book, to fill out their pages with common-places which the veriest blockhead knows. How often are these German luminaries, as they are called in their own country, the subject of merriment with Wesseling, Alberti, Wetstein, myself, and others. I wish you could be present to enjoy the fun.

## RUHNKEN TO RITTER.

Leyden, Dec. 8, 1760.

You have probably learned, from the letters of Ernesti, that I have left no stone unturned to remove you from unhappy Saxony into our happy Batavia. After experiencing successive frowns of fortune upon my attempts, I have now the inexpressible happiness of finding an opportunity for consummating my wishes. Andrew Weiss, a distinguished professor of law, who, for fifteen years, has adorned the university with his genius and learning, was invited the last year, by the authorities at the Hague, to become the teacher of the Prince of Orange. Though other candidates were recommended for the vacant professorship, yet, aided by the influence of Hemsterhuys, Gaub, and Alberti, I have so far succeeded in recommending you, as to render it no longer doubtful that the curators would appoint you, if they could be assured of your acceptance. \* \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO RITTER.

Leyden, Jan. 12, 1761.

I wish that you might be as successful in accomplishing all your desires, as I have been in whatever I have undertaken in your behalf. All your competitors have failed; one of whom, supported by the favor of a great sovereign, had regarded his success as already certain. The votes in your favor were unanimous. Still, the official notice will hardly be communicated to you

before the first of February; for the curators are not accustomed to have any thing of importance pass, except at the stated meetings, the first of which will take place on the day above-mentioned. I am very happy that you are satisfied with the terms. I know not how to express my joy, that you, at length, have become ours. As you seem to entertain some doubt in regard to the emoluments and perquisites, I will go through the calculation. The salary is 2000 florins. The tuition for a course of lectures,—none of which are public,—being thirty florins for each student, will amount to about 1300; but this will vary with the number of students. The other items are much more certain. Promotions to the degree of doctor, which occur almost every week, will bring you 1400 florins. Exemption from taxes is worth at least 300. All these together, make, as I said, 5000 florins. In this estimate, I have omitted several smaller perquisites, which, however, deserve consideration. Professor Weiss testifies to the correctness of the estimate. I now proceed to reply to your particular inquiries separately.

1. All public lectures are held in Latin; private instruction is sometimes given in French. I recommend to you to make it your first business to acquire a facility in speaking the French. You may converse in this language with the English, French, and most of the Swiss, all of whom, though they understand the Latin, are unable to speak a word. All persons of rank, too, male and female, speak French in preference to the Dutch. Most of the professors are acquainted with the German, but not many individuals in the higher circles. No lectures are given in this language.

2. The public law of Germany, according to Mascovius, is taught only when there are several German noblemen here. At other times, Otto's *Notitia* is explained, as being better adapted to the wants of the Dutch.

3. You are not called to pay a farthing by way of taxes; for, as I have said above, the university enjoys a complete exemption. So you can drink your wine cheap, while it comes very dear to other citizens.

4. A house is commonly rented by the professors, for about 500 florins. The services of a waiting-maid are from sixty to seventy; but when she receives something from the students, as yours will, the cost is only from forty to fifty.

5. Though you will find more teachers in painting, singing, and dancing, in Leyden than in Wittenberg, still, the charge for twenty lessons, is not less than eight or nine florins.

6. The style of dress among the professors is simple, and is commonly in black. The more illustrious one is in this country, and the greater the influence which he exerts, the more simple is his style of dress. But the servants glitter in gold and silver; houses are splendid, and entertainments princely.

7. The professors' wives are generally modest and domestic. If, however, any one desires to appear in public, and visit the theatres, she can gratify her tastes. The dress of these matrons is not splendid, but is extremely neat. You know, perhaps, that all Dutch women run mad after neatness.

8. A governess for daughters can be obtained here for 200 florins; but you will need none, as there are French schools, in which the daughters of noblemen are educated in all the branches of polite learning.

9. I would advise you to let rather than sell your house at present. If you wait till peace, you can then sell it on better terms, through an agent. Nor will it be necessary to sell your library, or any of your valuable articles of furniture. These may all, with the greatest convenience, be transported to Hamburg, and thence to

Amsterdam and Leyden by water. There is no occasion for anxiety about the expense of your removal; for, as I wrote you, the curators will more than make it good.

10. Houses are always rented in Leyden without furniture; but it will be easy to hire the latter separately. Beds, bedding, looking-glasses, etc., you can transport with you. Your pewter ware, on account of its weight, it would be better to dispose of at Wittenberg, especially as it can be replaced here at a very cheap rate. Nearly all the articles pertaining to the table here are pewter; they are very rarely porcelain.

Your title will be Professor Juris Publici et Privati; not that you will, as I could wish, teach the latter, but that you can examine candidates in that branch of the law. For writing books you will have more leisure than you can easily imagine; for the term of study amounts to only seven months and a half in all. The longer vacation commences near the end of June, and continues till the 17th of September, during which you can make an excursion into France or England, or visit your Saxon friends.

Leyden, Dec. 18, 1761.

O, Ritter! what have the curators, those respectable and honorable men, done, that you should so deceive them, or trifle with them? And I, of whose upright intentions God is witness, what have I done to deserve to be so treated? \* \* Blinded by the fascinations of your wife, you are plunging yourself into ruin. \* \* \*

RUHNKEN TO D'ORVILLE.

Leyden, Aug. 21, 1747.

I have quite too long deferred writing to you, or rather expressing my gratitude to you. But so far am I from forgetting the favors you have conferred upon me, I



would gladly find a daily occasion to show you how sensibly I feel my obligations. While considering what token of regard I might present you, Brissonius occurred to my mind, which had been emended in part, but was committed to my hands to be finished. Accept, therefore, this copy as a present, corresponding not to your favors, but to my limited means. \* \* Having nothing else to do, I employ all my time in examining the old manuscripts of the library, an employment as profitable to my mind as it is ruinous to my purse. Since you were kind enough to promise never to withhold your aid from me, when it should be needed, I take the liberty to request you, if you judge it expedient, to give me something else to collate or copy for you. \* \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO D'ORVILLE.

Leyden, Oct. 29, 1747.

Although I cherish sentiments of the warmest gratitude towards you for your almost royal munificence to me, yet as often as I am loaded anew with your favors, I feel provoked, to think that I have no better way of showing my gratitude by rendering you some service. There is no labor which I would not cheerfully undergo, if I might thereby be of any use to you. Were you not at this time too much engaged in your business, I would submit to your practised eye a specimen of emendations to Callimachus, a poet corrupted by false readings and interpolations far beyond what is commonly supposed. At some future time, when you are more at leisure, I will, if you have no objections, ask your opinion in regard to this subject. \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO J. A. ERNESTI.

Leyden, Nov. 23, 1751.

Whenever I think of you,—and I do so very often,—I am ashamed that I have not as yet been able to publish

the expression of my regard for you. When we had nearly finished printing Callimachus, a new obstacle was presented. My friends were of opinion that the book would be too small,—its form would not be good. I was, therefore, persuaded to add my Apollonius, the contemporary of Callimachus, which I had reserved for a third small volume. Still, if I do not get the book out by January, you may never believe me again. \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO ERNESTI.

Leyden, Jan. 23, 1752.

Accept, as a token of my regard for you, this small volume with the same cordiality with which it was dedicated to you. Several other copies will reach you by another conveyance, which you can, if you choose, distribute to your friends. I have requested Professor Bach to review it in the *Acta Eruditorum*. \* \* \* High expectations are raised in respect to your Callimachus. If Hemsterhuys were to see a copy of it as finished by yourself, he might contribute his observations on such passages as you may have passed over. No one has collected more fragments, especially from the inedited grammarians, than Valckenaer. I have some observations which I will now communicate. \* \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO ERNESTI.

Paris, Feb. 1, 1755.

On the eve of my departure from Holland, I received from you two letters of nearly the same date. The catalogue of Börner's library, which you sent, was particularly welcome. I wish you would purchase for me, at such prices as you shall think proper, the following. \* \* \* I have now been several months in France, examining libraries both public and private. Nor do I regret the expensive journey; for I can assure you,

my dear Ernesti, that if God spares my life, this journey will be of great service to Greek literature, and to ancient learning in general. \* \* I shall return to Holland early in the summer. Do not publish your Callimachus before that time; for I know not of any suitable person to superintend the printing. \* \* When shall we see the new edition of your Clavis to Cicero? The French scholars are very desirous of this work. I am surprised that your booksellers have so little intercourse with France. Not a single copy of your Suetonius or Tacitus has found its way here, a circumstance which the learned gentlemen of the Academy very much lament. \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO ERNESTI.

Leyden, June 24, 1756.

I heartily congratulate you on the honors which you have received in your own country; and only fear that an increase of duties will prevent you from finishing your Callimachus the present year. Spanheim's commentary will, in the mean time, be put to press. Hemsterhuys agrees with me in opinion about adding other fragments to Bentley's. He thinks it would be inexpedient to reprint the uncritical and useless notes of Voetius. Frischlin's Annotations, although they will hardly bear the scrutiny of this age, may, if you see no particular objections, as well be inserted, on account of the frequent reference to them by Spanheim and others. As so much space will be left for you, I beg you give scope to your fertile genius, and do something handsome, not only for Callimachus, but for all the ancient Greek authors. Indulge that golden eloquence you possess, that, hereafter, other commentators may make you their model. Let those write short notes whose materials are scanty. From you, whose genius and learning we know to have embraced all antiquity, we expect nothing less than such

discussions as you appended to your Suetonius. \* \* \* Alberti has recovered his health, and sends his regards. Hemsterhuys also wishes a remembrance. Dissatisfied with his youthful labors on Pollux, he has returned to this grammarian, and written a large commentary on him, to be published separately, in which he has poured out all the treasures of his learning, Although nothing is wanting to its perfection, still he cannot keep his hand from retouching it. \* \* The Dutch think of drawing me out before the public. But of this more hereafter. \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO ERNESTI.

Leyden, March 8, 1757.

I am greatly distressed at the calamities which are befalling Saxony; and feel keenly both for you and for Ritter. I should not think it strange, if, in your troubles, you should forget not only Callimachus, but me, too. You can easily imagine, from my love to you, how anxious I am to hear something of your present situation. If you can write but three words, it would greatly oblige me.

A peaceful haven, and one long desired, is at length ready to receive me. Last month, the curators of the Leyden university, at the suggestion of Hemsterhuys, appointed me professor of Greek literature, with an ample support. My great teacher will henceforth, on account of advancing age, surrender to me this department of instruction, and confine himself to history. \* \* \* To Heusinger, whom you so warmly recommended to me, I wrote in the most respectful manner, and he has not deigned to reply. I should like to know why he does not write. From Fischer, who is his friend, you can easily learn the cause of his silence. I will write more after receiving your letter. Meantime, farewell, my dearest friend. Please make my respects to Professor Bach.

## RUHNKEN TO ERNESTI.

Leyden, July 18, 1758.

If ever any thing was welcome to me, your observations on Callimachus were so; in reading which, again and again, I have passed very many agreeable days with Hemsterhuys, every where admiring the acuteness of judgment, the exuberance of exquisite learning, and the elegance of composition. If no other monument of your genius were to exist, this, alone, would render your name immortal. Hemsterhuys is no less pleased with it than myself. Indeed, he was often gratified to perceive that you had fallen, as if by concert, upon the same train of thought with himself. The more excellent, therefore, your work is, the greater pains we have thought ought to be taken with it, that not the least defect should be left to mar its beauty. You will find our criticisms in the accompanying papers, which, if I am not mistaken, will give you ample means for emendation and discussion. I shall anxiously await your "second thoughts," in which you may enlarge or correct your previous observations; and, having received them, I will carefully insert them in their proper places. For it would be better that they should be interwoven with the others, than appended to them. You have, in your notes, shown yourself very courteous towards other scholars, and too much so towards me. You have attributed too much to me for the few passages which I pointed out. As I am not fond of making much ado about nothing, I have, in many places, stricken out my name. In such matters, I have nothing to gain or to lose. But for you, who are the editor, no fault is too insignificant to be noticed. I could wish, if your circumstances should permit, that you would add one dissertation or more, respecting the Pelagones, for example, of whom much is yet to be said.

Whenever you undertake to treat of a topic at large, you seem to me particularly to excel.

C. G. HEYNE TO J. A. ERNESTI.

Dresden, Dec. 16, 1762.

I present you my most hearty thanks for the trouble you have taken in bringing this proposal before me, and regard it as not the least affecting of the singular events, which conspire in this case, that it comes to me through you, whom I most honor of my former teachers, and to whom I am most indebted.

As to the matter itself, there are many considerations for it, and many against it. The more I reflect upon it, the more difficulties I perceive. But when I look at the prospects here, both those which relate to the public in general, and those which relate to me in particular, I feel persuaded that I cannot disregard this indication of Providence, without exposing myself to future self-reproach.

The place of librarian to the King and to the Count, which I now occupy, compels me to a life to which I am totally averse. I live in the midst of intrigues and cabals, which prevail here as much in the lowest circles as in the highest, and in which one must either participate, and be the oppressor, or submit to be the oppressed.

Such a life must be as unfavorable to study, as it is to personal happiness. This consideration, together with my peculiar tastes, induces me to follow the call of Providence in the present instance, notwithstanding I hereby surrender the fruit of my ten years' expectation and patient suffering, and the additional fact, that I have now become unaccustomed to academic life. To your first question, then, I give an affirmative answer. I am resolved to accept the call with which the minister has honored me.

In regard to the second question, I am far from being disposed to chaffer. But since my support here, if I succeed in my present expectations, will be 700 rix dollars, I may justly consider myself as entitled to a salary of 800; so much the more, as, in consequence of my loss in the Dresden fire, I am obliged to furnish my house anew. My circumstances, therefore, require, also, 100 or 200 rix dollars for the expense of removal. I believe the lamented Gesner had the charge of the university library. The loss of my books, and my having been long accustomed to libraries, render it important to me to succeed him in this office.

I am not blind to the importance of the place to which I have been designated, nor of the splendor which my predecessor has given to it. I honestly confess to you, that since the fire, in which I saw all the avails of many years' labor perish, I have directed my attention,—Plato alone excepted,—wholly to moral philosophy, and to English literature. But I may, without immodesty, hope in a short time to feel at home again in ancient literature, and to advance with redoubled energy. \* \* \*

RUHNKEN TO C. G. HEYNE.

Leyden, July 14, 1763.

It gave me the greatest pleasure to learn that my recommendation had so much influence with his excellency, Münchhausen, as to procure for you a place, distinguished of itself, but the more so from the lustre Gesner for many years gave it. And yet I do not so much congratulate you, as I do the cause of good learning, that it has found in you an unexpected support. Would that the German youth might so understand their true interests, as to abandon metaphysical subtleties, and drink at the fountains of sound learning which you shall open to them. I beg you to favor me with your inaugural

address, which you have undoubtedly delivered before this time, and any thing else which you may have published, either in your own name, or in that of the university. If I publish any thing of the kind, I will send you a copy.

RUHNKEN TO HEYNE.

Leyden, July 13, 1764.

I have received the kind and affectionate letter, in which you say you are turning your attention from Apollonius Rhodius to Virgil. I have often censured the German booksellers, that they no sooner find an excellent scholar of their own country, than they engage him, not leaving him to his own judgment about publishing, but, by entreaty, or by money, bringing him into subjection to themselves. Hence it sometimes happens, that works are published which are unworthy of their authors. Gesner, for example, if he had followed his own judgment, instead of that of Fritsch, would have given us a beautiful and perfect edition of Horace. But, as it now is, the book is a slender production, by no means corresponding to the author's fame. Think of the haste with which it was printed; so great, that whole lines have been omitted. I think that your admirable talent is equal to the work of correcting the text of Virgil, and that you cannot apply your powers to a worthier object. \* \* I have just been reading the *Lives of Philologists*, by Harles, and, after going through with those of Burmann, Klotz, and Saxius, I congratulated myself, that when the author requested me to furnish him with the materials for my biography, I had the discretion to make no reply. \* \* At the sale of Gesner's library, if it is not too much trouble, have the goodness to bid off for me, and my colleague, Schultens, the books marked in the catalogue, at such prices as you shall judge expedient. But those marked N. B., I wish you to obtain, whatever they may cost. \* \* \*



## RUHNKEN TO HEYNE.

Leyden, Feb. 21, 1765.

The box of books reached me in safety. The business could not have been done better than it has been done by you. I regret that the Dissertations of Berger have been taken away from me; for I had advised our booksellers, on account of the delay of those in Germany, to reprint them, together with his Formulas. But perhaps this loss can be made up from the sale of Heumann's library, the catalogue of which I earnestly desire you to send me. The money due for the books I have not transmitted to the Cliffords, because I did not doubt but that you would wish some portions of the library of Wesseling, which is to be sold here in the spring. The pay can be adjusted then. I will send you a catalogue as early as possible. I have read your eulogy of Heumann with great pleasure, both on account of the elegance of the composition, and your skill in the treatment of the subject. I have long been seeking, but without success, for the eulogy upon Gesner by Michaelis. Perhaps you may have a copy which you can send me. \* \* While I think of it, I will inquire whether there is any hope that the transactions of the Academy of Sciences will be continued. If not, then you ought to publish separately, Gesner's discourses delivered before the Academy, in which that distinguished man excelled even himself. \* \* \*

## RUHNKEN TO HEYNE.

Leyden, Oct. 13, 1765.

I know not why it is, that you, who formerly wrote me so often, have all at once broken off, as if you had forgotten me. May the reason of your long silence be any thing rather than ill health. I sent you a catalogue of Wesseling's library, hoping, by this means, to elicit a

letter from you. But I have received from you no list of books to be purchased, though it was agreed that I should balance my account with you in this manner. \* \* In the summer vacation, I made so many emendations in Velleius Paterculus, that I hope to be able to give a better edition than any now before the public. But I must first search the public libraries, and ascertain whether there are any manuscripts to be had. I have been diverted from the Greek to the Latin authors, by the reproaches of the younger Burmann and others, who, while they admit that I understand Greek, deny that I have a similar knowledge of Latin. But they shall learn, to their cost, that I have always combined the study of the two languages. \* \* \*

RUHNKEN TO HEYNE.

Leyden, Dec. 25, 1766.

Though, on account of my numerous engagements, I write to you less frequently than I could wish, no day passes without my thinking of you, or speaking of you with my literary friends. Nothing appears more desirable to all of them than that, freed from the embarrassments of which you complain, you should be able to devote yourself wholly to the illustration of the Latin and Greek classics, for which you are happily formed by nature and by excellent discipline. But consider, I entreat you, my dear Heyne, whether you do not sometimes undertake more than is necessary. All the essays you have sent me are equally excellent; but, if I mistake not, you might write fewer. Why prepare elaborate biographical notices of such men as Heumann and Heilmann, whom it interests neither the present generation, nor posterity, to know very particularly? I am sorry, too, that you should have mentioned Bentley in the place in which you speak of Heumann's boldness, which was coupled with equal

ignorance. They are totally different men. Heumann is the dullest of critics, whereas Bentley is the most felicitous and elegant of any that I have ever known. You will find the remark of Hemsterhuys,—himself the most like Bentley,—to be true, namely, “though Bentley alters many passages which ought not to be altered, in most cases, the writers would have done better if they had written as he corrects them.”(?)

## RUHNKEN TO HEYNE.

Leyden, Dec. 27, 1769.

Your friendship for me manifests itself every way. You are not only one of my warmest friends yourself, but you conciliate for me the good-will of others, and among the rest that of Wyttenbach, a young man of great promise, whose critical epistle on Julian evinces such talent, that we may safely augur well of his future eminence. He has not reached Leyden, as he had designed, but is detained for a time by the state of his domestic affairs. He expects, however, to be here early in the spring, and to pursue his studies under Valckenaer and myself. I have induced him to give up Julian, to whose writings he was accidentally attached, and have recommended him to bestow the study of his whole life upon Plutarch, a far better writer, which he has resolved to do.

## RUHNKEN TO KANT.

Leyden, March 10, 1771.

It is now thirty years since we were under the rigid but not unprofitable discipline of the Pietists in the gymnasium at Königsberg. Even then it was believed that you might rise to the greatest eminence, if you should apply yourself to uninterrupted study. I need not say that the expectation then raised has been met by

you, who have so far exceeded it as to throw all other German philosophers into the shade. So much the more agreeable was it to me to learn through our common friend Wilkes, that you had not, in this long interval, entirely forgotten me. I also have often thought of you, my dear Kant, and should have done so still oftener, if I had been able, as I have a hundred times desired, to obtain the products of your genius. But your German writings are rarely or never brought to Holland. I have learned through the journals, the contents of your books, and have rejoiced in the commendations bestowed on you. \* \* \* Certainly, in adopting the German language, instead of the common language of the learned, you have consulted neither your fame, nor the benefit of foreigners. \* \* \* After leaving Königsberg, I went to Wittenberg, where I studied philosophy and elegant literature two years. I then came to Holland, with the design of remaining three years in the Leyden university, and then returning to my country. But finding here such scholars as I never expected to meet with any where, I could not be prevailed on to leave them, either by the entreaties or by the threats of my parents. I remained, therefore, eight years in Leyden, except one year, when I was in Paris. \* \* \* At length I received the reward of my toil; for the curators of the university made me, first, professor extraordinarius of Greek, and then, ordinary professor of eloquence and history, to which the office of librarian has recently been added. In short, Holland has so loaded me with benefits, that I have not only almost forgotten my native Pomerania, but I even declined the place of Gesner, which the curators of the Göttingen university offered me. Meanwhile, I have edited and explained not a few Greek and Latin authors, which have procured me some fame in Holland and England, but which perhaps are not known at all in Prussia. Yet I have never abandoned

entirely the study of philosophy to which I was most ardently attached in my youth. The study of antiquity, however, has led me to Plato, in whose doctrines I cordially acquiesce.

I have seen the *Observations on the New Testament* by Kypke, who was our fellow-student. There was great emulation between him and me. He was a precocious genius, and gave promise of future eminence. These observations are, as I think, first-rate. I have never heard from Porsch, another fellow-student, who used to write Latin poetry with such wonderful facility. I fear he found an early grave.

RUHNKEN TO THOMAS TYRWHITT.

Leyden, Jan. 8, 1783.

I should not have delayed so long to express to you how much pleasure your book gave me, but for the resolution I had formed to pay you in the same coin. I send you, therefore, a new edition of the *Homeric Hymn*, with critical epistles twice as large as before. I have the less occasion to mention the merits of your treatise *De Lapidibus*, as I shall soon speak of that publicly, in the *Bibliotheca Critica*, with some emendations which may have escaped your notice. This journal is edited at Amsterdam by some of my disciples, whose articles I revise; but I rarely write myself, except when some work, like yours, invites me by its excellence. I am very anxious to know what you are now doing. I wish you would employ your admirable talents in editing *Stobæus*.

RUHNKEN TO JOHN HENRY VOSS.

Leyden, Aug. 23, 1780.

I was surprised on reading your letter, and turned immediately to Matthaëi's copy which I had happened

to preserve, to see whether the lines were omitted by my mistake or by his. On examination of the copy, it appeared, that the learned gentleman, in his zeal to aid me, was in too great a hurry, and fell into this great blunder. Mortified at the discovery of such an error, I resolved to publish a new and much more complete edition of the hymn to Ceres, and thus efface the memory of the first. I have, therefore, this day written to Matthaei, requesting him to compare the text carefully with the Moscow manuscript, and mark all the variations, and supply the lines accidentally omitted. To give the new edition still greater advantage over the former, I intend to remove a ground of frequent complaints among my friends, by adding a Latin translation. It would be a great favor to me, if you, who have already acquired such reputation by your translations of Homer, would undertake this service. My engagements are so numerous, that I cannot find the necessary leisure. Please to give me an early reply. \* \* I am very happy that this circumstance has introduced me to your acquaintance; and now I earnestly desire you would give me a full account of your life, where you were born, under what masters you studied, and what you are preparing for publication. No man living has a stronger desire to aid in providing means to emend and illustrate the Greek and Latin classics, such men as I know you to be. Will you also inform me in what studies you take most pleasure?

J. H. VOSS TO RUHNKEN.

Otterndorf, Sept 23, 1780.

It gave me, respected sir, the highest pleasure to learn, that you were not displeased at my obtruding upon your attention Matthaei's omission of several lines in the Homeric Hymn; but, on the contrary, that you received my intimation with the greatest kindness and benignity.

You request me to give you an account of my life, as if it were worthy of your notice ; and, to show that you do not wish merely to gratify me by a friendly curiosity, you offer to aid me with the stores of your learning, and propose to me the task of preparing a Latin version, to accompany your new edition of the Hymn. To such kindness towards me I cannot refuse to yield, though I shall make but a poor requital.

My native place is Penzlin, a small town in Mecklenburg. In consequence of the calamities of war, my parents had destined me to the workshop. At length I prevailed on them, when I was fifteen years of age, to let me attend the Latin school at New Brandenburg, to lay the foundation of a liberal education. I had a teacher who thought he had performed all his duty in Greek, when he had taught select passages in the New Testament. But I had such a desire for reading those authors rejected as profane, that, with the greatest effort, I studied by myself the first that came in my way, namely, Plutarch on the Education of Boys, and Hesiod's Works and Days. Three years afterwards, when want of funds prevented me from proceeding with my studies, I became a private teacher in the family of a country gentleman, where I remained for a period of three years more. I next made myself known, by some verses with which I was accustomed to relieve the tedious hours, to Professor Boje, of Göttingen, by whose efficient aid I was enabled to escape from a state of idleness. I went to Göttingen, the seat of the severer muses, at his invitation, in the spring of 1772, where, it is unnecessary to say, I availed myself as far as possible of the instructions of Heyne, and of the extensive library of the university. From the first lectures, which scorned to treat of the elements of grammar, I could derive but little benefit, on account of my want of proper preparation for so high a course of instruction. Having

acquired by degrees more confidence in myself, I presented Heyne a German translation of some of Pindar's odes, and thereby stimulated him to prepare an edition of that author, and to deliver lectures on his odes. The dissertations which I wrote, on becoming a member of his Philological Seminary, defending, against Heyne's assaults, some just, or at least ingenious, observations of the ancient commentators on Pindar, were my gleanings from the harvest of that poet. Two years passed away with me in such pursuits, at the expiration of which, I was seized with a severe illness, which confined me to private reading, and to my physician's care for a whole year. By his advice I removed to Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, for a change of climate, where I supported myself by editing a poetical anthology, called the Calendar of the Muses. You smile. Was it not allowable in me, to append a few verses of cheerful song to the astronomical tables, the genealogies of princes, market-days, agriculture, and rules for preserving health and for putting bedbugs to flight? In the year 1777, I married the sister of Boje, the friend and benefactor, who was the means of my going to Göttingen; and the year following I accepted, in the hope of something better, the office of rector of the gymnasium of Otterndorf. But enough of my personal history, which I would relate to none but you.

You inquire what I am preparing for the press. I have made, or rather commenced, a German translation of the *Odyssey*, with a commentary, in which I have done my utmost to illustrate the manners, arts, and religious rites, and geographical and astronomical views of the ancient Greeks. Grammatical niceties, which have been overlooked or misunderstood by others, I have reserved for a distinct Latin publication. The design of editing the *Odyssey* has been relinquished, on account of the



want of proper helps, and a feeling of my own inability, and the high expectations entertained of an edition preparing, under better auspices, by Villoison.

Were it not for the great distance that separates us, you would learn to your cost how indiscreet you were in opening to me the stores of your copious and exquisite learning. As it is, I shall be content, if I shall be allowed, now and then, to pay my respects by letter, and ask your advice in my affairs. The Latin version which you desire, I eagerly seize the chance, not "take the trouble," of executing. With all the diligence and care which my engagements in my school will allow, I will endeavor to render the translation not altogether unworthy of you as the editor, and of me, too, if indeed I seem to give promise of future eminence.

## RUHNKEN TO F. A. WOLF.

Leyden, Aug. 3, 1795.

How highly I estimate your talents and scholarship, you know from Spalding. When he was in Leyden, I talked so frequently with him about you, that he must have seen that no man's authority was greater with me than yours. Afterwards, also, knowing how meagre the salaries of the Halle professors were, I thought of effecting your removal to Holland. Even now, in the confused state of our public affairs, I should be of the same mind, if I could learn that the proposal would be agreeable to you. Such being the case, you will inquire why I have made no reply to the three letters, which you mention, accompanied, too, with presents from you. I can only say, both the letters and the books miscarried. As yet, your Demosthenes only, with a very kind letter, has reached me. But I was then suffering from a rheumatic affection in the hand; and, although my health was otherwise good, I was often unable to prosecute my

studies, particularly those which required the use of the right hand. As I was unable to write myself, I directed Wyttenbach, the best of my pupils, to express to you my thanks, and to assure you of the high gratification which your Demosthenes afforded me. If he failed to do as he was requested, he was undutiful. What, then, suppose you, were my feelings, when I saw such honorable mention of my name in your Homer? I was surprised at your forbearance and generosity, in not renouncing my friendship, as you might properly have done. I shall do all in my power that you may never have occasion to repent of your continued regard. I have read your Prolegomena again and again, with admiration of your copious and exact learning, and the consummate skill of your historical criticism. In respect to your argument to disprove the antiquity of the art of writing, I may say with the reader of Plato's *Phaedo*, mentioned by Cicero, "while I am reading, I assent; but when I lay the book aside, my assent almost entirely vanishes." But of this another time.

RUHNKEN TO WOLF.

Leyden, Oct. 9, 1796.

To your inquiries I reply. House-rent is higher in Leyden than it is, according to your account, in Halle. A house suitable for a professor cannot be rented for less than 400 florins. The price of other things, though, on account of the war, it is now very high, will, in time of peace, vary but little from what it is in Germany. At least, I have, for many years, supported a family of six persons on 3000 florins. The professors pay now the same taxes as the other citizens. The extraordinary contributions have already ceased, as we hope. The office of rector, from which no professor has hitherto been exempted, will not devolve upon you within eight or nine

years. From the duties of assessor, you can, on account of your not knowing the Dutch language, easily be released. But these, like many other things, will soon be changed. For it is the intention of the Convention of Holland to abolish all the smaller universities, and to elevate Leyden to a state of great splendor, with an increase of the salaries of the professors. Meantime, I advise you, in your reply to the proposals of the curators, which they are daily expecting, to accept the appointment, on condition that the salary be raised 1000 florins. This will, indeed, be a greater amount than any one of us receives; but you will certainly get it. The salary is paid from the day on which the inaugural address is pronounced. You would have received at once more favorable proposals, had not certain unfriendly persons at Göttingen attempted to prejudice the minds of men against you here, as they have done elsewhere. These calumnies were thoroughly put down by our friend Spalding, in his letter to me, which I have shown to the curators. But I hope soon to converse with you face to face on all these matters.

D. WYTTEBACH TO WM. CLEAVER, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Leyden, July, 1800.

Being under the necessity of writing to the delegates of the Clarendon press, I am induced to address myself particularly to you, by that kindness, and that learning which is celebrated in the common speech of men, but of which I have certain proof in your excellent book on Rhythm. Ever since the delegates took my Plutarch under their wing, I have made it my first aim to execute the work with such care and despatch, as to satisfy their wishes. But soon the calamitous war between England and Holland broke out, which is not yet terminated, and which first interrupted, and finally cut off all intercourse.

And yet, by the end of the year 1794, the whole of Plutarch's *Morals*, complete, as now publishing at Oxford, had reached the hands of the delegates. The remaining parts consisted of the fragments, the spurious treatises, my Annotations, and the indexes. In the preparation of these, I went on zealously, as long as there was any way of transmitting to you the manuscript. In the month of May, 1798, I had a portion all finished, when my friend, Ruhnken died, and I was interrupted in the midst of my course, by being called upon to settle his affairs. The Rev. Dr. John Randolph, who, from the beginning, corresponded with me on the part of the delegates, always urged me to transmit my manuscript as fast as I could get it in readiness, that the press might not be delayed. But the British ambassador at the Hague, to whom I had been accustomed to commit my papers, had now left the place, and I could not, as things were, think of sending by vessels, and committing to unsafe hands the labors of so many years. I replied, informing him of my readiness to send them as soon as he would point out a safe mode of conveyance. It was agreed that I should transmit them to a certain merchant at Hamburg, who would deliver them to Crawford, the British minister at that place. Accordingly, I put those parts which I had finished, into a box covered with pitch, and sent it to Mr. H. D. Rowohl, who wrote me soon after, that he had received it in good condition, and delivered it to his excellency, the British minister. I have never heard a syllable, either verbally or in writing, respecting its safe arrival in Oxford, though it was put into the hands of the minister at Hamburg, in November, 1798. While I was so distracted with my own business and that of others, that I knew not which way to turn, it became necessary, in consequence of my appointment as Ruhnken's successor, to remove from Amsterdam to Leyden. I did not fail, however, to write

to Dr. Randolph, requesting him to inform me of the fate of my papers. But no reply came to me from England. That happy island "was more deaf to my cries than the rocks of the Icarian sea." Are we, then, so cut off from each other, by the sea and by war, that the letters which I write are given to the winds? I have often thus soliloquized, "Cease" pressing Britain with thy letters, "for her deaf shores absorb thy cries." A few days ago, I heard that Dr. Randolph had been made bishop of Oxford. While I rejoice in his promotion, at the same time, my hope of getting an answer lessens, since, to his former occupations, others, both civil and ecclesiastical, will now be added. I beg you, therefore, reverend sir, to inform me, either by yourself, or through some other person, whether that box ever reached Dr. Randolph. If not, as I fear may be the case, let the delegates use all their influence with the minister at Hamburg, to make search for it. I beg you, let me not lose my four years' labor; for I could not, in four years to come, replace it with equal completeness and accuracy.

When I committed my Plutarch to your patronage, I did it, influenced by your great names, your reputation for learning and rank, and the splendor and influence of the Oxford university. I was not governed by a love of gain; for I might have received more from another quarter. I entertained some fears respecting the safety of the papers which were to be transmitted, but none that the terms of agreement would not be adhered to. Do not, gentlemen delegates, make me suffer a pecuniary loss, in addition to the other troubles of the times. The engagement was, that I should receive a guinea a sheet, printed in the manner of Bryan's edition of Plutarch's Lives. But in our edition, in innumerable instances, a smaller type is used, and is to be retained through all the annotations, so as greatly to reduce the number of pages. It may be

well, thus to diminish the size of the book, but I suggest whether it would be right, also, to diminish the stipulated price. But, no doubt, the delegates will properly adjust the compensation, of their own accord. I will use all diligence to finish the annotations and indexes in such time, and to compress them into such a compass, that the execution shall be perfectly satisfactory to you.

WYTTENBACH TO J. CLEAVER BANKS.

Leyden, Aug. 25, 1801.

Your letter, bearing date of May 29, has been received, and a few days earlier, the promised parcel of books arrived. There was so much kindness manifested in both, that I scarcely know which was the more grateful to my feelings. To your distinguished friends, Porson and Whiter, I owe the more gratitude, for their elegant presents, for having done nothing on my part to elicit such favors; for the copy of my *Life of Ruhnken*, which I had designated for Porson, was left behind, in your haste, so that he did not receive from me even that token of regard, though he was specially entitled to it. This man is not only a great ornament to Greek literature, himself, but he is a worthy successor of the former friends of my dear Ruhnken, the Musgraves, Touns, and Tyrwhitts, whose various merits he so happily unites, as to exalt his own genius by the splendor of the most exquisite learning. I am surprised to find in him so much that is new on Euripides, after all the labors of other eminent critics, upon that poet. If there is any thing I desire, it is, that, for the sake of letters, he may have life and leisure sufficient to restore to purity the entire text of the tragedies of Euripides. I did not know that *Æschylus* had also been published, under the critical care of the same scholar, till I learned

it a few days ago, from a German review of *Æschylus*, edited by Professor Schütz, of Jena. \* \* \*

The young P. G. van Heusde, whom you saw at my house, and who is so devoted to Plato, has been spending a month or two in Paris. On his return, a few days since, I learned that our common friends, the great Grecians there, are all well. I deeply regret that you cannot follow your inclination, in visiting me this summer. Ever since I learned from the Bishop of Oxford, that my papers on Plutarch had reached him in safety, I have applied myself to the work of completing the remainder. But, though I make a great ado, but little is done. For the three following months, I finished my notes on two books, only; the one, upon Reading the Poets; the other, upon Hearing. The longer I live, the more certain I am that I know nothing.

WYTTEBACH TO THOMAS GAISFORD.

Leyden, Dec. 29, 1805.

The regard which you have expressed for me, is very grateful to my feelings. I perceive in your letter, the evidence of your Greek scholarship, and think well of your method of study, as indicated by your design of editing *Hephaestion*. I hope you will so prepare this little treatise, as to make it a manual, from which scholars may derive great benefit, and obtain an accurate knowledge of number and measure. I will gladly furnish you, from our library, the aid which you ask, if I can find a suitable person to make the copy and the extracts. But this is the difficulty. For those who can, will not; and those who will, cannot. Although my reply has long been delayed by a fruitless hope of finding one, I do not yet despair. But I was unwilling that you should be ignorant of these circumstances, as you might be in doubt in respect to my readiness to oblige you. The excerpts of Plutarch are of

such a character, that it will hardly be worth the while to copy the remainder. Be assured, my learned young friend, of my desire to render you all possible aid in your studies.

## WYTTENBACH TO GAISFORD.

Leyden, July 8, 1815.

I have long been indebted to you, my dear Gaisford, for a letter, and should have written before this, had it not been entirely out of my power. Now that the vacation has commenced, I will employ what strength I have, in writing to you. Your letter, and box of books were duly received. Among the latter, were the copies of Plutarch, Falconer's Strabo, your own Hephæstion, your edition of the Minor Poets, and catalogues of the libraries of D'Orville and of Clarke. For these valuable and elegant presents, I beg you to accept for yourself, and to present to the other delegates, my hearty thanks. But your own books, my dear Gaisford, have particularly attracted my attention. From them I learn, for the first time, the greatness of your talents, and the extent of your learning. I was kept in ignorance in respect to them, by that protracted French tyranny, which suffered neither any of your books to reach us, nor even a traveller to visit us and give us information of you. But as soon as our public intercourse was restored, literary men from your country represented you as being the pillar of Greek learning in England, since the death of Porson; and I perceived at once, on the examination of your works, that their decision was just. In order to assure you that I replied to your letter which you wrote me ten years ago, although you were then unknown to me, I send you herewith a copy of that reply. For, from about the commencement of the present century, I began to preserve a copy of all my Latin letters, and I regret that I did not begin sooner. In



a letter to Dr. Randolph, also, written about the same time, I added a paragraph respecting you. No competent judge, on examining the execution of your Hephaestion, could ask for any thing more. When you intimate, that probably additional matter might have been found in the Leyden library, I suppose you refer to P. Bondam's collections on the Latin grammarians. But you would have been disappointed in them, if you had obtained them. The library has not, to my knowledge, any manuscript of Hephaestion himself. The curators would not allow me to make a copy of Draco of Stratonice for you. Hermann also applied for it, through Matthiae, of Altenburg, but to no purpose. He afterwards obtained, through Bast, a copy of the Paris manuscript, the same which Ruhnken had copied. Very few competent persons can be found here, who are willing to copy for others. Therefore, persons who wish copies of any manuscripts in our library, will be obliged to come here in person, as I have recently announced in my *Bibliotheca Critica*.

I have not yet had the time to compare your accounts with mine. I prefer, as business is still unsettled here, that the money should be put at interest in England, as it has been heretofore. This reminds me of the circumstance, that you reckon the first volume of my Annotations, as making about one third of the whole, as if two other similar volumes were expected to follow. But you and the other delegates will recollect, that the engagement contained in my letter of the 19th of July, 1800, had no reference to the extent of the work. If the remainder should all be brought within the compass of one volume, the 300 guineas would, according to contract, be my due. I will go directly about completing the remainder, and finish it as soon as my other engagements, my poor health, and my weak and diseased eyes will allow.

In your former letter, you observed, that the printers were waiting. But it should not be forgotten, that I must furnish such materials as shall be worthy of your university, and of the Clarendon press. Frederic Creuzer is professor in Heidelberg, and is one of the very best scholars in Germany. He has undertaken a new edition of Plotinus, and has lately published a specimen, and copies of it, I know, have been sent to England, from which you can easily judge of the excellence and the importance of the production. Therefore, if you take my advice, you will urge the delegates to think about this work, and not let it go elsewhere, or fall through.

WYTTENBACH TO VILLOISON.

Leyden, Jan. 6, 1801.

In my former letter I recommended van Heusde to you. If he were now in Paris, Heemskerk would not need letters to you, for van Heusde would introduce him to you; on whose account, no less than mine, you would receive him kindly. But being uncertain whether he would find van Heusde still with you, I could not let my young friend go without a letter to you. \* \* \*

I wrote you some time since, that a parcel of my papers on Plutarch, the labor of four years, which I sent to Oxford three years ago, was lost on the way. But last month, after having lain in Hamburg during this whole interval, it came safely into the hands of the Oxford gentlemen. To extort from them a copy for you, is among the impossibilities. I will see that a copy is sent you, as soon as the work shall be finished.

WYTTENBACH TO VILLOISON.

Leyden, May 20, 1804.

My niece expresses now in person, as she did formerly in her letters, all the gratitude towards you which a

generous mind can cherish towards a benefactor. She lauds you to the skies, and speaks of your benevolence, your attentions, and your kind solicitude, as I never heard one speak in regard to any being. Not only were these kind offices in themselves grateful to her, but they were doubly so, coming, as they did, from one who is at the same time an accomplished scholar, and a most amiable and gentlemanly man, in forming whose genius and manners, Attic grace seems to have vied with Roman urbanity. This is the way my niece talks, and I usually tell her that her opinion is quite correct; for it is exactly the same as mine. I must be brief, as this opportunity of sending you a package of books was unexpected. I was unwilling to send it without a few lines to accompany it. Here is a copy of Plutarch, the only one which was reserved for me. I should have sent it long ago, had not these calamitous times hindered me. If your partiality towards me induces you to value this work on that account, more than you could from its insignificance, you shall receive the remaining volumes as fast as they appear. When that will be, I cannot say; for I am obliged to keep a copy, in consequence of the double exposure to the chances of war and to the uncertainty of the seas. I make some progress in it, to be sure, but it is a slow affair.

## WYTTEBACH TO LARCHER

Leyden, July 22, 1805.

I have just received Sainte Croix's book and his letter, which, as it contains a friendly message from you, brings you into such fresh remembrance, that I cannot resist the temptation to write at once. You are alive and well, then, my dear Larcher, and have not yet grown cold in your studies, but are still warm and glowing. May God long preserve you to enlighten me and the republic of letters. My desire for this is the stronger, as so many of

our younger scholars are dying, and as the number of learned and good men of my particular acquaintance is constantly diminishing. How deep is the wound lately inflicted upon us by the death of our friend Villoison! From the anguish of my own feelings, I can form some estimate how painful this occurrence must be to you. But we must do as Socrates says, "Let these things, my dear Criton, be as it may please the gods."

For the splendid present of your Herodotus, I return you my most cordial thanks. This is all I can do;—I cannot promise to repay you. I see the evidence of your friendship in many passages, where you make honorable mention of my name. You seem to have acted the part of a friend rather than of a severe critic, and I cannot help loving you all the better for it. On every page I see and admire the variety and exuberance of your learning, united with equal accuracy of judgment. Ever since your book reached me, I have had it by my side, in preparing my notes on Plutarch, in which I have, as was due, often spoken of you in terms of commendation. I hope they will appear while you are alive and in health, that you may read them yourself. I am obliged at present to retain them by me after they are written, on account of the hazard of sending them across the sea in time of war. The fate of my last package is a sad warning to me. I desire to commend publicly the merits of your Herodotus, while you yourself are able to read what I write; and I hope to do it very soon, in the two parts which I have resolved to add, after a suspension of fifteen years, to my *Bibliotheca Critica*. Be so good, therefore, as to point out the passages which deserve notice, and those in which the new edition differs from the first, and you will save me much labor. For as I always prefer to use your new edition, I cannot, without considerable labor, examine the other for comparison. \* \* \*

Make my most respectful compliments to the learned Coray, "who is not only a Grecian, but a veritable Greek." My niece sends her cordial regards. She often speaks of you as a gentleman, in temper, genius, learning, and manners, amiable, admirable and venerable ; and I always agree with her, and add the wish, that you may yet enjoy many years of health and prosperity.

## WYTTENBACH TO SAINTE CROIX.

In the country, Oct 27, 1805.

On receiving your excellent treatise respecting the historians of Alexander the Great, and the agreeable and friendly letter which accompanied it, I immediately wrote you a reply, expressing my thanks for the beautiful present, and giving you an account of my affairs, in answer to your inquiries. At the same time I wrote to our friend Larcher, and to Chardon Rochette. Soon afterwards Bast sent me a copy of his excellent *Lettre Critique*, and I wrote, without delay, a letter of acknowledgement, with thanks for his kindness, and praise for his rare knowledge of the Greek. I requested him to send me his collations of Plato to embellish and improve my *Phaedo*, which was then in hand. To all these four letters I have received not a word of reply from any one of you ; and I have reason to fear either that they were all intercepted, or that some calamity has befallen you and my other friends, which may Heaven forbid. Let the letters go ; their loss, though unpleasant, can be made up. But what fortune could restore to me such friends as you, in Paris ? Now I beg you, my dear Sainte Croix, write me at your earliest convenience, and inform me whether you received my letter, and whether the others, to whom I wrote, received theirs. The silence of Bast gives me particular anxiety ; for I expressly requested him to write to me as soon as possible respecting the collations of Plato, as my necessities

were urgent. In the forth-coming additions to my journal, I have reviewed his Critical Epistle, Larcher's Herodotus, and your treatise on Alexander. I have also given brief notices of Villoison and de Santen. With Villoison and with your work I did as well as I could, considering that you did not furnish me with hints nor information according to my request. I read your book from beginning to end, preferring that course to comparing the two editions. It is an entirely new production. How I admire your eloquence combined with equal wisdom,—your knowledge of subjects, human and divine, your insight into character, and your genuine philosophy! How I wonder at your knowledge of all history and literature, so that no passage, no mention of any writer, no part of a subject has been overlooked. All this matter, too, is animated by a living soul, at the same time critical and philosophical, distinguishing the true from the false, the good from the bad. You will see more in the review itself.

The calumny which Luzac, a scribbler for the political papers, is spitting out against Ruhnken, I shall sometime chastise. It belongs to you to do the same in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*. Be sure that Sluiter's *Lectiones Andocidae* be not commended without any notice of his puerile mistakes in Greek, and his unjust attacks upon Ruhnken. \* \* \*

I believe I have some notes on your work relating to the mysteries of the ancients, but they are jotted down in my note-book, and scattered in various places. In the winter, when I am in the city, with my library around me, I can collect them, but not during the summer, while I am in the country. All, however, which I have, shall be at your command, and shall be collected in season. My niece remembers your kindness, and sends her cordial regards.

## WYTTEBACH TO SAINTE CROIX.

Leyden, May, 1807.

I have, my dear Sainte Croix, been favored with many friendly letters from you, particularly with your last, in which you inquire, with the greatest affection, respecting my welfare. The reason of my delaying to answer these letters, written with so great love, and so tender a solicitude for me, is the confused state of my affairs, which does not even yet afford me the leisure and composure of mind, suitable for writing. Many of my remote friends, even those living in other countries, alarmed for me, by the intelligence which they had received of our calamity, wrote me nearly at the same time, requesting me to inform them as soon as possible, of my condition; and you, my dear friend, are the first to whom I shall undertake to reply, if, indeed, I can summon courage and strength enough to enter upon a correspondence.

The explosion took place on the twelfth day of January, 1807, the last of the winter vacation, which I had been employing in writing my Annotations to Plutarch. In my library, all the books which I then needed, and especially the notes already written on this and other authors, were spread out on tables near the windows. I left them in that condition, to go to dinner, expecting to return immediately afterwards to my work. While I was sitting at table with my niece, a strange and frightful noise, as of many cannons, fell upon our ears. Suddenly, the roof of the adjoining house fell in. The windows of our apartment were dashed in pieces, and a storm of broken glass was beating upon us. We sprang up and ran into the street, the affrighted servant and waiting-maid following us. Our neighbors, also, were at their doors in a state of amazement. Many persons were mangled; some of them escaped from their houses; some were enclosed, and were

screaming, and calling for aid; and others, with bleeding limbs, were running through the streets. The cause of the disaster was not yet known. Soon, at the distance of a hundred paces, we saw the ruins, where every thing was levelled with the ground, and whence the devastation was spread in all directions beyond. Our house was still standing, for it was situated to the west of that place, and the wind, coming from that quarter, carried the blast more to the east. The place of that Stygian magazine ship, which was full of powder, and which prostrated every thing in its vicinity, was but 180 paces from my house, and many edifices, twice and three times as long as mine, were reduced to a heap of ruins. I had not yet looked at what was under our feet. The street was perfectly strown with flying papers. I took one up, and recognized my own hand-writing, and found they were all mine. We went to picking them up, and, as I looked to my study windows, which were on the front side, and in the first story, I found they were broken in, and the papers, containing my notes, projected from their tables, into the street. We returned to the house, to see what had happened there. The apartments were all shattered; the windows, the doors, the glass and porcelain ware, nice furniture, timepieces, lamps, and plates, were all dashed in pieces. The entire roof was carried away. Parts of the house, including my lecture-room, were fallen; and we feared it would be unsafe for us to remain in it. But the carpenters assured us, that there were still two apartments which might be safely occupied. We therefore remained till the end of January,—the first week, without roof, windows, or doors. We suffered extremely from the rain, the snow, the cold, and the wind. Our remaining furniture, linen, bed-clothes, and the like, were, by these means, greatly damaged, and still more, my library, which was exposed two nights to the falling dew. We



were all the while expecting repairs to be made, but the carpenters kept putting us off. The adjoining houses, which threatened to fall, were torn down by order of the magistrates, who, fearing that ours would thereby be prostrated, sent armed men to remove us, and others, who resided near us. The domestics were panic-struck, and friends, alarmed for me, though I knew there was no cause for it, hastened to our relief, and persuaded us to take our most valuable articles, and leave the house. I yielded reluctantly to their will, and packed up those goods, and delivered them to my friends for safe-keeping. In the tumult, many things were lost, which had hitherto been safe, and, among the rest, a purse, with 600 florins. Nevertheless, we remained in the house fifteen days longer, daily packing our goods in a quiet manner, and conveying them, by the canal, to the garden where I now reside, and from which I go, on stated days, into the city to lecture. But in arranging my effects, and in sorting out my library, I miss many of my books, and even my note-books and comments on Greek and Latin authors; and I now feel the truth of what numerous individuals before said, but what I could not believe, that, at the time of the explosion, many of my papers were blown away, and carried by the wind to the scene of devastation.

These, my dear Sainte Croix, are what relate to me. I have written respecting them, because you requested it; for, truly, I am ashamed to mention such trifles, compared with the calamities of others. One hundred and fifty persons were crushed in the ruins, and among them, the two professors, Kluit and Luzac. The former was my friend, and had made large collections on the history of the Middle Ages and of Holland, which he was expecting to publish, but which perished with him. Luzac was crushed by the falling house of a friend, as he was

approaching the door, to visit him. While thinking of their death, I am always reminded of what is said of Theramenes, in Plutarch's *Consolation to Apollonius*, who, when at a feast, where the building fell, and destroyed all the guests but himself, exclaimed, "O, fortune, for what hast thou preserved me?" A short time afterwards, he was put to death by the tyrants of Athens. Let us bear with equanimity whatever shall come upon us. Still I cannot but inquire frequently, "Why did Luzac perish, and not I?" If the wind had been in a contrary direction, he would have escaped, and I should have perished. Let us, then, render thanks to Him who directs the winds and all the course of nature. For the residue of life let us do him homage by a diligent performance of our duties. A part of these duties with me will be, to devote myself to my studies, and to prepare anew the notes that have been lost. As it respects the books of the university library, concerning which you inquire, none were lost, except those which were lent to persons whose houses were destroyed.

WYTTENBACH TO BOISSONADE.

Leyden, Feb. 18, 1808.

I was duly honored with your book and the accompanying letter, the former of which delighted me with its learning, the latter with its kindness. I accept the book as a welcome token of your good-will, but I did not request it, as you suppose, though, I assure you, I desired it for your sake. I rejoice to see the accurate learning and the enthusiasm for ancient literature which, from the days of Budaeus to those of Henry de Valois, belonged pre-eminently, if not exclusively, to the French, now reviving among you. Nor am I less gratified that the excellent Bast has become your associate in this work, and that you will thus be able to rescue the honor of

these studies with the next generation. You alone, who were unwilling that your work should come to my knowledge, on account of its mediocrity, seem to place too modest and low an estimate upon your powers. Such a diffidence,—or shall I call it irony?—does not become a man of so much learning. Of your design to edit Eunapius, I highly approve, and I shall take pleasure in giving you whatever I have collected on him. \* \* Be so kind as to send the enclosed letter to Bast.

WYTTENBACH TO CHARDON LA ROCHETTE.

Leyden, Oct. 22, 1808.

Your letter and the letter of Morelli were duly received. They were particularly grateful to me as the communications of eminent scholars, who were at the same time my most beloved, and my most cordial friends. You speak of having sent to me a *fasciculus* from Morelli, by which, I suppose, you mean *un paquet*; for I have received nothing but your letter, enclosing his, and he makes no mention of any thing more. Your notice of the third part of my *Bibliotheca Critica* in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*, was given me by my friend Lynden, who has just returned from his journey. He often speaks of your kind attentions, and expresses much gratitude for what you have done. That notice gives evidence both of your learning and of your friendship for me. The last part of the *Bibliotheca*, with several indexes, will be completed soon, by the end of the year, at latest; and I will send a copy to you and to my other friends in Paris. You will oblige me, if you can send the package of Morelli to him without expense. \* \* \*

You kindly inquire whether the fearful calamity, which has befallen our city, affected me in particular. In my person, I escaped unhurt; but in the injury done to my furniture, library, etc., I have lost about 6000 francs. I

was very near the scene, being only 150 paces from the magazine ship. My house was completely shattered; part of it fell in. I now live in a small garden in the suburbs, and have not yet been able to return to my Plutarch whence I was driven by the explosion. Shortly after the melancholy occurrence, I gave a particular account of it, in a letter to Sainte Croix, to which I refer you, Larcher, and all my inquiring friends. While on this subject, I may mention that Mahne, whose work on Aristoxenus I reviewed in the first part of the *Bibliotheca Critica*, will, in a few days, publish a very learned work. My review of the *Lectiones Andocideae* has been assailed by two blockheads in two Belgian papers. To these Mahne has replied, and in his refutation has cast new light on many subjects in antiquities, and on many forms of expression in Greek and Latin. But I will send you the book with the last part of the *Bibliotheca Critica*. In a few months my *Phaedo* will follow, for which Morelli furnished me the various readings of two Venetian manuscripts, and Bast of seven in the Vienna library.

WYTTENBACH TO LARCHER.

Leyden, July 21, 1809.

Though I often think of you, Larcher, "thou friend of my heart," my thoughts are more particularly directed to you by the sad intelligence of the death of our excellent friend, Sainte Croix, which has reached us only by common report. If this report is true, I shall deeply lament a loss so great to myself, to you, and to our studies; for we shall be deprived of a most valuable and cordial friend, and classical learning of a distinguished ornament. In the last volume of my *Bibliotheca Critica*, I paid a tribute to the memory of Villoison; I should like to do the same for Sainte Croix, in the next, provided I can obtain the requisite information. If you could furnish

me with these, my dear Larcher, you would do me a great favor. Should the labor be too burdensome for you, in your advanced age, be so kind as to engage some suitable person to undertake the service. If it should be the will of God that I should survive you, I shall owe the same tribute of affection to you. It may not, then, be transgressing the rules of propriety, to request you to send me some brief sketch of your own life. "But let all these things be as the gods direct." I hope you have received from Boissonade the last number of the *Bibliotheca Critica*. \* \* \*

We are expecting, about this time, the arrival of the learned Frederic Creuzer, formerly professor in Heidelberg, but now appointed Luzac's successor in the Greek professorship in Leyden. He is a profound and elegant scholar, and is already well known by several publications, the last and most important of which, on the origin of the Dionysiac orgies, has no doubt come to your knowledge. The text and Prolegomena of my *Phaedo* have long been struck off; but the printers get along slowly with the commentary, though it has long been written out.

WYTTENBACH TO J. B. GAIL.

Leyden, July 13, 1810.

Your Thucydides, and your kind letter, together with two other books, all reached me in safety. The Thucydides was a very welcome present, not only on account of its elegance, but for the proof which it gives of your friendship, and the pleasing recollection which it awakens of other similar favors. By your elaborate edition of this triumvir of the Greek historians, you have entitled yourself to the favor of classical scholars, and all lovers of learning. You would have conferred a great

benefit upon the friends of ancient literature, if you had done no more than reprint the text; for that would have facilitated the study of this author, by multiplying copies. But by collating the manuscripts and adding a commentary, you have greatly increased our obligations to you. I will have this and your other works properly noticed in my journal, if, indeed, in the changed state of our affairs, the work shall be continued. Then, too, I shall be able to read and examine them carefully, but at present, my thoughts are too much occupied with other things. And now, my dear sir, go on as you have begun, kindling and keeping up the enthusiasm among your countrymen for Greek literature. One of the volumes which you were so kind as to send to me, containing the fifth and sixth books, is blotted in the margin, and I have taken the liberty to give it to our friend, Le Pileur, who will, if agreeable to you, bring back a clean copy. \* \*

WYTTENBACH TO COUNT DE FONTANES.

Leyden, Jan. 25, 1812.

That you, respected sir, who are so distinguished both for your sense and learning, and who, by a kind Providence, are now placed over us, should condescend to signify to me by letter, that you were not displeased with my *Phaedo*, emboldens me to write to you, and lay before you some affairs in which I am interested. I have been professor forty years, twenty-eight at Amsterdam, and the remainder at Leyden. I was brought to this place almost against my will, in order to take charge of two vacant professorships, that of Latin eloquence and universal history, and that of Greek literature and antiquities, to which the charge of the library has been added. I still discharge the duties of my threefold office. During all this period, I have employed whatever leisure I could find, in study and in writing for the press, and begin to learn more and more

the extent of my ignorance. By such thoughts I have sometimes been almost tempted to turn aside from the literary career upon which I had entered. Two things have chiefly kept me from doing so, the approbation of intelligent men, and the encouraging number and character of my pupils. I have therefore adhered to my purpose, though publicly assailed by the tongue of envy and calumny. Recently no less than three individuals have attacked me, two anonymously, in two Belgian journals, the one an advocate, it is said, the other a professor, in Harderwyck. The third is a retired theologian, an old hand at abuse, and a trumpeter of the Kantian philosophy. Knowing my dislike of the sect, he has been trying to vent upon me, in barbarous Latin, the bitterest abuse that could be picked up from the gutter. Although this abuse has not hit me, and I care nothing about it on my own account, yet, since these low fellows make every good man the mark of their ribaldry, and sell themselves to the multitude, making mischief among our students, it would be doing a good service to have that nuisance abated by public authority.

Our country being now reduced to a province of the French empire, we, the public professors, hope that the same pay for our services and support in old age, which was appointed by our government, will, through your influence and good-will, be continued to us by the emperor; and we commend ourselves, and our fortunes, to your guardian care. Nothing shall deter me, on my part, from a diligent and faithful discharge of the duties of my office. The weakness of my eyes, which has prevented me from reading, has, in no way, impaired my ability to teach. I have now several works ready for publication. Among them is the continuation of my *Bibliotheca Critica*, which is to contain addenda to *Phaedo* and *Plutarch*, and a memoir of Louis William Wassernaer, a young Batavian,

of one of the oldest families, and promising still greater distinction in literature. He was on the point of giving us a learned treatise on the life and writings of Chrysippus, when, in July last, his death snatched away all these high hopes. This journal, which I used to publish at intervals of about one year, and several works prepared by myself and by others are kept back by the new censorship for the press, which, while it is useful in suppressing vulgar libels, causes such delay in the publication of literary works as greatly to prejudice the interests of learning. We look to your excellency to provide a remedy for this evil. I am informed that my friend and disciple Mahne is a candidate for the new professorship at Brussels, whose qualifications for this office your excellency may learn from his Aristoxenus and his Epicrisis. By supporting his claims, you will consult the interests of that professorship, and do me a personal favor.

Van Praet, keeper of the imperial library at Paris, has requested me to exchange our rare edition of Martial for another from the imperial library. But I have no right to do so, nor do our curators consider themselves authorized to perform such an act. He intimates a wish, that the business may be transacted through the minister of the interior. I have, therefore, consulted Brugmans, our rector, who desires me to entreat you, both in his name and my own, to avert such an evil, and to protect our library from injury, for the benefit of ourselves and our posterity.

WYTTENBACH TO H. C. A. EICHSTAEDT.

Leyden, Sept 7, 1802.

I have delayed replying to your letter, my dear Eichstaedt, longer than I had intended. I am unable to do as I would, on account of not enjoying my usual health, and being so troubled with my eyes, that I can



neither write nor even read. The parcel recently received from you contained many things which delighted me ;— first your letter ; next the second volume of your Diodorus ; then the critical performances of your two pupils, Purgold and Ast ; and, finally,—what deserved to be mentioned first,—the communication from the Jena Latin Society, inviting me to become a member. Will you, my excellent friend, by whose recommendation, no doubt, this honor was conferred upon me, have the goodness to present to your colleagues and associates my thanks for this honorable testimony of their respect. Remember me kindly to those two pupils of yours, whose critical essays you sent to me, and assure them that I was greatly pleased with their elegance and learning. Encourage Purgold, who proceeds in a grammatical way from words to things, to go on as he has begun. To Ast, who goes on in a philosophical way from things to words, repeat the prediction of Parmenides, in regard to the young Socrates ; “ You are still young, and philosophy will hereafter take a stronger hold upon you than it has yet.” I will repay your present in the same coin, and send you a treatise on Panaetius, by van Lynden, a disciple from my school, one of the most distinguished of our young men, both in rank and in learning. I should send you more copies and other works, if I knew of any conveyance that was not too expensive. Inform me on this point, when you write again ; for I suppose, that as you are a contributor to the Jena Literary Journal, such things may be sent to you free of expense.

I did not believe my critical Epistle, and my other observations on Julian, would be published in Leipsic without my consent. Four years ago, Professor Kuhn, of Leipsic, wrote, requesting me to give to Schäfer, then a bookseller, my notes on Julian, and such unpublished observations as I had on Plutarch. I replied, that I could

do neither; that, as to Plutarch, it could not be done, without a breach of the contract with the Oxford press; and that I was unwilling that Julian should appear in such bad paper and type as those employed in Schäfer's reprint of the Oxford edition of Plutarch. I had heard that there was a quarrel between this Leipsic publisher and another at Tübingen about reprinting my Plutarch. I mentioned this circumstance in my preface to the Annotations, which I sent to England in 1798. Perhaps I spoke with too much severity of Schäfer, a gentleman for whom I entertain the highest respect, with the single exception of his piratical turn. But that Tübingen concern is downright plagiarism. \* \* \*

I have not yet seen Wolf's edition of Cicero, of which you speak. Two years ago I read those orations, and compared them with the others and with Markland's animadversions, and I have done the same since. They appeared to me then, and do still appear, to be genuine productions of Cicero. \* \* \*

WYTTENBACH TO J. C. BANG.

Leyden, April 10, 1803.

I received, my dear Bang, the letter of your son, overflowing with kindness and filial affection, and yet most painful to my feelings on account of the sad intelligence it brings from you. I sat down at once to reply to you, though actually unable to write. For I have been suffering more than a year from my diseased eyes, and from ill health, so that I am often obliged to neglect my daily lectures. I therefore left unfinished the letter which I had commenced, deferred writing from day to day, and attended to my health. But now, being somewhat refreshed by the warm spring weather, I will take advantage of the Easter holydays, in bringing up

my neglected correspondence, first with yourself, and then, perhaps, with others.

Shall I begin, my dear Bang, by attempting to console you, while I myself am so deeply affected by my own calamities and by yours, that I need consolation from others?      \*      \*      \*

And what shall I say of my own circumstances? My health is such, that it would of itself throw a shade over any degree of prosperity. Besides, fortune now frowns, sufficiently to break down the stoutest heart. How am I cast down from that state of quiet and plenty, in which I had hoped to pass my old age! This hope I was still cherishing two years ago, when I gave your son a letter to Heyne, of Göttingen; but soon after that time, it was utterly destroyed by the desolating war which immediately began to rage, and from which we had but just escaped, with the loss of all we had to lose, when this new war broke out,—a war that is equally destructive to the State and to the fortunes of individuals. Not only was it the case then, but even since the present return of peace, the taxes are so enormous, as almost to deprive us of the means of subsistence, and to cut off all hope of a happier future. To all this are added the calamities which have befallen my native Switzerland, where my relatives reside, and where, but for the disasters which have also befallen them, I might, in case of necessity, have found a refuge. But their fortunes also are ruined. My brother, whose estate was consumed in supporting the war, has at last been disappointed in his hopes of promotion, and is even disgraced. When I came to Leyden, I left at Amsterdam a more lucrative and a more agreeable situation. I did it to oblige the family of Ruhnken, for whose subsistence I could not induce the government to make provision, except upon the condition that I would succeed him in the professorship. I formerly

thought of providing for your younger son, by obtaining a stipend for him at Leyden, if he should give promise of eminence. But, in the first place, the stipend here is so small, that it will not more than half pay a student's expenses; and, furthermore, since the recent change in our government, all foreigners are excluded from that privilege. Therefore, it will be best for him, while he shall remain at Marburg, to study under his kinsman, Creuzer. \* \* \*

Remember me affectionately to your sons, and to Creuzer. And, as to yourself, keep up all possible courage, and frequently call to mind the memorable words of Socrates; "There is nothing evil to a good man, whether living or dead; nor is he ever neglected by the gods." \* \* \*

WYTTENBACH TO C. D. BECK.

Leyden, May 12, 1805.

I fear that the accompanying pamphlets will be an old story to you. But my delay will be made up by your indulgence, and your confidence in my good intentions. For I think I may infer from your writings, that, to distinguished learning, you add equal gentleness and amiableness of character. I therefore indulge the hope, that you will kindly receive this trifling present, although it is nothing at all, either in quality or extent, when compared with the transactions of the Leipsic Philological Society, which you were so kind as to present to me three years ago. I should have sent something immediately in return, if any opportunity had offered. Of my Annotations on Plutarch, nothing but the introduction is yet printed. The remainder I dare not yet send to England. We have met with a great loss, in the death of our excellent friend, Villoison, which I feel the more sensibly, as I have,

from the time of my first acquaintance with him in Paris, thirty years ago, maintained to the present time an interchange of letters and kind offices.

## WYTTEBACH TO F. A. WOLF.

Leyden, July 5, 1805.

I often call to mind, my dear Wolf, that day which you gave me at Amsterdam, and which I passed most agreeably in talking with you. I had hoped it would be but the beginning of an uninterrupted intimacy and intercourse by letter, between us, though absent from each other. But hitherto, that expectation has been disappointed, and the fault has been all my own. I regret exceedingly that I have permitted it to be so. We ought to be on terms of intimacy, from our common love of letters and of our lamented Ruhnken. Though, as I have said, the fault is mine, it was not owing to any want of inclination, but to a want of time and health, which has compelled me to drop, or defer my correspondence with my dearest friends, and with you among the rest. But your Homer, sent to me last September, by Gösch, a gift inscribed to me in your own hand-writing, has strangely moved me to reply. I have sent you in return, a present of my last work, which was conveyed through Luchtmans, to Leipsic, whence it will go to your friend, Eichstaedt, and thence to you. I now put my letter into the hands of Gösch, who will see that it is immediately delivered to you.

After your return, I visited Ruhnken several times, who seemed to take great pleasure in speaking of you, and held you in so high estimation as to desire you for a colleague, and manifested unusual anxiety for your reply. You surely had good reason for declining such terms; for, on the salary which was offered, you would have had to starve like a hero; or if, as would have been necessary,

you had received twice that amount, a flame of envy would have been kindled around you. Our friend Ruhnken died in May, 1798. I came to Leyden to make preparations for his funeral, and came frequently afterwards to console and cheer the afflicted family, the depth of whose sorrow I will not attempt to describe. Your letter arrived at the same time, but I could not well answer it then. These things, though I had not forgotten you, my dear Wolf, escaped my memory. The distress of the bereaved family engaged all my thoughts. In their behalf, I made application to the curators for a pension. As it was a time of change in our public affairs, and new curators frequently succeeded to the place of the old, much time was consumed without bringing any thing to pass, and the estate of the family was, in the meantime, wasting away. When the public commotions were in some degree allayed, I addressed a communication to the new curators, presenting as strongly as I could, the claims of the Ruhnken family. They replied, that my request could be granted only on condition of my succeeding Ruhnken myself. I hesitated,—but at length consented, though with less salary than had been offered me here before, and less than I was then receiving in Amsterdam, where my situation was, furthermore, in every respect agreeable. I came to Leyden, supposing that every one applauded this good deed of mine. But how sadly was I disappointed! The daughters of my deceased friend proved ungrateful; the mother acknowledged my benefaction. But others envied and slandered me.

I will mention, as you may not know it, that the younger daughter, the one who was blind, died in May, 1801. Elizabeth, the elder, went to France, and was married to a military surgeon, whose acquaintance she had made in Leyden. He is now a country doctor in Normandy. Her situation is not altogether agreeable; it

is unworthy of her father's fame, and of the high hopes excited when she was that beautiful and accomplished girl, whose hand was sought so frequently by men of rank. The mother is pretty well, for one who is both dumb and blind.

My commentary on Plutarch is nearly half finished, but none of it is struck off, except the preface, and a dissertation on the spurious treatise on Education. I am now engaged in preparing an edition of Plato's *Phaedo*. Go on, my dear Wolf, and edit Homer entire, with a commentary, that shall enable us to dispense with all other editions. It is said by those who have read the article, that Heyne's Homer has been reviewed with severity by you and your friends. I have wished to get a sight of that review, but have not yet been able. This circumstance reminds me of our good Villoison, who used to call Heyne his "persecutor." The death of Villoison has inflicted the deeper wound on me, as our friendship was of long standing. It was contracted at Paris in 1775, and has been confirmed by mutual kind offices, and by correspondence, and continued, though often amid differences of opinion, till the present time. May yours, my dear Wolf, still be a long and happy life; and rest assured, that, with me, difference of opinion is no interruption of friendship; and that you are, and will not cease to be, dear to me, on account of our common pursuits, and our common love for the departed Ruhnken.

WYTTEBACH TO HEYNE.

Leyden, Nov. 24, 1805.

My excellent friend, would that the "genius, who presides over my natal star," had not made me such a dilatory and slothful correspondent! Then I should not be undutiful towards every good and indulgent man to whom I have occasion to write. Of all my learned



friends, bound to me by the ties of good-will and scholarship, you are the oldest survivor. I delight to recall the time, though short, when I enjoyed the benefit of your teaching and counsels at Göttingen. I very much regret that I have so long neglected you. I could, indeed, make out a very decent apology, but I prefer to rely on your good-will towards me. "I did the wrong, I own the crime; but now will make amends." The remainder of our joint lives let us not suffer to pass off in like manner; but rather let us seize upon it, and, by frequent intercourse of letters, make the most of our old age, and mutually share each other's affections.

The last time I wrote to you, Ruhnken was still alive and well; I have already felt his loss for seven years, and shall never cease to feel it. I have now no one by me, whom I can enjoy as a teacher and a friend. O, that I had you for my colleague! For J. Luzac, my present colleague, and I do not draw well together. Twenty years ago, in party times, he became the successor of Valckenaer, aided by the recommendation of Ruhnken. He afterwards became ungrateful, and slandered the sole author of his honor and promotion; and struck at him, when dead, with the weapon of envy; and has recently, under the name of a common disciple of ours, the author of the *Lectiones Andocideae*,—treated certainly with sufficient lenity in your journal,—accused Ruhnken of plagiarism from Valckenaer's papers. I felt myself called upon to vindicate that great man from the suspicion which was unjustly cast upon him; with much gentleness and lenity, however, since the nominal author was my pupil, and yet in such a way, that it might be seen who the accuser was, and who the accused. I wholly disregard the puerile imputations which the disguised writer brings against myself, whom, as the successor of Ruhnken, he considers as a just object of his ire. It is singular, indeed,



that, in leaving my more eligible situation in Amsterdam, and accepting this, in Leyden, I should have drawn upon me the envy and reproaches of so many. These I refute by silence, and by a consciousness of having acted purely from a filial regard for Ruhnken, whose distressed family could have been provided with a comfortable subsistence at that time only by my removal.

But, my venerated friend, I return to you. It was upon you alone that my thoughts were resting, when I sat down to write; and I know not how it is, that, in purposing to make inquiries about you and of you, I have fallen into descanting upon my own affairs. Are you, then, well? and does every thing go to your mind? I doubt not, from what I know of your equanimity, mildness, and experience in human affairs, that you bear your advanced years in such a way, as to render this truly the blooming period of your mind. So it was with our friend Ruhnken. His biography I sent you at the time of its publication, though I had not time then to write. I was obliged reluctantly to defer writing to you, till I could find a little leisure, which has at length arrived. This I will affirm, that, during the whole period that has since intervened, every mention of your name, or that of your country, whether it occurred in conversation, or in recent publications, has awakened a solicitude for you, and it has been my prayer that your public calamities might be counterbalanced by personal and domestic prosperity. When will this protracted and calamitous war come to an end? When shall things be restored to their original state? But you are still vigorous and flourishing in literature. I often hear of your new publications, and sometimes see the works themselves, or summaries of them. It surprises me to find that the same energy, which distinguished your youth, remains undiminished in your old age. It has grieved me to see the severity with which your Homer has been treated by

certain persons. You should have been treated like Nestor, and these words, addressed to him, often occur to me, when thinking of you: "Indeed, old man, the youthful warriors waste thy strength." But the next line, "Thy strength is gone, and dreary age o'ertakes thee," will not apply to you. As I have already said, I say again, your old age is the blooming period of your mind, and you stand in need of no Diomedes, to take you into his chariot. Your established fame, your past life, your immortal works, and your merits, will sufficiently protect you. In a second edition of my Critical Epistle, which I now meditate, it will be to me a pleasure again to pay you a public tribute of respect in connection with Ruhnken. \* \* Farewell, "thou Nestor, the great glory of the Greeks."

WYTTEBACH TO C. G. SCHÜTZ.

Suburbs of Leyden, April, 1807.

I regard it as a special token of love, that your interest in the calamity which has befallen us, has induced you to write to me, and to request that I would give you the particulars, and thus relieve your solicitude. I should have done so immediately, had I not been so engaged in rescuing my effects, and putting them in order, as to leave me no leisure for writing. Though still in a state of disquiet, I must resume my neglected correspondence, and I will begin with you. The task you ask me to perform will revive all the sorrow of that dreadful scene, in which, indeed, I had but little share. My lot was easy compared with that of many others, whose hard fate I could not adequately describe, even if I had a hundred tongues. \* \* \*

I wonder, my dear sir, that you make no mention of the late change in your political condition,—that you are so occupied with my misfortunes, as if nothing had happened among you. Whatever be the cause of your

silence in this respect, whether it be a delicate regard to myself or some other consideration, I shall infer that all things are well with you. For a long time, I have been ignorant what the Germans are doing,—what books they are publishing in our department of literature. For, though I am a subscriber for your *Literary Journal*, it rarely reaches me in these times. I am particularly desirous of knowing what you are about. On finishing *Æschylus*, have you edited the *Rhetorical Writings of Cicero*? The last edition of the former I have directed my booksellers to procure for me; the latter I have not yet seen. By sending them, as you say you will, you will do me a great favor. \* \* \*

Farewell, my dear friend. Pray remember me to your colleagues, Wolf and Niemeyer. To the former, I purpose to write without delay; briefly, however, in respect to my affairs, as he can, if he should think it worth his while, ascertain them of you. I beg you to answer me soon, unless it is too much trouble.

P. S. I have finally thought it safest to enclose Wolf's letter in yours. Be so kind as to send it to him, and add one more to the favors already conferred upon me.

## WYTTEBACH TO WOLF.

Suburbs of Leyden, April 7, 1807.

"Providence brings good out of evil." The Leyden calamity has brought me a letter from you, which might otherwise have been long delayed. \* \* \* Should you desire further information respecting the explosion, you will find it in my letter to Schütz. \* \* \*

I now come to your own affairs.—You are right in not suffering political troubles to interrupt your studies. Your edition of *Homer*, then, is completed, and the commentary published. I wish very much to see it. As soon as our library, which has hitherto been closed on

account of the repairs the workmen are still making, shall be opened again, I will search out for you Ruhnken's papers on Hesiod, and procure a copyist as cheap as possible. These papers have not yet, to my knowledge, been examined by van Lennep, a young man of promise, formerly my pupil, and now my successor in Amsterdam, who is also preparing a new edition of Hesiod, and for whom, I suspect, Boissonade is furnishing readings from the Paris manuscripts. You know that I have decided to publish the letters of Ruhnken. I request you, therefore, if you have no objection, to favor me with those which he addressed to you. The old house, where you saw him, and which was sold on his death, is now levelled to the ground. His widow, who is blind, dumb, and somewhat deaf, and an invalid, has every comfort which it is possible for her to enjoy. The daughter writes that she is not unhappily situated in France. The Luchtmanes have recently published, in one volume, the Eulogy of Hemsterhuys, with Ruhnken's other orations and essays. It has no alterations or additions from his papers; it has a bookseller's preface, but I do not know by whom it was written. Farewell, my dear Wolf, and believe me to be one of the foremost of those who cordially love you, for your great learning, and for your kindness towards me.

WYTTEBACH TO AUGUSTUS MATTHIAE.

Leyden, Oct. 6, 1807.

The present of your Greek Grammar, my dear Matthiae, is, both on account of its author, and of its inherent excellence, very acceptable to me. As I always valued your friendship, when you were with us, it is highly gratifying to me now to learn, particularly, by such a public testimony, that your friendship has not, by our separation during this long interval, been interrupted nor abated. Your learning was not unknown to me

when you were at Amsterdam, but I perceive from this book that it is wonderfully increased. From your *Miscellanies*, too, published at Altenburg, I observed you had made great progress. I noticed these in the *Bibliotheca Critica*, though the copy which was sent me,—by your direction, I suppose,—was destroyed with other books, by the late explosion. But I return to the book now before me. I have run hastily through it, and have read some parts, particularly the preface, carefully. My own health, and that of my family being ill at present, and being unwilling to put off writing to you any longer, I will content myself with a few words more, and defer the remainder till I have more leisure. I approve of your method of uniting theory and usage, especially as you give the preponderance to the latter, and verify it by abundant learning, in which you show that you have the whole Greek language at your command. I wish you had written your book in Latin, so that it might, out of your own country, serve as a means of promoting you to a professorship. Why not make an abridgement in Latin, retaining the examples from classical writers, which constitute no small ornament to the work? In style, labor to be perspicuous and elegant, and show by your example, that you not only teach, but also possess, the Grecian spirit, and are free from all the barbarous forms of the scholastic writers. You have acted wisely in making usage your chief aim. The analogical method, as it was employed by Hemsterhuys, after the example of Scaliger and Salmasius, does, indeed, throw much light upon the origin, signification, and forms of words. But Lennep did not exhibit it as it was practised by its author; and Scheid so corrupted and perverted it, that with many it has led to the worst evils. These stupid creatures have strangely adopted the analogical method, to the neglect of declension and conjugation, and even teachers and

professors have sometimes fallen into this absurdity. It is altogether better to retain that old and severe, but profitable discipline of carefully learning the Greek and Latin paradigms, to which our own fathers trained us, in our boyhood, and which was continued, when they put us under other masters. In a review of Scheid's edition of Lennep, in my *Bibliotheca Critica*, volume third, and part second, I have exposed this false system. If you had consulted that article, and my other writings, while preparing your Grammar, you might have rendered it more complete in many places. I sent my commentary on Plutarch to Oxford to be printed, two years ago, but it is not yet done. If that work should come to your hands, it will also aid you in enlarging your work, for it contains many observations on the theory and usage of the Greek language.

I regret to learn, that there is any misunderstanding between you and Huschke. As soon as he shall have arrived here, I will do my best to restore you to your old friendship; and, after the example of Atticus, "to compare small things with great," prevent any quarrel, and make your rivalry in honor, as it should be with such persons, a bond of friendship.

In regard to Huschke's call to this university, the matter stands thus. When a successor was to be chosen in the place of the departed Luzac, the curators requested me, in conjunction with our friend, de Bosch, to select a person who would be agreeable to me as a colleague, and, at the same time, competent to the place. After differing in opinion in respect to others, we finally agreed upon Huschke. The curators confirmed the nomination, but the approval was not obtained till quite recently, and this circumstance has occasioned a delay in his coming here.

\*       \*       \*

When you write me next, my dear Matthiae, be so kind as to give me an account of yourself and of your situation,—whether you are a bachelor, or have a wife; what is the state of your gymnasium, and that of the neighboring universities of Jena, Halle, and Leipsic. You know I have always taken an interest in the history of philosophy. I wish you would name some work that will present me a compendious view of the change in philosophy, which was begun by Kant, and then carried still further by Fichte and Schelling, and which, you say, in your preface, is a return to the Platonic system. By complying with this request, you would confer upon me a very great favor.

WYTTEBACH TO FREDERIC CREUZER.

Leyden, Sept. 16, 1808.

Your letter has afforded me great pleasure, from the kind regards which you express towards me, and from the pleasing recollections of our excellent common friend, Bang. I have just spoken of him, as among the number of deceased literary friends, in an article of the *Bibliotheca Critica*, immediately to be published, as if I had poured libations on his tomb, making mention, at the same time, of you, as once his pupil, but now an eminent scholar. \*

You have written to me so affectionately, and at such length, that it would require a volume to reply to the whole. What you relate of your youth, your whole life, and your studies, is very delightful to me, since it awakens a fresh recollection of the places where I, from the ninth to the twenty-second year of my age, passed my time in useful, and also in useless studies. I remember two brothers, by the name of Creuzer, the one a relation of Bang, the other a bookseller. Pray tell me which of these was your father. You are now transferred from Marburg to Heidelberg, where, as it respects the



enjoyments and conveniences of life, you will have every thing that you could desire. You have my best wishes that your present felicity may be long and uninterrupted. And yet, in these times, when every year brings with it new political changes, no one can tell what may hereafter be called his own. \* \* But I turn from the darkness which overshadows the future, to dwell on what is more pleasing, though past. I was happy to receive from you the letter of Ruhnken to the excellent Voss, to whom I beg you will return my sincere thanks. You call him your Voss, which I do not understand, unless it be that he has taken up his residence in Heidelberg. On this, and other matters of intelligence respecting the literary world in Germany, I desire you to write me. \* \* \* In Griesbach, Schütz, Beck, Hermann, and Tiedemann, in addition to Bang, you have certainly had the most learned and skilful teachers of the age. I would gladly have a colleague of this description; for since becoming Ruhnken's successor, I have no one to associate with in my philological studies. By Ruhnken's intervention, Valckenaer's place was supplied by Luzac; since whose tragical death, the vacant chair has been offered first to van Heusde, next to Huschke, of Rostock, and finally, to that Sluiter, mentioned in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Critica*. But whether he will accept the appointment is not yet known. Your Savigny appears to be the same individual who obtained a high reputation by his work on the Nature of Property. \* \* I never think of the present condition of learning in Germany without grief, especially when I see the fortunes of its great scholars ruined by the devastations of war. I lament the sad state of Hesse, once my country; though some suppose the new order of things will be better than the old, and it may be so. That atmosphere was never favorable to the promotion of classical learning. I well



remember, that when I was pursuing my philological studies alone in Marburg, men of the highest rank endeavored to dissuade me, saying that the study of Greek and Latin only made schoolmasters, and urged me to aim at something higher,—to some office in the government.

## WYTTEBACH TO CREUZER.

Leyden, Feb. 15, 1809.

We have at length, my dear Creuzer, brought the matter to a close, and you are ours. Meermann wrote to you to that effect on the very day of your appointment, but as his letter may possibly fail of reaching you, I have thought it safer that I should write to you also. The secretary will soon give you official notice. I beg you, say in reply, that you accept the office, and will appear as soon as possible, to deliver your inaugural discourse, and enter upon your duties. At the same time, request the curators to repay the expenses of your removal. Bring with you such furniture and clothing as you may need, or whatever you cannot dispose of without sacrifice. It is customary to allow 300 florins for a professor's removal, even from a neighboring city; you ought to have at least 600. If you have a faithful servant, bring him with you. After your arrival, you can see about a waiting-maid, and also select a house to your liking. We will provide a place for you, on your first arrival, at a good inn. The long vacation commences at the close of June. If you arrive in April, or May, as you probably will, you can, for the residue of the term, hold your lectures, once or twice a-week, in the philosophical room. My room having been injured by the shock which my house received, I have been driven to the country, except during the intervals between the lectures, which I go into the city to deliver.

## WYTTENBACH TO AUGUSTUS BÖCKH.

Leyden, Jan. 26, 1810.

Though our friend Moser will converse with you more fully upon the sentiments of affection which I cherish towards you, I could not consent to his leaving this place for Heidelberg, without carrying you a letter from me. I much regret his departure, for many reasons, but particularly because he could be of great service to you and other learned men abroad, in copying manuscripts from our library. Had his Heidelberg friends not snatched him from us, and could he have remained another year, I would gladly have prevailed upon him to undertake the same business for your, or rather our, Wolf, for whom I have long been seeking a competent copyist, but without success. I should have written you a letter of thanks without delay, for your work on Plato, which was sent me in your name four years ago, if I had known where to direct it. I could not, in any way, ascertain where you were, not even from Niemeyer, who was then in this place. I afterwards learned from Creuzer, that you had obtained a professorship in Heidelberg, and I requested him to greet you in my name most affectionately, and to assure you that I hold you in grateful remembrance for your favor. We are waiting impatiently for your Pindar. I pray you go on as you have begun, and add lustre to our studies. Be assured, no one can regard your fame and your labors with more favor than myself.

## WYTTENBACH TO HEYNE.

Leyden, June 14, 1812.

My dear Heyne, you have again given a signal proof of your love to me, by making me a foreign member of the Göttingen Royal Society. \* \* That distinction is so

honorable to me, and your amiable and cordial letter so grateful to my feelings, that I do not remember any thing for a long time, which has delighted me so much. For age, though it weakens the love of honor, strengthens the feelings of friendship and love. This is particularly true of attachments to friends of long standing and of literary merit,—to which category you belong. \* \* \*

You are so kind as to make mention of my *Phaedo*;—I am pleased that it meets your approbation. I have been told that it has been reviewed,—by yourself, no doubt,—and commended in your journal. Creuzer writes that Wolf is not so well pleased with it. I have given no just ground of offence to him or to his party. That I could not procure Ruhnken's papers for him, was not my fault, but the fault of the times. I take it easily, that they should soar sublime, by the higher criticism, as they call it, and look down with contempt upon us who walk on the earth. Two of my distinguished disciples have recently followed de Bosch to the grave. \* \* My eyes are still in a bad condition, one being dim, the other having a cataract. To this are added our domestic misfortunes, which, we fear, will be increased by the fall of Russia.(!) The incomes of our professorships are so reduced, that we have got to starve in good earnest, and are compelled to learn this virtue, which is a part of fortitude. "But, my dear Criton, let all these things be as is pleasing to the gods." Let us discharge our duties; let us take care of our health; let us protect our fortunes and our lives, until our enemies shall be blown up.

WYTTEBACH TO A. H. NIEMEYER, CHANCELLOR OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.

Leyden, Aug. 6, 1814.

The parcel of three excellent books, with which I was honored by your literary society, I can easily imagine came from you. They recall, in an agreeable way, the visit which you made us eight years ago, and which, though short, greatly endeared you to us. What changes have we passed through since that time! On your return, you found your country subdued by the conqueror who had long trampled us under his feet. When it seemed that all was lost, your fortitude so carried you through, that, in comparing your lot with that of others, you had nothing to regret in respect to your fortune or your honor. \* \* \* The French are now out of the way, and may God long grant us this respite. Though I am deprived, by the state of my eyes, of all that has hitherto delighted me,—of study and reading,—yet I am sustained by this consideration, that we can now draw our breath freely, and that the prospect before us is brightening.

J. C. ADELUNG TO C. G. SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Sept. 11, 1784.

\* \* The proposal which you make, respecting the new Literary Journal, is too flattering for me to decline; and I therefore take occasion to ask for particular information. If the department of literary history is unprovided for, I would be willing to undertake, in addition to the German language, at least a part of this.

I have heard that there is an extensive collection of travels in the library of Professor Büttner, of Göttingen, which is now added to the Jena university library. Could I not, for a suitable compensation, procure a copy

of so much of the catalogue as relates to these works? I have for many years been making a collection of literary notices of all books of travels; and since it is impossible to possess all these, I should like to know where any particular work may, in case of necessity, be found. Yours, etc.

J. A. APEL TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Aug. 31, 1802.

\* \* That our friend Hermann will, in all probability, obtain the professorship, vacated by the death of the younger Ernesti, is without doubt already known to you. The refusal of the first vacant place, given by the court of Dresden, it is hoped, is so recent, that no other man will be preferred to him. Besides him, Brehm and Carus, professors extraordinary in this place, have been proposed as candidates. I hear that Professor Eichstaedt has also offered himself. Is he in earnest; or does he, as in billiards, expect to pocket the ball by a rebound? Hermann sends his compliments:—he wonders that he has received no books to review. Neither have I received any; and not being sure whether you wish to entrust to my hands the works of Schelling and others, mentioned in your first letter, I have done nothing.

The Wittenbergers are making great preparations for their centennial celebration. They intend to distribute among the poor academical honors, instead of gold and silver. The poor in spirit will probably fare better than the poor in worldly goods. I fear that the doctor's hat will sit as ill on the jubilee doctors, as the livery on the servants who parade with their gracious masters.

F. J. BAST TO SCHÜTZ.

Vienna, Feb. 15, 1797.

I was much gratified that you were so polite as to print my review of Xenophon, of Ephesus, without delay, and to send me two copies of the article. The editor of the work, to whom I delivered one of them, was highly pleased, and directed me to convey to you the expression of his particular respect. As you may not, perhaps, have a copy of this edition of Xenophon,—for the price is unreasonably high,—the Baron will wait on you with one at Easter. This Locella is one of the most excellent men of my acquaintance, and is a miracle of learning and of various knowledge. He never had a teacher in Greek, but commenced the study in 1778, because he met with Greek passages in Lessing which he could not understand, and which no one in this land of the Phæacians could explain.

I will, with the greatest pleasure, accept your invitation to contribute to your literary journal. In reply to your inquiry, I would say, that, in this place, where there are so many rich libraries, I can easily find all the editions which have appeared from the Bodoni press since 1785. Be so good as to mention those which have not yet been reviewed. I will soon send you a list of the philological works which have appeared here and in Italy. \* \* Were it not for the present war in Italy, Bodoni would, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, commence printing my Plato, and send the proof-sheets to this place for correction. \* \* \* I will cheerfully comply with your request to examine the Vienna manuscripts of Æschylus.

## F. SCHÖLL TO SCHÜTZ.

Paris, Nov. 16, 1811.

I feel it incumbent on me to convey to the teacher and friend of my friend, intelligence which will deeply affect him both as a man and a scholar. Our friend Bast is no more. On the evening of the 13th instant, after dining sparingly with a friend, he was seized, in the street, with the apoplexy, and instantly fell lifeless to the ground. When medical aid had arrived, no sign of life was to be discovered. Before that time, he appeared to enjoy excellent health. Yesterday we followed him to his grave, with a procession of the diplomatic body, and of the Institute. He had been laboring a year, without relaxation, upon his apparatus to Plato, for which he had collated all the manuscripts in Vienna and Paris. This apparatus is destined for the edition of Heindorf and Böckh. His papers are left in the finest order, and are neatly copied out. He was born in 1771, in Buchsweiler, in Lower Alsatia, where his father was for fifty years rector of the gymnasium. He died as counsellor to the Hessian Legation, knight of the Hessian Order, and corresponding member of the Institute. Be so kind as to publish this account in an improved form.

## IMMANUEL BEKKER TO SCHÜTZ.

Berlin, June 8, 1816.

I am, dear sir, under the greatest obligations to you for the friendly interest you take in my labors. The Plato does, indeed, belong to me alone. Wolf desires to wait for the edition of Weigel, that of Gaisford, and who knows how many others, before he,—as beseems the prince of critics,—caps the climax. That will he do, as certainly as he will finish his Homer, and his Hesiod, and his Cicero, and his Tacitus, and whatever else he

begun and promised. But I never expect to see that day; and must, therefore, cast in my mite, without delay, little concerned about the ostentatious announcement, which was made without my knowledge, when I was in Paris. The second part is more than half finished, and the third begun. The plan of the whole is so arranged, that the eight volumes, which are to contain the text, may be out within the space of about a year. To justify the text, or, at least, to enable the reader to form a correct opinion respecting it, I hope, in about as long a space after that, to publish my apparatus, which is now nearly ready, and which will consist of various readings, scholia, and extracts from unpublished commentaries, with precious little of my own. \* \* \*

AUGUSTUS BÖCKH TO SCHÜTZ.

Heidelberg, Oct. 10, 1808.

In order to revive in you the recollection of your friend, I send you a copy of my work on the Tragedians, which has just appeared. I desire that it may find the same favor with you which you were pleased to show to my first production. To me, at least, it seems to deserve equal regard, though I place, as I think, a moderate estimate upon it, and the more so, perhaps, because the printing has proceeded so slowly, that a great part of it has slipped from my memory. You will find, I hope, in the perusal, that I have every where taken pains not to carry my doubts to an extreme, and that I have always drawn the line distinctly between what is certain and what is mere conjecture, and what is still, and, unless new documents shall be discovered, must for ever remain undecided. You will get out of it very little to the purpose for your *Æschylus*. What I have said of him, especially the chronological discussions, must from the nature of the case, appear intricate; and I fear most readers will be weary



before reaching the end. My specimen of an edition of *Timaeus*, which I sent without any letter, through the booksellers, has, I hope, already reached you. How is it with your promised edition of *Aristophanes*, which interests me the more, as I design to interpret that writer in my lectures the coming winter. Do not delay too long, lest he should have the same reason to complain as *Æschylus*.

## BÖCKH TO SCHÜTZ.

Berlin, Oct. 9, 1812.

I ought long ago, my honored sir, to have acknowledged my obligations to you for the number of your *Journal*, containing a notice of my *Simon Socraticus* and other Platonic writings. I must now resort to your paper to expose the intrigue of a jealous reviewer, who has attacked me personally, in consequence, probably, of the projected edition of *Plato*, and who seems to have some ulterior ends in view. If the contents were not so wretched, I should suspect the author to be *Wolf*, who, in this, as well as in other things, is acting a shabby part, and whose unbridled selfishness will allow nothing good to rise, except what he originates. He has a special grudge against *Heindorf* and myself, on account of our *Plato*; and the injustice, which he has done *Heindorf*, in a miserable article upon his *Phaedo*, deserves exposure. With me he is the more displeased, because the direction of the *Philological Seminary* has not fallen to him. But as he withdraws from all actual duties, and will not even act as an ordinary member of the *Academy*, the result is no more than might have been expected.

In a few months, when the printing is finished, I shall take the liberty to send you a copy of my *Pindar*, as a token of the high respect, which your kind intercourse with me, from *Halle* to this place, inspired, and which I

shall never cease to cherish. I beg the continuance of your friendship, and the liberty to call myself,

Yours, etc.

K. A. BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Weimar, Aug. 17, 1803.

Being compelled, by private business, to go to Dresden next week, it is impossible for me, my respected friend, to call upon you in Jena.

Great things are going on respecting you and your establishment. As Bertuch, who has just returned from Cassel, is in Rudolstadt, I do not know which way the scale will turn; whether in favor of Halle or of Würzburg. If I could look into the Amalthean scroll of Jupiter, I would cast my vote in favor of the fair Würzburg. Still, the Prussian eagle may lay before you such inducements, that you will prefer Halle. In that event, remember me, my dear friend, for Würzburg;—confer with Paulus, and do what you think proper. I need not say, that this is a confidential intimation, committed to the bosom of a friend, and that I shall be far from offering myself any where. But is it not as allowable for me, as it was for Cicero, to desire “to be where I shall hear neither of the name, nor of the deeds of the Pelopidae”? \* \* \*

BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, Dec. 28, 1806.

My dear friend, only three words. The excellent Reinhard says, “Assure your sensible and excellent friend,”—these are the very words of Reinhard,—“that the project, of uniting the Leipsic paper with his, will be favored in every possible manner, provided good proposals can be made.” \* \* The great apocalypse must soon be unsealed, and the destiny of Prussia decided. \* \*

Thirty-eight wagons, each loaded with 40,000 rix dollars, in specie, crossed the bridge yesterday, as the first third of our contribution to Napoleon!

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, Jan. 3, 1808.

My old and worthy friend, a thousand thanks for your letter, the carrier-pigeon, with its message of peace, which, under the most favorable omens, flew into my cell exactly on new-year's day. When, instead of the steel, the silver glitters again, we will strike a silver medal, on the face of which shall be placed the lyre of Apollo, with the words, *suscitat tacentem*, and on the reverse, a cased quiver, with the words, *neque semper tendit*. The restoration of the Halle university deserves a pæan. Happy for you, if you can remain Jeromites. Happy every one who has already passed through the transformation. We Saxons are yet in the chrysalis state. But our turn will certainly come, and probably very soon. Be so kind as to forward me some good accounts. I cannot tell you how it troubled me, to think of your straying off to Berlin. Your journal could never flourish there. It must lie on the breast of a university town. Loder, Froriep, and all the exiles will undoubtedly return to Halle now. How will it be with Sprengel?

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, Jan. 24, 1808.

My dear friend, my cordial thanks for your two welcome letters. How heartily do I sympathize with you in all your joy at the prospects of your resuscitated university! But satisfy my mind on one point;—whence are your funds to be obtained? Silesia withdraws its 6000 rix dollars; and where are the disposable funds of Westphalia? Father Heyne writes me that all the

universities of the new kingdom are to be continued, but are to depend on their own means! I have just read confidential letters from high officers in Westphalia. "A kingdom of beggars" is the result of all. King Jerome certainly means well; but can the higher power, which only takes, favor this?

To-morrow our two deputies go to Cassel, to lay upon the altar the fair cantles of Thuringia and those on the Elbe, which a single hapless stroke of the pen robbed us of. The condition of Saxony is by no means enviable. We have been so long clipped on all sides, and bled, that nothing will be left but water for the dropsy. The saddest accounts reach the consistory that the sources of their revenue are every where drying up.

I have delivered the message and the letter to the excellent Bachmann. He will re-cast the review of Thurot's Excerpts, and write to you. I perceive my review of Millin is printed. May I repeat my request for two copies? I must now husband every moment of time, in order to go on with my lectures on mythology, for which I have nothing collected, except what is in my head. At the close of each, I distribute printed sheets, for the purpose of review. I send you such as are already printed. They will need to be treated with great indulgence, being designed only for my hearers, among whom, however, I have the satisfaction of seeing two of our own ministers, two presidents, and six foreign ambassadors, Bourgoing himself at their head. I have determined to publish all these in a fuller and more exact form, as the second part of my *Outlines of Lectures on Archaeology*. I beg you to make faithful strictures on these. The remainder shall be sent to you. Where could I find a more instructive oracle? \* \* \*

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, March 23, 1812.

Professor Jacob, a bold champion of science from among you, has just brought me your salutation, my noble old friend. It does me good to learn that you continue to act so stoutly and vigorously. The old experienced helmsman, then, still knows how, in spite of all the sand-banks and custom-houses, to keep the literary ship afloat, and to fill it with a precious lading! That is a master-piece. Not to despair in these times, is heroism. If we all could become one kingdom,—and that is near at hand,—all the barriers between us must be thrown down.

It gives me pain to hear that Griesbach is very feeble, and apparently near his end. What shall we do, when such “pillars of the church” fall? Our Reinhard also continues to be dangerously ill. Has Griesbach no where written an account of his studies, and of his literary history? When was he in England? and at whose expense?

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, April 5, 1812.

Truly, my friend, the university of Jena, New Testament criticism, humanity, and the manly German character, have met with an irreparable loss in Griesbach's death. After learning his decease, through Bachmann, who was justly honored with the confidence of Griesbach, and of your excellent sister, I turned at once to your dedicatory epistle to him, prefixed to your edition of Cicero de Oratore. That is a monument “among the living” to his honor and your own. I made use of that in an obituary notice, which, in the first gush of my feelings, I prepared for the Leipsic Journal.

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, Feb. 23, 1813.

My old and valued friend, father Wieland, is also gone. In Osmanstädt will the nightingales long carol their vernal songs over his triple mound; but our degenerate age will peck and chatter, like mock-birds, around the poet's crown. I have placed in the accompanying inscription for him, the words, *Immortuus est Ciceroni*. He had finished his translation of Cicero's Letters, except the last book. I am commissioned by the publisher to request you to complete that work. \* \* \* You are the man. Write me by return of post. Any other literary labor,—for you certainly have several on the anvil,—may wait. The manes of Wieland demand these libations of you. \* \* \*

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, March 15, 1814.

\* \* \* The fate of Wittenberg goes near my heart. The poor professors are mostly in exile in Schmeideberg. The villages belonging to the university are in ashes. The professors have no income, and no students. The Prussian soldiers, who are garrisoned there, say openly Wittenberg is to be a part of Prussia. I have written to Herbert Marsh, requesting him to open in Oxford and Cambridge a subscription to support the chair of Luther. \* \* \* My removal from the Page Institute, now extinct, to the Knights' Academy causes me much labor. But I ought to thank God that my former salary is continued.

You say not a word of the state of your university, though strange reports respecting it are in circulation. The noble spirit of your generous monarch will not suffer the Fredericana to starve. You do not say whether you

can complete Wieland's translation of Cicero's Letters. Gesner is dead. Who has taken up the business? I have no further accounts from Zürich.

## BÖTTIGER TO SCHÜTZ.

Dresden, June 5, 1815.

\* \* \* My fate is still undecided. Should the Knights' Academy be suspended, I shall be set entirely adrift. And with the present unavoidable reaction, there is a strong probability that it will be so. In your next, assure me, if you can, that my sentiments, as contained in my former letters to you, will induce your high-minded king to give me some appointment, if the Knights' Academy, on account of its too hasty organization, should go down. Dresden needs living interpreters of its treasures of art, to draw strangers here. Perhaps some use may be made of this hint. Quick.

The minister von Bülow, and many of the officers of the Prussian government, have loudly declared themselves hostile to Humboldt's child, the Berlin university, and predict its speedy dissolution. At any rate, the Wittenberg funds will come to you. The best of the Wittenberg professors will be transferred to Leipsic, which will probably undergo a thorough reform. But you are not deficient in excellent teachers. Pölitx writes me, that the Saxon provinces, now given up to Prussia, will take from Saxony about 400 students. That would be a fine addition for Halle. Write me what is said among you on this subject. How many students remain with you? and how many lectures are actually read? \* \* \*

## A. B. CAILLARD TO SCHÜTZ.

Berlin, Dec. 27, 1796.

\* \* \* Since your *Æschylus* has fallen into my hands, I have closed my Stanley, and have wished to read no

edition but yours. I have had the happiness to see, that in your readings, you have confirmed many of my conjectures, and I cannot express how much I have felt myself flattered to see my judgment confirmed by that of a man like you. But I am disheartened at seeing only four of the seven plays of so great a tragedian comprised in two volumes, the last of which, dating 1784, makes me fear, on account of the long time passed since its appearance, that you have abandoned a work which does you such honor. \* \* \* English scholars have told me,—and I can easily believe them,—that your edition is in the highest estimation among them. The Greek scholars of Paris, of whom there are yet some remaining, are all agreed as to the excellence of your edition. \* \*

## CAILLARD TO SCHÜTZ.

Paris, June 26, 1801.

It is now several months since I received the beautiful volume of *Æschylus*, which you have done me the honor to dedicate to me; and I expected that you would have received my grateful acknowledgements long ago; for I prepared a reply within a few days after receiving the volume from my friend Millin, and see what has happened. \* \* \* I have collected in my library many old editions of this author, and have lately added the edition of Porson, whom I hope to see here as soon as peace shall render the journey safe. \* \* If some happy circumstance should bring you to Paris, be assured you would find yourself among your friends. Our society is not very extensive, but you would see among those who compose it persons worthy of your attention. Besides Du Theil, le Chardon la Rochette, Corai, Sainte Croix, and others, whom you know already, you would find a young magistrate, my particular friend, and the friend of Humboldt, who will certainly speak to you of him. It is



Clavier, of the school of Corai, from whom an edition of Pausanias, with a translation and very interesting critical and historical notes, is expected. He has already shown me some of his emendations, which are remarkably just and simple. I wish he might collect them and put them into the form of a critical epistle, addressed to you, or to some of your eminent colleagues. In Germany he would meet with success; but here one must be "satisfied with few readers." For a long time a taste for Greek literature has ceased to be the prevailing taste of France. For if, on the one hand, the first consul has called for a translation of Strabo, and entrusted the execution to three eminent scholars, Du Theil, Corai, and Gosselin, our first geographer, and a worthy successor of D'Anville, a new edition of Xenophon, on the other hand, in Greek, Latin and French, has been given over to professor Gail, who is executing it with great typographical splendor, at the expense of the government. You will see its appearance before long, and von Humboldt will speak to you of it. We strongly recommend this edition to the particular attention of the editor of the *Universal Literary Journal*, begging him, in the mean time, not to judge of us by this scintillation; for that would be severe. \* \*

F. CREUZER TO SCHÜTZ.

Heidelberg, March 13, 1808.

Your letter, my much respected friend, with the accompanying programme of the course of lectures, was, to me, a truly joyful sight. Convinced, as I am, that the universities are the pillars of German science and culture, as the whole history of literature goes to show, I must welcome every indication of their continued existence. I congratulate you, therefore, on the appearance of your programme, which you have prepared with such a valuable and appropriate introduction. It is truly an

inspiring thought which you have expressed in the words: "We have fallen upon those times, which teach us by the most impressive examples, that our prosperity cannot come from without,—that we can rely upon nothing but our own virtue." I thank you heartily, my honored friend, for the present you have made me with the preface, and desire nothing more earnestly than that the joy of future prosperity may efface from your memory the bitterness of the past. \* \* \*

CREUZER TO SCHÜTZ.

Heidelberg, Dec. 8, 1809.

A few days ago, my dear friend, I entertained myself with reading your elegant Eulogy of Johannes von Müller; and I resolved, on the spot, no longer to delay informing you of my return to the German soil. First of all, my dear friend and teacher, I tender you my thanks for the gratification and instruction which the perusal of this most valuable memorial of the departed Müller has afforded me. As you have here discussed the historical art, and the merits of Müller as a historian, it was well to prefix your memoir to the new edition of his works. Learned foreigners, in particular, who are so seldom acquainted with the German, will be doubly thankful for this representation of so distinguished a master of the historical art. I wish you would make up your mind to enlarge this memoir. Both the character of the work, and its pure Latinity make me desire it.

But you will ask, what brought you back so soon from Holland? The answer is short,—climate and mode of living. The world of water was not the world for me. \* \* \* My relations to my colleagues were agreeable, and the natural good-humor of the Dutch made a favorable impression upon my mind. Especially must I mention the friendly attentions of professor Wytténbach, who did

every thing to render my situation agreeable, and who was the chief agent in procuring my appointment. But when my physician, a man of experience and skill, himself advised me to return to my native German soil, and mountain air, Wytttenbach was very active to secure me against pecuniary loss. It is to him that I am most indebted, not only for an allowance for the expense of my return, but for my whole salary during the five months of my residence there. Meermann, also, the general superintendent of education in Holland, is animated by the noblest spirit, and has done very handsomely by me. He would gladly see the German system of education adopted in Holland, and the Dutch universities modified and conformed to the German. But he finds strong opposition in the nation, and even among the curators and many professors. The curator Jerome de Bosch is a fine fellow, a very lively, ardent man, at the same time good-hearted and liberal. Both he and Meermann possess excellent libraries. My relations in Heidelberg are exactly to my mind. The professorship of eloquence, which had been given to professor Böckh, is retained by him. But I have the direction of the Philological Seminary. I do not resume my connection with the Heidelberg Journal; the correspondence, occasioned by it, was too great an interruption. In other respects, except that I lecture also on the history of literature, I enter upon my former labors. \* \* As to my successor at Leyden, nothing is yet settled. I have tried to persuade Martyni-Laguna to become a candidate for the office. He would be a valuable acquisition to Leyden; but I doubt whether he can be induced to leave Germany.

## CREUZER TO SCHÜTZ.

Heidelberg, May 7, 1810.

Of your continued good health I have received pleasing accounts from your sister and her husband, the worthy Griesbach, who called upon me here. Conversation with these pleasant travellers carried me back afresh to those old times when I was so often at your house in Jena. The Griesbach family have chosen a delightful spring for their journey. You ought to follow this good example, and make an excursion with your family into the south of Germany. The spring is the season to visit Heidelberg,—in the winter it is dismal. The good accounts which we hear of your university, seem to promise you better times, in which one may think again of tours of pleasure.

As to myself, I am, in all respects, happy to be here again. Neither the climate, nor the present state of Holland, would have made me contented. Even Wyttenbach, if he were younger, would hardly remain there. He justifies my course, and regards me as fortunate in having returned to Germany. My health, which was very uncertain in Holland, is confirmed again, and my sphere of action is continually enlarging. To all this is added a pleasant relation with my colleagues, which renders my return doubly pleasant.

Under these circumstances, the attempt of Eichstaedt, in the Jena Literary Gazette, to annihilate me here, is without effect, and I have not the least disposition to waste my time in replying to him, though it were easy to unmask his intrigues and those of his party. \* \* \* The younger Voss has gained no hearers by it, and I have lost none. I remain on good terms with him as a colleague.

H. C. A. EICHSTAEDT TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Aug. 6, 1795.

\* \* The situation, in which the death of my father has left me, renders it impossible for me to prosecute my plans, as university teacher, any longer here. A residence of many years in Leipsic, and my own experience, have taught me, that the way in this university which shall lead to success, or even the appearance of it, will be long and circuitous enough to dishearten the most determined.

\* \* \* I know not how it is, respected sir, that I come to cherish the hope, that you may be able to point out for me a sphere of labor which I cannot find here. \* \* Any occupation which shall bring me nearer to my object,—any office for which I am qualified, would be acceptable to me, but none more so, and perhaps I may add, none for which I am better prepared, than that of university teacher. Were it possible for me, through your kind intervention, to come to Jena, with a moderate support for the present, but with some prospects for the future, it would be more than I could hope, and all that I could desire. \* \* \*

EICHSTAEDT TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Jan. 3, 1797.

Most honored sir,—I know not whether I am under greater obligations to you for the gratifying intelligence which your last letter conveys, or for the kind feelings with which it is done, and the interest you generally manifest in my affairs. \* \* \* It is not probable that any hindrances will, at Dresden, be laid in the way of my leaving. The worthy president Zedtwitz, and Reinhard, the king's chaplain, both of whom are my most cordial friends, can effect but little, and can offer me no equivalent, when a good place shall be proposed to me.

The Superintendent Tittmann, who was so favorable to my accepting the invitation to Thorn, will grant me his benediction, especially as my departure will leave more room for his son. \* \* \*

J. G. GRUBER TO SCHÜTZ.

Weimar, June 14, 1810.

My much respected friend,—It is now more than six weeks since I wrote to Bremen, and I have not received a word of reply. What other conclusion can I draw, than that I am not at all thought of for that place? And yet I have never needed a place so much as now. Permit me, then, in my distress, to make a request of you. If, within a few weeks, a review, which should not be altogether unfavorable, of my *Aesthetical Dictionary*, should appear,—and such a review I think it deserves,—it might be the means of securing my fortune. Will you not, my dear sir, see that such a favor is done to your poor friend, within the time specified? My hope hangs entirely on you; and I will make every effort to show you my gratitude for such a favor. \* \* \*

GRUBER TO SCHÜTZ.

Naumberg, July 6, 1810.

The place from which this letter is dated, will show you that I am no longer in Weimar. I must tell you that I shall never return to that place. \* \* I will make no complaints. After disposing of all my furniture, and a part of my books, in order to obtain a little quiet, I resolved to remove to Dresden, where I could prosecute my studies with less anxiety and with less expense, and where I could hope to earn—my bread. Having heard nothing from Bremen, I resolved, as it would be less expensive, to stop here two months. Now I learn that I

have been nominated to the vacant professorship of logic and metaphysics in Wittenberg, and I must, therefore, wait and see how Providence will dispose of me. The review of my Dictionary, which you have kindly promised, might, at this juncture, be of great service to me, "which may God grant."

## GRUBER TO SCHÜTZ.

Wittenberg, July 6, 1811.

Finally—finally—finally, Heaven be thanked, I can freely breathe; and the first quiet moment is due to you, the man whom I honor and love as I do few others. \* \*

## GRUBER TO SCHÜTZ.

Wittenberg, April 6, 1812.

\* \* Pardon me, if I tell you what I hear in various places respecting your journal. There is an almost universal complaint of a deficiency in theological reviews. If you are in want of contributors, I can mention some, who would certainly be an honor to your establishment; professors Schott, Winzer, and Heubner. The first, for theological literature; the second, for the philosophy of religion, and the interpretation of the Old Testament; and the third, who has declined an invitation to Königsberg, for systematic and polemic theology, and for the history of Christian doctrines, and of religion in general. In our Lobeck, you would find an admirable reviewer of works on philology; in Pölit, one very good in European statistics, the history of the Middle Ages and of modern times. Several of these persons furnish much good matter for the Jena and Leipsic papers; but I know that they would do better still for you. Ascribe all that I have here said, to my deep interest in the continued prosperity of your Literary Journal.

## G. HERMANN TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, March 12, 1796.

In preparing the book, which I now take the liberty, my dear sir, to send you, I have had you alone in mind; and my only wish has been, that it might meet with your approbation.      \*      \*      \*

## HERMANN TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Jan. 31, 1799.

Respected sir, together with the Clouds of Aristophanes, the stern Eumenides venture to appear before you. You will wonder at my boldness and rapidity; but since the way in these untrodden regions was opened by you, the study of Æschylus has been my favorite employment. This mighty genius has enchained and enkindled my soul. His strains sound in my ear like a battle-shout from the field of Marathon; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, many a time I fancy that I unriddle the deep sense of his dark words. I feel as if I were myself a poet; what I have found I cannot keep to myself. If the work can abide a severe scrutiny; if it can endure yours, which I most desire, I shall be inexpressibly happy. If it should fail of this, my love of truth, which, if not innate, must have been instilled into me by my invaluable teacher, Reiz, would render it easy to acknowledge my errors. For, to acknowledge an error, is to see the point whence progress is to be made; to defend it, is to retreat. If you will have the goodness to gratify me with your valuable opinion, you will thereby greatly increase the obligation and the affection with which I shall never cease to be yours.



## HERMANN TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, July 3, 1800.

I hasten, respected sir, to render you double thanks, partly for the kind present of your new *Æschylus*, and partly for the honorable manner in which you have often spoken of my conjectures. I have been extremely gratified, that what I often desired in the first edition, namely, a translation by you, is supplied in this. For, in such a writer as *Æschylus*, especially in the choruses, nothing is more important in aiding the reader to make out the true sense, than the order and connection of the ideas. Permit me one wish, and that is, that, in line 420 of *Prometheus*, my conjecture may displease you. I have myself abandoned it, as well as two others in the *Eumenides*, which *Huschke* has disproved. \* \*

## HERMANN TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Dec. 17, 1806.

Most honored sir,—*Lucretius* is mistaken, when he says, “It is pleasant to see another’s perils;” for the reason which he assigns, “because you are safe from them,” falls away now. It should read, “because they also threaten you.” Believe me, the calamity which has befallen you deeply affects my heart. Here and there a wretched creature is spared; why just this? It is an evil time, when justice cannot be expected, even by accident. However, I admire your boldness. As for myself, I firmly believe, that “lofty towers fall with a heavier crash.” Things cannot remain as they now are. But of this hereafter. Accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful present you have made me. I value the *Glasgow* edition twenty groats, according to its intrinsic worth; for many of its emendations are such as *Porson* would not care to put his name to. Still, as I wish to know what fancies took the

Glasgow editor, and as my collection on *Æschylus* is tolerably complete, I willingly send you the twenty rix dollars, which it cost. \* \* \*

C. D. ILGEN TO SCHÜTZ.

Schul Pforta, Aug. 12, 1803.

My dear friend, if the professors continue to leave Jena at the present rate, I shall take care not to go there again. I should be obliged to exclaim, as Reiz did, when he came to Leipsic, and first walked through the fields, "a barren land. Selah." \* \* \*

*Pro Deum, popularium, adolescentium, postulo, clamo, oro, obsecro, ploro atque imploro fidem*, who prepared that terrific article on Heyne? If there be an *Ilias post Homerum*, it is this review after the manner of Wolf. It must have had more than one bard for its author, or if but one, he must have been possessed of all the demons of Homeric learning. \* \* \* I beg you, unravel to me the mystery.

F. JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Sept. 26, 1803.

The important matter of your change of residence is finally settled. I heartily wish you all happiness and contentment. But how disagreeable, how painful must such a change be, in present circumstances, and amidst so many intrigues! For all the benefits which have accrued to the university from your journal, you have drawn upon yourself anger and ingratitude. And why? Because you would not sacrifice yourself to the university, which has nothing to do with your paper. An attempt is indeed made to persuade the public that it is not so; and there are persons who are ignorant enough of such matters, to suppose that you were appointed professor in Jena, to edit a journal. \* \* \* I think it is incumbent on you to

make a strong appeal to the public, showing that the new paper, in Jena, is not the continuation of the Literary Journal, which is wholly your own property, and which no one, without the greatest injustice, can wrest from you.

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Jan. 1, 1804.

\* \* You are, by this time, probably, quite at home in Halle;—at least, the chief difficulties of such a change must be, by this time, overcome. I hope you find every thing to your satisfaction, and that your life in Halle will be as happy as it was in Jena. I send you herewith a review of the *Athenaeus*, which I hope will be to your mind. Whether Schweighäuser will be satisfied with it, I do not know. The good man knows next to nothing of metre and of Atticism, and has, therefore, fallen into innumerable blunders, which I could not pass without notice. I have generally pointed them out in an indirect way. \* \* \*

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Nov. 9, 1806.

\* \* \* Since the battle which was lost at the gates of Halle, and even in the city itself, I have had no rest. \* \* Write me, my dear friend, in a few words, how it is with you and yours;—whether Niemeyer, Vater, or Wolf, has suffered. \* \* \*

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Aug. 10, 1807.

A thousand thanks for your kind and friendly letter, and for the affectionate interest you take in my affairs. \* \* \* It is true, proposals of a very flattering character from Munich, have been made to me; but you know how painful it is to me to think of removing. \* \* \* Nothing

could be more pleasant to me, than that you and your journal should be transferred to Munich, and that we, *per varios casus*, should be brought together in one place. Keep this thought in mind, if your prospects fail in Prussia. What will Wolf do? Is there any thing for him in Berlin? Does he not regret that he declined the call from Bavaria? Is it too late now? If he would like the place in the Academy of Sciences, it is plain that he ought to have it, not I. The child's song is applicable here; *regnum, quod recte facientibus esset*. The *recte facientes*, in this case, are *ii qui sapiunt*, the *Wolfii*, *Schützii*, *et siqui horum sunt similes*. \* \*

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Munich, March 5, 1808.

My dear friend, you have anticipated me in your kind and friendly remembrance, for which I heartily thank you. \* \* I find myself in a new world. The difference between Catholic and Protestant Germany is greater than one at a distance would think. The literary zeal here is feeble compared with what it is with us at the north. \* \* Classical literature is quite prostrate, and all regard for it discouraged. Still the youth are not wholly unsusceptible to its influence, and I hope I shall be able to revive a taste for these studies. But it will require patience. The unexpected restoration of the Halle university gives me great joy. \* \* \* You and your journal will probably now remain there. May heaven soon grant us better times, and richly make up to you all your losses and sufferings.

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, March 17, 1811.

The attempt at assassination made upon Thiersch, has, indeed, deeply affected me. He was almost daily with

me in my house in Munich, and we were to the last on terms of the greatest intimacy. After my return, he took my place in the Lyceum; and since then he has, with great spirit and success, conducted the Philological Seminary which I commenced. \* \* \*

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Jan. 7, 1812.

What do you say to the fragment of the Acharnians, which Wolf has published, with bitter observations upon the coterie of Voss? The rupture must now be considered as decisively made. It pains my heart to see such strife and dissension among scholars. It cannot do otherwise than diminish respect for learning, and, consequently, place obstacles in the way of those who are laboring for the best interests of humanity.

JACOBS TO SCHÜTZ.

Gotha, Dec. 6, 1812.

\* \* The manner in which the younger Voss has reviewed the Acharnians in the Heidelberg Annals, is, in itself, just and honorable, though I think Wolf is not treated according to his merits. That Voss should speak of Wolf as a young student, who is laboring hard, and giving promise of final success, the latter will never forgive. \* \* Wolf's Latin translation of the Platonic dialogues appears to me most excellent, and if he goes, in this way, to the end, he will certainly have a right to a distinguished wreath. Buttmann writes me, that the edition of Plato, by Böckh and Heindorf, will not be given up on account of Wolf's. It is said that the Göttingen professorship has been offered to Gurlitt, but that he has declined it. I think it will have to be given to a young man. Is not Lobeck competent to it? His learned dissertation, de Morte Bacchi, shows that he is something more than a

grammarian. I hear favorable accounts, also, of his character.

## SCHÜTZ TO JACOBS.

Jena, Jan. 11, 1802.

Nothing for a long time has given me so much pleasure, as the information that your call to Kiel, has brought you 500 rix dollars additional salary. Heaven bless your duke for it, and let you enjoy, to your latest days, this well-merited reward. As you did not accept the appointment, there may be an opening here for our friend Eichstaedt. You will do me and him a great favor, if you will mention the name of the minister, and of other persons to be applied to. \* \* To-morrow, the post will carry six louis d'or to you, as an extraordinary premium voted you for your services in the Journal. I wish I could make them sixty. But the state of our reserve funds, from which alone such rewards can be drawn, will not allow it; and I must beg you to keep this a secret. Not to mention that all reviews are not up to Jacobs, even if they were, we should be able at present to grant premiums to but very few; and if this should lead to jealousies, the practice must be given up wholly. \* \*

## SCHÜTZ TO JACOBS.

Halle, Sept. 22, 1812.

My dear friend, I know not whether you have received my first long letter, in which I urged you to accept the call to Göttingen, and endeavored to remove your objections. I sent it by way of Leipsic. On the receipt of your review of Bast, I sent you a second, by way of Weimar. This is the third; and I write, in consequence of what a student, just from Göttingen, related to me, namely, that you had been actually appointed, but that fears were entertained that you would hardly come. He

informed me, also, that Mitscherlich could not expect that professorship, and that Wunderlich was your pupil;—he, therefore, cannot complain. In short, I thought you would accept the place, *diis hominibusque approbantibus*, unless you have other objections than those you mentioned to me. \* \* \*

## SCHÜTZ TO JACOBS.

Halle, Sept. 23, 1812.

My respected and dear friend,—I have read your letter with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, and sit down without delay, to attempt to lead you to a different conclusion. \* \* I can think of only the following objections to your accepting. 1. The envy which will be excited among the established philological professors in the university. None but Mitscherlich, however, could cherish such feelings, and he is said to be free from envy. Wunderlich must be a strange fellow, indeed, if he should feel injured by your appointment. As the government will undoubtedly appoint a man from abroad, no one can be more acceptable to the professors than yourself. 2. The inconceivable, I had almost said, the unpardonable, diffidence you have in your own powers. This I could not comprehend when I desired you to come to Jena. But since then, how many years have passed, and how much reputation have you justly earned! \* \* What part of that professorship can give you the least anxiety? Public speaking in the lectures? Certainly not. Heyne himself, it is said, was no model in public speaking; he was discursive, unconnected, and his voice was interrupted by a frequent hemming. But you know all this better than I, who have never heard him. Speaking in Latin? What great use is made of that? I could never think of such a difficulty, at least in you, had you yourself not

mentioned it as an objection to coming to Jena. The lectures before the Society, and the Programms? Of the former, you have delivered many in Munich; and the latter will be no great jugglery to you.

G. SCHÄFER TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Feb. 11, 1803.

Very dear sir,—I have designedly put off writing thus far in reply to your kind letter. I would gladly delay longer yet, were it not for the apprehension that you might take it ill. What I have now to say is not cheering. But with painful impatience I am expecting every hour to learn something very cheering. Why does the carrier delay? Surely I have been tortured sufficiently long. The intelligence from Gotha was only half true. Without my knowledge, the noble and venerable Heyne, moved by the accounts which a third person had given him of me and my university relations, employed his whole influence with youthful zeal to procure me a place in Gotha. It was believed in Gotha, that every thing was already secured for me there, when my dear old friend, Eichstaedt—upset the matter. I am now informed that the place will be left vacant for the present. But the failure of the project did not discourage the venerable Heyne. He proposes another way. A week ago I received from him a letter of high import, which is now in Dresden, producing its effect. Yesterday, I suppose, the matter was discussed in council;—God grant that the discussions may have led to a happy result. I hope something good from this; never were the circumstances so favorable. Böttiger, also, is doing what he can for me. As soon as I learn the result, I will write you. Now what say you of Heyne? I repeat it, without my knowledge, without being requested, connected directly



with me in no way whatever, he is exerting himself for me under the greatest difficulties, and in the midst of bodily sufferings. So writes one from abroad, who, as a spectator, has observed the course things have taken, and must have searched Eichstaedt's tricks to the very bottom. What an eve closes this busy life! Perhaps I can by to-morrow write something more pleasant. Farewell, my dear friend, and continue to favor me with your good-will.

## SCHÄFER TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, March 25, 1808.

I have received official notice from Dresden, that I have been appointed professor extraordinarius of philosophy, with a salary of 150 rix dollars, and that, besides this a bounty of 100 rix dollars has been granted me. The day after the official notice was sent, the members of the larger Royal College proceeded to the choice of a successor of the excellent Hindenburg. The impression already made at Dresden, operated in my favor to such a degree, that there was a tie in the vote between me and a competitor. Lots were cast, and I was the lucky one. Thus, as if by the stroke of a magic wand, I am pushed forward into new connections, which enable me to hope for a different and a more pleasant life. I can now calculate upon a salary of about 450 rix dollars, provided the choice of the college should be confirmed by the king, of which there is a strong probability. And still the choice of professor Clodius in the place of Seidlitz, made in January, is not yet confirmed. If you say any thing of my sudden change to a better condition, I beg you, to add every time, that I am indebted for this happiness to that venerable old man in Göttingen. Before this scholar I bow with

profound respect. A miserable trade of words is all our study, even with a Bentley's acuteness, or a Porson's nicety, if it does not ennoble whatever is human in us. That I think of you, with the most sacred attachment, my dear sir, whenever I think of Heyne, I need not assure you, who have more than once looked into my heart.

SCHÄFER TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsc, Dec. 1, 1811.

The melancholy intelligence of Bast's death I had also already received from Schöll, last Tuesday. O how deeply is my heart smitten by this event!

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
Nulli flebilior quam mihi!

His last letter to me was dated November 2d, full of unsurpassed kindness, as were all his letters; and I was just on the point of replying, as this startling news reached me. Our studies have lost much, very much in him; and I more than can be expressed. I had succeeded in gaining his entire confidence. Through me, and in connection with me, as it seemed, he designed to communicate all his literary treasures to the public. A beginning was to be made with the unpublished Greek lexicons, printing to commence the present winter. With what an exuberance of excellent remarks could I have filled them out, inasmuch as the papers of my friend would have been at my service. All this is now but the "shadow of a dream." For what fortunes will his collections meet with? This thought gives me great uneasiness. If he had had only one hour, one single hour of consciousness after the shock, I know what disposition he would have made of them. In order to

save what could be saved, I wrote immediately to Paris, requesting that those valuable papers might be entrusted to my charge, and referring to our correspondence in support of my claim. Will it be of any use? Can you do any thing? The heir is a brother, with whom I have no acquaintance. Perhaps Schöll can effect something, and, therefore, I have written to him. As a scholar, that excellent man was every thing to me, and as a man, if possible, still more. What he could do, he did, both directly and indirectly, to improve my condition. If he had succeeded in his plan, I should have acted my part at the close of life in the midst of an enviable abundance of literary treasures, in a milder climate, and in more friendly relations. But this also is the "shadow of a dream." The name of Bast, like the dear names of Schütz and Heyne, is indelibly inscribed on my heart. Ever yours, most devotedly.

SCHÄFER TO SCHÜTZ.

Leipsic, Dec. 15, 1813.

\* \* \* Thus far I have got along very well, and every thing seems now to indicate that I ought to reserve myself for better days. From the 16th to the 19th of October, especially the 19th, when the storming Prussians were plying their cannon and their small arms at a horrid rate against my house, were such days as I never passed before. One twelve-pounder broke through a pretty thick wall; and the shock of a stone from the wall drove my study-table a good jog. \* \* \* Napoleon, according to all accounts, is rallying all the forces he can muster, and as long as he can get a single battalion, he will fight. But with such preparations as the allied armies are making, there can be no doubt as to the final result. \* \*

F. PASSOW TO HUDTWALKER, OF HAMBURG.

Leipsic, Nov. 4, 1804.

\* \* I attend the following lectures ;—in theology, the interpretation of the New Testament, with Beck ; church history, with Rosenmüller ; and Arabic, with the younger Rosenmüller : in philosophy, a systematic outline of the theories of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, with Gesner ; and a Latin disputation under Beck : in philology, Polybius, with Beck ; Cicero de Legibus, with the same ; and Oedipus Rex, with Hermann. Besides, I am a member of Beck's Latin, and Hermann's Philological Society, before the latter of which I am to read an exercise on the Ajax of Sophocles. For Beck's Latin Society I am, at present, preparing a commentary on the twenty-third idyl of Theocritus. As to the rest, Beck is something of a humdrum character, but Hermann is a splendid fellow, if he did not smoke quite so much tobacco. Lately, he used up thirty-six pipes over the Iliad, in a single day ! When I called on him the first time, he talked with me, standing ; but when he heard that I came from Gotha, he at once shoved me a chair, which struck me so drolly, that I began to laugh. It struck him, too, as a little funny, and so we both set up a loud shout ! I have one favor to ask of you, which you will much oblige me by granting. Jacobs has written, in his copy of Brunck's Sophocles, a number of conjectures by himself, Wakefield, and others. Can you not, under some pretext or other, borrow his book,—for it would not take you more than an hour to copy them all out,—and send me every thing that you can find in the margin ? If you should consent to do me this favor, I wish you would give me the very words, and even the Greek accents of Jacobs. This must be done with great accuracy, you know. I will gladly do as much for you some time. I could, for instance, if Jacobs should lecture

on King Oedipus next term, send you a good supply of conjectures from Hermann, which have never been published.

## PASSOW TO ERNEST BREEM.

Leipsic, Nov. 20, 1804.

\* \* \* That I should keenly feel the difference between Leipsic and my beloved Gotha, was to be expected, as a matter of course. \* \* \* But I shall not allow external circumstances to shorten my stay here, which is important to me, especially with respect to the practical exercises in the two languages. \* \* Beck is, unquestionably, the first theologian here; he possesses an immense amount of theological, philological, and historical learning, well digested and arranged. But it is impossible to conceive of a colder man; and this lifeless manner, unhappily, appears in every word he utters. \* \* \* The exercises in his Latin Society are particularly valuable to me. Each member, twelve in all, selects a classic author for his examination, and hands in to the professor, in single sheets, as fast as they are prepared, his comments written in Latin. Every member takes his turn, once in six weeks, and reads his commentary before the Society, where it is freely criticised, and the topics involved discussed at large by all the members. I have selected for my exercises, as comprehending the system of Platonic love, the Symposia of Xenophon and of Plato, Phaedrus, and a part of Maximus Tyrius. Professor Hermann, from whom I am hearing a grand course of lectures on the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, has received me into his Philological Society, which is on the same plan as Beck's, except that speaking and writing Greek are included. In his Society, I interpret the Ajax and the Trachiniae of Sophocles. Hermann, who has just published an edition of Orpheus, and is now preparing a huge commentary on

the Agamemnon of Æschylus, is exactly the opposite of Beck, and has many remote resemblances to Jacobs, only he becomes communicative as soon as you know him. He always enters his lecture-room in full riding-dress, with spurs and whip; and in the Philological Society, a stranger would scarce know who presided, but for the exhaustless stores of the professor's learning; for one is very much at his ease with him, and he has still a very youthful look, being but thirty-two years old. He is the only professor that is universally beloved, notwithstanding he sometimes deals in biting sarcasm.

PASSOW TO F. JACOBS, IN MUNICH.

Weimar, Dec. 27, 1808.

\* \* My first concern, and that which tasked all my powers, was the new organization of the gymnasium, which has just been effected. I had given occasion to this change, by a written communication made to the duke, respecting the condition of the institution. To me, this change was the more gratifying, as it created a new professorship, which could be offered to my particular friend, Schulze, also of Mecklenburg, and a disciple of Wolf. Similarity in age, studies, views, and plans of life, had long before bound me in close ties with this young man of talent and various culture, and nothing could be more welcome to my feelings, than an opportunity to unite with him in a common enterprise. It was natural, therefore, that I should do every thing to secure his services here, so that we might work together, mutually aiding, encouraging, and stimulating each other; and I have the inexpressible joy to see, that my friend is duly estimated here, and that he has been appointed as my associate.

Our first business will be to form a selecta,—not as in Gotha, where such a class exists in name merely, and for show, and is nothing more than the more modest prima of

other gymnasia, the class from which students go to the university. Such a prima we have already, and we are not ambitious to exchange the name for one of more pretension. But we have perceived the necessity of forming a distinct class for those students who have higher aims than that of merely getting a living, who are seeking for literary distinction, and who feel impelled to make extraordinary efforts of their own. Only those, therefore, who are already fitted for the university, and who wish to go beyond what is indispensable to enter, will be received as members of our selecta. The majority of our students will, as heretofore, go directly from the prima to the university; and it will be no dishonor, not to have passed through the selecta; for one can be a very good scholar, and yet not be fitted for the peculiar exercises of this class. From what I have said, it will be apparent, that the scientific studies must be brought to a close in the prima, and that, for the selecta, nothing but philology be reserved. Of the Latin course I will say nothing now. But of the Greek, which Schulze and myself are to conduct, and which we have got entirely into our own hands,—for we thought it necessary to have our work all of a piece,—I will give you the plan. In the lowest class, the quarta, the mechanical part, the reading will be attended to. Under this, however, we include something more than the knowledge of letters. We teach our pupils not only to read with facility, but, more particularly, to read with accuracy and propriety. This class, therefore, is made sufficiently acquainted with the rules of prosody, to pronounce any word with perfect accuracy, and to acquire a perception of harmony and rhythm; for these are to eloquence what form is to the arts of design. With these outlines, we, of course, combine so much of the doctrine of accents as is necessary to correct pronunciation. That, in grammar, the ground may not

be wholly unbroken, we instruct this class also, in the *septem partes orationis*, as they are called. General grammar is almost universally neglected in the lower classes of our gymnasia, and, by declining nouns and conjugating verbs, before knowing what a noun or a verb is, the minds of boys are greatly confused. We endeavor to protect our young Grecians against such disorder.

When a boy has mastered all these, he enters the *tertia*. In this class, all the grammatical forms of the language are taught after Buttman's excellent Grammar, and my friend Thiersch's Tables of the Greek Verb, in courses which extend through half the year. In order to unite practice with theory, we take up the first course of your Greek Reader, which is the more convenient, as its references are to Buttman's Grammar. With the same class we make easy experiments in translating from German into Greek, which, however, is not done in writing, but orally and extemporaneously, as all the tasks in this class ought to be easy and interesting. When the students are furnished with a complete knowledge of grammatical forms, they pass into the *secunda*, and read your second course, and the *Odyssey*. In grammar, the formation and derivation of words are chiefly attended to; and we design that the boys of this class shall not only be able to give all the rules of formation from primitives, but that they shall know by heart all the primitives of the language. It is with reference to these etymological exercises, that the *Odyssey* is selected to be read. The oral exercises in constructing Greek phrases are continued in this class. In the *prima*, we read the *Iliad* and one of the writings of Xenophon, at present the *Memorabilia*, and connect with the latter the study of syntax. It is on account of the syntax, that we have preferred the elegant Athenian to Herodotus, or any other writer. The dialects



are taken up in connection with the Iliad. When we have gone through with all these studies, our course is finished. By this time, the Greek has been systematically and thoroughly taught, and we can, with good conscience, dismiss our students to go to the university. But such as desire a more critical study of the language enter the selecta. The studies of the preceding classes having been attended to with chief reference to thoroughness, we now aim at the enlargement of knowledge and of learning; at the practical application of the instruments that have been acquired; at original investigations, and the criticism of the text. For our reading, we have marked out a distinct course in poetry, and another in prose. The former consists of select hymns of Pindar, single plays of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Aristophanes, and, perhaps, Euripides; the latter, of select passages of Herodotus and Thucydides, dialogues of Plato, and orations of Demosthenes, varying every semester. Here, written exercises in Greek are prepared, the object now being to form a Greek style. In the earlier classes, only facility of expression was aimed at; and that is all that can be reasonably expected of those who are to be business men. But a member of the selecta of Weimar has already made up his mind for something higher. The principal exercise consists in preparing a dissertation on any author which one may choose, and in a discussion arising from it, under the supervision of Schulze and myself alternately.       \*       \*       \*

PASSOW TO THE YOUNGER VOSS, IN HEIDELBERG.

Weimar, Sept. 17, 1809.

\* \* Have you been looking into my Musaeus? Have you wiped off any of his stains? That I am continually filing upon him, you may easily infer from the little specimens which I have recently given. I shall not

enter upon the principal labor, until I have received your criticisms and corrections. Jacobs has given me some critical observations on the text, and the sturdy Wunderlich is also going through with the text for me. Not much is to be hoped from manuscripts, for all that have been collated are alike in the difficult passages. Still, Bast has promised to examine all the Paris manuscripts of Musaeus, Coluthus, and Tryphiodorus for me. Perhaps he may find something of importance. I should like to know how you read lines 213, 125, and 298. \* \* \*

PASSOW TO H. VOSS.

Weimar, March 12, 1810.

\* \* \* I have just got through with a trifling affair in Latin. Sometime ago, Beck, of Leipsic, requested me to contribute an article to the first volume of his Transactions of the Leipsic Philological Society, which will come out at the Easter fair. While I was hesitating as to what I should send him, it occurred to me, that ever since I came here, about three years ago, I had been interlining my copy of Schneider's Lexicon with words and significations which were here and there wanting, corrections, idioms, and the like. As Ahlwardt had written a Programm, entitled, a Supplement to Schneider's Lexicon, I resolved to examine and see whether I had collected any materials of importance, and, to my surprise, I found, under the letter alpha alone, about one hundred words which were entirely wanting in Schneider. They were mostly from good writers, such as Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Herodotus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes; some of them were from Nonnus, Julius Pollux, Tryphiodorus, Athenaeus, Stobaeus, the Anthology, etc. All these had been noted down, and justified by references to the passages in which they were found. I, therefore, collected together all the notes on new words

and forms, about 350 in number, which I found on the first hundred pages of my Schneider, demonstrated the nonentity of some words received in all good faith by him, removed the doubts which he had cast upon others, and sent off my package to Beck, in which I have given evidence, that if I should continue to read the Greek authors twenty years longer, in other words, if I should live so long, I should be able to prepare a better lexicon than Schneider's. Still, I thankfully acknowledge his merits, though his hasty, defective, and unphilosophical manner of execution has, by a long use of his work, been rendered too obvious to me. Either in the second volume of these Transactions, or in a Programm at this gymnasium, I intend to prepare a dissertation *De Vitiis Lexicorum Graecorum*. I shall prosecute my lexicographical studies without interruption, particularly with reference to completeness of the forms and significations of words, the philosophical development of the latter,—a point to which Schneider appears not to have devoted a thought; to etymology, in which he might have learned very much from Riemer; to prosody, to which Koes alone, in his little Homeric lexicon, has attended, in part; and finally to the age of each word, so far as it can now be demonstrated. Whether I shall ever live to see this infinite number of details reduced to a perfect system, must be left to the decision of Providence. If one should allow himself to be discouraged by such uncertainties, nothing great or noble would ever be accomplished. I present myself to you, therefore, as a future lexicographer; and my work shall be no mere manual, but a great critical work, or nothing. If not called away too soon by death, I can surely leave behind me something useful, which, when I have done, may be given over to the best of my pupils, so that, in the course of time, a complete view of this noble language can be exhibited.

PASSOW TO H. VOSS.

Weimar, May 15, 1810.

I write you, my dear Voss, in a state of painful suspense in regard to an important matter, on which the next two or three years, perhaps my whole life, depends. \* \* The authorities at Dantzic have appointed me associate director, and professor of philology in the gymnasium at Jenkau, under their care, two hours' walk from the city. The offer was such a brilliant one, that I felt it due to myself to take it into consideration. The 1000 rix dollars, which would be a part only of my support, would not tempt me there, although I have to bear in mind that I am no longer alone, and that 400 dollars are little or nothing. It is no pleasant thing to be so abominably pressed on account of these "rascal counters," as I have to be here, without any property of my own. I sometimes feel as shabby as Al-Hafiz himself. I am now and then subjected to great mortification on this account. It is a villanous thing, that a man, who is in the midst of a work, begun out of pure love for it, must stop and calculate the profits; and it is a poor consolation, that other worthy men have fared no better. Heinse, for example, whose bubbling, boiling letters interest me more than all the elegant cut of Müller,—the metaphor, by the way, has run off the track. \* \* I choose to say nothing of the manner in which our hands are tied here.

PASSOW TO H. VOSS.

Jenkau, Nov. 30, 1810. On the Scythian coast.

\* \* In Berlin I rioted in the enjoyment of literary society. Spalding is the most amiable scholar of my acquaintance. Buttman is a sterling man, full of the fire, and ready to crush the hardest knot to atoms. Heindorf is indescribably kind, with all the innocent

simplicity of a child. I found him almost sick a-bed, at the thought of appearing as a university teacher. Bernhardt's appearance is a little wriggling and confused, but he is running over with genius, vigor, and original humor,—a very uncommon character, with a little touch of the Mephistopheles. Uhden and Süvern are men of affairs, full of intellect, and highly cultivated. I also visited Bothe. When I saw the nimble, cheerful, and sportive man, apparently about forty years old, hopping towards me on one leg, I could scarce keep from laughing and weeping at the same time. He spoke with great frankness of his own writings; could enter into every subject; and he so affected me by his cheerful good-nature amid all that is depressing in his circumstances, that I thanked you a thousand times for your lenient review of his Sophocles, a circumstance which seems to have given him pleasure. My acquaintance with the excellent Solger has been gratifying in the highest degree; and I hope it will be of long continuance. How attractive is his repose, the clearness and strength of his comprehensive intellect! At Frankfort on the Oder, I passed a very pleasant evening with Bredow, where I met Schneider, and Herodotus Schulz. Bredow I had known in Weimar, and had highly esteemed him for his straight-forward, solid character. His services in improving the schools of Frankfort will long be remembered with gratitude. Schneider bears a strong resemblance to Knebel; in each a great man has been lost for want of proper concentration.

PASSOW TO F. JACOBS.

Berlin, May 6, 1815.

\* \* My first lonely winter, to which I could not look forward without horror, is finally over, and now, like all the past, it seems short, while the future, in its limitless

extent, stretches out fearfully before me. I have had much leisure, and this I have employed in filling up several gaps which had been left in my studies. I have, in the meantime, aided my friends, Walch and Köpke, by giving some lessons to the first class in the Gray Cloister gymnasium; more, however, to keep up some connection with active life, and to give regularity to my habits, than for any other cause. Nothing was more natural, than that I should, for the remainder of my time, adopt a student's life; and I am thankful, that after eight years of professional toil, I find myself still sharp-set for study. Wolf's talents and scholarship would naturally present the strongest attractions for me; and now I can, with equal propriety, and with equal pride, call myself the disciple of Jacobs, Hermann, and Wolf. That which, next to his instructions, interests me most, is a circle of men, associated for the purpose of studying ancient literature, making Herodotus the nucleus of their researches. The whole story will be told, when I say that Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Süvern, Böckh, Buttmann, Bekker, Hirt, and Ideler compose the circle. I am admitted as a friend and guest; and the evenings thus spent, are the happiest of my life. \* \* \* But these employments will terminate with the present month. I have been recently appointed professor of ancient literature, in Breslau, in Schneider's place, who has retired from academic life. \* \*

VI.

SCHOOL OF PHILOLOGY IN HOLLAND.





## HEMSTERHUIJS, RUHNKEN, WYTTEBACH.

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THE place occupied by Germany, in many departments of literature, is so high, that the claims of other countries may not receive that consideration to which they are entitled. In some of the principal branches of knowledge, the German language contains more valuable materials than can be found in all other languages together. Germany nearly fills the literary horizon. Her influence overshadows the whole of Christendom. Hence, we are in danger of undervaluing real excellence which exists elsewhere.

Holland, if not now eminent, has a rich intellectual history. In Oriental learning, her scholars once stood in the front rank. Erpenius and Golius produced works that will not soon be forgotten. Albert Schultens first brought a profound knowledge of Arabic to the illustration of the Old Testament. His son and grandson gave additional lustre to the name. Reland's *Palestine*, says Gesenius, yet remains the standard work on the subject. Schrader, Scheid, and Graevius were learned investigators in the Semitic languages.

In classical philology, Holland has a reputation second to scarcely any country but Germany. The first traces of philological culture appeared in the fourteenth century.

In the year 1370, Gerard Groote, who had studied at Paris, opened a school at Deventer, which attained much celebrity under his pupils and successors. Agricola and Thomas a Kempis studied there. The former went to Italy, and became a learned philologist under Guarini and Theodore Gaza. The founding of the universities, and of the learned school at Amsterdam, was attended with auspicious results. Leyden became one of the principal seats of the liberal arts. Thither scholars were drawn from every country of Europe, partly for the sake of study, and, partly, on account of the political freedom which was then enjoyed in Holland. Erasmus of Rotterdam, who died in 1536, earned an European reputation by his classical acquisitions. Valuable services were also rendered to this branch of literature, by Dousa, Justus Lipsius, and Joseph Scaliger. The last named was professor at Leyden from 1593, till his death in 1609. He had more learning, though less genius, than his father. When nineteen years of age, he went to Paris, where he devoted his days and nights to the study of Greek. He shut himself up in his chamber, and, in two years, read all the Greek classical authors, in chronological order. With equal industry, he then investigated the Hebrew, and other Oriental languages. Among his works, are Annotations on Theocritus, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Nonnus and Seneca's Tragedies; also two valuable treatises on Chronology. Another scholar, who was equally at home in various departments of knowledge, and who is one of the few whose reputation is not diminished by the lapse of time, is Hugo Grotius. In the fourteenth year of his age, he prepared a valuable edition of Martianus Capella, which called forth the praises of Scaliger. He is among the best writers of Latin verse in modern times. His metrical translations from the Greek are full of the poetic spirit.

As a critic, he had acuteness, and a fine tact for illustrating his author by brief comments. Daniel Heinsius, a pupil of Joseph Scaliger, was appointed a professor in Leyden, in his twenty-fifth year. He was a man of various learning, historical and philological. His Greek and Latin poems are written in good taste. His son, Nicholas, who died at the Hague, in 1681, edited Claudian, Ovid, Virgil, and other Latin authors. His Latin and Dutch poems are, also, highly commended. J. F. Gronovius had great merits as a critic and translator. He was professor of eloquence and history at Deventer, till 1685, when he succeeded the elder Heinsius at Leyden. His son, J. Gronovius, was born in 1645, and studied at Oxford and Cambridge. He is now principally known by his immense *Thesaurus* of Greek Antiquities, and by his fierce disputes with Bochart, Salmasius, and others. Of the remaining philologists of Holland, who lived in the seventeenth century, and in the beginning of the eighteenth, we may name Perizonius, whose work on the Antiquities of Egypt and Babylon has still a popular character; Graevius, before named, a scholar of immense learning, and of unwearied industry; Havercamp, the editor of Josephus; the two Burmanns; J. P. D'Orville; Drakenborch; and Wesseling, the editor of Herodotus.

But the light, that was to outshine all the others that have been named, and who was, in an important sense, the restorer of philology, in Holland, was Hemsterhuys. The influence, which he exerted while living, and the enduring reputation which his works have earned, will justify a somewhat detailed account of his life and character. The materials are chiefly drawn from the elegant eulogy, pronounced soon after his death by his affectionate pupil, Ruhnken.

TIBERIUS HEMSTERHUYNS was born at Gröningen, in North Holland, February 1, 1685. His earliest studies

were conducted in part by his father, who was a physician, and a man of cultivated taste. He appears to have been one of those precocious children, whom we look upon with fear and trembling, and who, if they survive childhood, not unfrequently sink down into a dull mediocrity. In his fourteenth year, he joined the university of his native city, which was then rendered illustrious by the lectures of John Bernouilli, the prince of mathematicians, and the friend of Leibnitz and Newton. He is said to have confidently predicted the future fame of his young pupil, affirming, that, in mathematical knowledge, he was without a rival in the university. The grateful scholar was wont to say, that Bernouilli had conferred upon him a divine gift. After he had spent some years in Gröningen, he went to Leyden, to enjoy the instructions of Perizonius, professor of history, eloquence and Greek. As a proof of the high character, which he had then acquired, it may be mentioned, that the curators of the university assigned him the duty of arranging the manuscripts in the library, which were then in a scattered state. From this mark of distinction, it was generally inferred, that he would succeed the aged Gronovius in the Greek professorship. The place was given, however, to Havercamp, not so much by the will of the public authorities, as by the exertions of some individuals, who feared, that their own light would be eclipsed, if Hemsterhuys should be chosen.

In 1704, and in the nineteenth year of his age, Hemsterhuys went to Amsterdam, as a teacher of mathematics and philosophy in the Athenaeum. Some persons, entering upon a profession of that nature, would have abandoned the pursuit of elegant learning. Hemsterhuys, however, did not confine his attention to his professional studies, but extended his researches over a large field, justly considering, that all the branches of science and literature are connected by a common bond.

Amsterdam was then the residence of several scholars, who became his intimate friends. Among these were Broukhuys, a learned interpreter of the Latin poets, Bergler, and Kuster; Bergler was skilled in ancient philosophy, Kuster, in criticism, and both, in Greek literature. By the influence of Broukhuys, he became deeply interested in the Roman poet, Propertius, while Kuster awakened an enthusiasm for Aristophanes.

About this time an incident occurred, which turned the attention of Hemsterhuys more decidedly to the study of Greek literature. As a new edition of Julius Pollux was soon to be published at Amsterdam, inquiry was made for an editor who would supply certain deficiencies in the work. Application was made to Hemsterhuys, who, on the strong recommendation of Graevius, undertook the labor, and supplied a commentary, betraying marks of juvenility, indeed, but winning the applause of the scholars of Holland. In a short time, he received letters from Richard Bentley, the British Aristarchus, commending the labor bestowed upon Pollux, but containing emendations on the passages from the comic writers, where Pollux endeavored to support his position by examples. In correcting these passages, Hemsterhuys, also, had taken unwearied pains, fully aware, that this was the main point for inquiry. But when he had read the criticisms of Bentley, he at once saw, that his own toil had been thrown away. Excessively mortified, he resolved to abandon Greek literature for ever. For two months he did not touch a book in that language. Subsequent reflection, however, convinced him of the injustice of comparing his juvenile productions with those of a veteran scholar, and he resumed, with wonted cheerfulness, his Greek studies. But Bentley's admonition had such an effect, that he determined, before trusting himself again to this dangerous

precipice, to compass the whole circle of knowledge, and, especially, that he would make no further attempt in respect to the verses of the comic writers,—the point where he had been criticised,—until he had obtained a thorough insight into the various kinds of metres employed by the writers in question. As a guide and model in these investigations, he selected his great adviser himself, preferring him to all other critics, and not concealing his displeasure, if any one invidiously carped at the learning of a scholar whom he was able in no manner to rival.

With the design of adding to his stores of learning, he studied, with untiring energy, the ancient writers, beginning with Homer, the fountain of genius. Indeed, he so selected and disposed of his various knowledge, that whatever related to the genius of the two classical languages, to history, to the manners and customs of the people, or to the wisdom of the ancients, was put into a condition for ready use.

The manner which he pursued, of beginning with the earliest writer, and going on chronologically, he was accustomed to recommend with great earnestness to others. Proceeding in this course, we can determine more satisfactorily, not only the age of particular terms, but the significations assigned to single words and forms, an exact observation of which is of great importance in all languages. Again, it is obvious, that there is no happy thought or expression in the writers of antiquity,—whose works we commend as the law and model of accurate thinking and writing,—which the ingenuity of later writers has not copied in various ways. Now, the felicity of the imitation cannot be perceived, unless the source whence it is drawn is known. For example, Hemsterhuys had become so familiar with the profound reflections and exquisite style of Thucydides, that he could trace Polybius, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Plutarch,

or other writers, when they attempted to imitate the great historian. It will thus be readily seen, that he was prepared to suggest many and beautiful expositions of the most difficult passages.

In ancient times, as is well known, mathematics and the various branches of philosophy were included in a course of liberal education. Classical usage, in this particular, was followed by the restorers of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Soon afterwards, however, the circle of studies was much narrowed, by the exclusion of mathematics and philosophy. The result was, that two parties were formed, who became thoroughly inimical to each other. The student of grammar, history, poetry, and eloquence, looked down with contempt upon him who was plodding with lines and angles, or plunging into the depths of metaphysics. On the other hand, the pursuits of elegant literature found no favor with the disciples of Euclid and Aristotle. Hemsterhuys, as might have been expected, had no sympathy with these narrow prejudices.

The study of geometry tends to withdraw the mind from sensible objects, and fix it upon those which are perceived by reflection. It also renders the intellect acute and discriminating. Who can doubt, but that philologists, if disciplined in this manner, will possess a keener perception, than such as have never drawn a diagram? Those who are acquainted with the writings or conversation of Hemsterhuys, know how much benefit he derived from geometry. Whatever flowed from his lips, whatever he committed to writing, even in matters pertaining to criticism, at once revealed an intellect accustomed to the precise reasoning of exact science. He never laid down his premises incautiously; but, from well-known and admitted principles, he proceeded to state, in an orderly manner, the inevitable inferences.



There is, moreover, another branch of mathematics, with which it is discreditable for a critic not to be acquainted. This is astronomy, particularly ancient astronomy, without a knowledge of which, neither the Greek nor Latin poets, who drew thence so many of their ornaments, can be fully understood. The more thoroughly he endeavored to comprehend this science, the less could he refrain,—though a mild and charitable judge of others,—from making merriment with those modern interpreters of the classical poets, who, when an explanation is needed from ancient astronomy, come to a disgraceful stand, or fall into ludicrous mistakes.

Hemsterhuys was the more ardent in his study of philosophy, as he was impelled to it by his natural inclinations. Indeed, he roamed at will over all parts of the field, now lingering in the sacred Retreat of Pythagoras, then in the Academy of Plato; at one time, in the Lyceum of Aristotle, at another, in the Porch of Zeno, or the Gardens of Epicurus, gazing with admiration on many things which the vanity of the present age boastfully holds up as new discoveries. Most students of ancient philosophy either take a sip of it, or stay in the sunnier spots. But Hemsterhuys, in obedience to the promptings of genius, investigated metaphysics, the most difficult branch of all. Nothing can well be found more abstruse than the Parmenides of Plato, where he unfolds his doctrine respecting ideas. Once and again, he returned to the study of this dialogue, not desisting, till, on the fourth perusal, he elicited the hidden sense. Difficulty did not blunt his curiosity, as is common; it only stimulated it. Not contented with the ancient philosophers, he connected the study of Leibnitz with Plato, Locke with Aristotle, and other modern authors with the ancient, so that one, who discoursed with him on ancient philosophy, might conclude, that his reading was



confined to that, but when modern philosophy was the theme of conversation, might suppose, that he had read nothing besides. All in metaphysics, which is true, and which can be firmly relied upon, he was accustomed to say, may be found in the ancient writers. As he readily detected the wire-drawn opinions of modern authors, so he pointed out their empty and fluctuating character, from the fact, that as often as a new theorizer springs up, his predecessor is ejected from his chair.

In becoming acquainted with the various schools and doctrines of the ancient philosophers, he greatly lamented the hard lot that had befallen the history of philosophy. Though it supplies copious materials for the exercise of critical sagacity, it had never yet been brought to a severe critical test. Pillagers had pounced on the field, as if it were without owners and escheated. Being destitute of talent, and such bunglers in literature, that they were forced to get a smattering of knowledge from faulty translations of the ancient philosophers, they made up, in this manner, the stock of their ideas respecting each system.

Even general history, which has a much wider range, appeared to Hemsterhuys to be in no better state. The obscurity which had been thrown over the subject, through the lapse of time, the disputes of writers, and other causes, together with the corruptions which had been induced by party-spirit, fraud, and superstition, were known and acknowledged by all. Yet how few critics had entered into this wide field! How few had recognized criticism as the test of truth! Joseph Scaliger had made a beginning in his treatises on Chronology, both works of imperishable value, yet more praised than studied. But how few could be found, who would share his fame, by following in his footsteps! On this account, Hemsterhuys himself took special pains to apply the critical art to historical investigations, and, also, to excite

his pupils to do the same, setting before them, as a model to direct their studies, the historian, Polybius, the most severe historical critic among the extant ancient historians, and who was held in such admiration by Hemsterhuys, that he said he would give for a single lost book of his history a cart-load of the homilies of the fathers.

He applied himself, however, not merely to the study of the classical historians, but he sought, by an examination of the wonders of ancient art, to sharpen his mind so as to perceive the elegance and beauty that are inherent in them. He studied nothing more eagerly, or intelligently, than the ancient gems, coins, vases, cameos, and statues, which the museum of his relative, James Wild, amply supplied. Such was his delicate appreciation of beauty and proportion, that he excelled most scholars in his accurate judgment of the paintings, statuary and architecture of the present day. He often expressed his astonishment, that when other organs of the body, which are inferior, and less fitted to delight the mind, are studiously trained, the ear being taught to judge correctly of musical sounds, and the hands and feet the laws of graceful motion, the eye, which is the noblest organ of them all, is shamefully neglected. This led him to impress on his pupils the importance of their being skilled in linear-drawing, which lies at the foundation of the arts to which allusion has just been made.

But there was no path open for the acquisition of this knowledge, except by an exquisite acquaintance with languages, especially with Greek and Latin. It is unnecessary to repeat, for it is known by every one, that Hemsterhuys had attained, by long and exact study, a perfect mastery of the genius and laws of the Greek language. It is no exaggeration to affirm, that he had not been equalled since the revival of learning. He far

surpassed Isaac Casaubon himself, to whom the first rank had before been unanimously assigned.

But, in one of the marks of a great genius,—the effecting of new discoveries,—Hemsterhuys was not wanting. We are indebted to him for the foundation of the study of the Greek language upon the basis of analogy, by which new light is shed on the origin and meaning of words. Following the thread of analogy, he investigated words in their simplest state, as consisting of two or three letters, together with the significations, taking their rise from them, and reduced all the forms and inflections into a systematic order. From the meaning, as it lies in the root, he elicited the secondary and derivative senses, showing, not only their relationship, but their various divergencies, and exploding the pretended anomalies, by which the grammarians had involved every thing in confusion, until he had so scattered the darkness which had accumulated in the course of ages, that no language is now more easy of acquisition than the Greek, as there is none more copious in its words and forms. The past age enjoyed the rare felicity of seeing, not only in Greek, but in oriental literature, a work begun and finished, which earlier generations rather desired than expected. The same light of analogy, that Hemsterhuys brought to the study of the Greek language, his fellow-student and colleague, Albert Schultens, carried into his oriental researches.

In his ardent attachment to Greek, Hemsterhuys did not undervalue Latin. He held, that the latter is a beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother; that they are so fitted and linked to each other, that he, who tears them asunder, divides, as it were, soul and body. In some of the Latin poets, there are innumerable graceful expressions, and witty turns, which cannot be enjoyed by him who is unacquainted with their Greek origin. He

fully coincided with the remark of Muretus, that those, who are not familiar with the Greek diction, cannot have a deep insight into Latin. He doubted whether the Roman poets, Horace and Propertius, for example, who were the closest imitators of the Greek models, could be favorites with those who are ignorant of Greek. A contemporary, Justus Lipsius, of Leyden, who was a master in Latin, but only moderately skilled in Greek, hazarded the observation, that Greek literature is an ornament to a learned man, but not indispensable. This inconsiderate judgment, Isaac Casaubon, though a gentle spirit, most indignantly repelled. Happily, however, an opinion so destructive to good learning, did not take root. Joseph Scaliger,—to whom the people of Holland are indebted for nearly all the true classical improvement, which had its origin at that period,—united the cultivation of Greek and Latin, as well as of other liberal arts. The study of the two languages went hand in hand, under the guidance of Grotius, Heinsius, father and son, John and James Gronovius, and Graevius. Subsequently, however, the study of Greek declined, while that of Latin was inordinately cultivated. Another Scaliger was needed, who should hinder the Greek muses from taking their flight, and should again join them to the Roman in the closest friendship. The author of their happy re-union was Hemsterhuys. Under his auspices, such a change was effected, that Athens herself seemed to have been transplanted into Batavia, yet without occasioning the least neglect of her Roman daughter.

The skill of Hemsterhuys in Latin is indicated by his style in writing it, which was pure, polished, luminous, fitly framed, and particularly deserving of praise by its propriety and selection of language. In one thing only was he deficient, a facility of expression, which cannot be attained without that long practice which a Greek

professorship rarely renders possible. When a youth, his style rioted, as it were, in a luxuriant field; it was chastened, however, by reason and advancing years.

The fruits of the field, which Hemsterhuys cultivated, corresponded to the pains which he had expended in preparing the soil. His *Animadversions* on Lucian were received with extraordinary favor, the more so as the labors of Salmasius on the same author, though rich in materials, wanted that nice selection, that almost mathematical rigor, which the pages of Hemsterhuys exhibit.

When he had laid a deep and firm foundation, by the aid of genius and erudition, he proceeded to build the superstructure of a true and just criticism. First of all, he studied his author with the utmost industry. He took special pains to compare the kindred passages together, on the ground, that every writer knows best how to interpret himself, and that the critic who does not often read through, continuously, a work which he has in hand, will be apt to fail most disgracefully, when he comes to emend and interpret it. Having obtained a thorough insight into the diction and sentiments of his author, Hemsterhuys proceeded to lay down certain fixed laws, so that the scattered parts might be reduced into system. In doing this, he was vigilant, sharp-sighted, and continually jealous lest he should be imposed upon by some device of a copyist or interpolator. Yet who could deceive an understanding, that was so keen by nature, and so wary by long practice? Had a crafty knave palmed his own offspring on some noble writer, the critic instantly detected the fraud by the surest marks. Had some verse-maker covertly foisted his own productions into the lines of one of the great poets, he nailed the spurious coin to the counter. Had a copyist vitiated the true reading, or some sciolist glossed over the corrupt addition, all the means of coming

at the truth were at hand. Hemsterhuys sought not only to lay bare the foreign admixture, and sift out the chaff, but to supply, by his rare tact, what would perfectly befit both the sentiment and the diction.

He endeavored to avoid the two opposite rocks,—rashness and credulity,—on which many critics are wrecked. Some carry such an exterminating spirit into their labors, as to threaten a destruction of literary remains, hardly less to be dreaded than that effected by the Goths and Vandals. Hemsterhuys did not sanction the liberties which Bentley took, in his edition of Manilius. On the other hand, he was equally averse to that superstitious feeling, which takes a received text under its patronage, however absurd it may be, and resists all proposals for emendation. There are those who are willing to admit corrections, which are supplied by a manuscript, but who pertinaciously oppose every thing which is suggested by a critic. Not excelling in ability of this kind, they set themselves up as the defenders of every passage, in favor of which any thing can be said by a perverse ingenuity. To such obstinacy, Hemsterhuys never deferred. No where is it more necessary than in criticism, to select the happy medium between inveterate prejudice and an unsparing rashness.

Hemsterhuys took special pains to teach his pupils the art of criticism. His method was this. He directed them to read, with close attention, some prominent paragraph in the classics, Livy's preface for example, written with almost inimitable art, and then state to him what had particularly interested them in the perusal. After they had shown a just perception of the meaning and the beauties of the sentence, he pointed out a corrupted passage, that had previously escaped detection, and directed them to investigate it. The obnoxious point being discovered, which was sometimes more difficult

than to supply the genuine reading, inasmuch as the faulty addition harmonized tolerably well with the context, their ingenuity was taxed to discover a fitting remedy. In order to aid such as had but little experience in criticism, he sometimes suggested several methods of solving the difficulty. If any one hit the nail on the head, he was sure to receive the commendation of his teacher. If the solution was beyond the compass of youthful ability, Hemsterhuys himself pointed out the true reading. In this way, a school of accomplished critics was formed, of whom L. C. Valckenaer was an illustrious member, and who would have perpetuated the critical ability of their great pattern, even if there had been no record of it in books. The influence of Hemsterhuys wrought an entire change in the views of his colleague, Wesseling, a man of copious erudition, but who had entirely undervalued the critical art. Hemsterhuys convinced him, that no learning, however varied and abundant, could be, in the highest sense, true and accurate, separated from critical studies.

The Observations which Hemsterhuys wrote, are characterized by a certain neat and happy fulness. Nothing is strange or far-fetched. Every thing is beautifully adapted to its place. There did not exist in his age, more perfect specimens of commentary, than those which he published on Aristophanes, Lucian, Xenophon the Ephesian, Hesychius, and others. Notwithstanding the pains with which he elaborated his works, and which was regarded by some as excessive, the fruits of his toil are not scanty. His annotations are found on the margin of almost every Greek and Latin author. The pages of Aristophanes, the Attic orators, Theocritus, Apollonius Rhodius, Harpocration, Manilius, and Valerius Flaccus, are full of emendations. A part of



these annotations were afterwards deposited in the library of the university of Leyden.

The moral and social character of Hemsterhuys was not less worthy of remark, than his genius and learning. He never sought, in his writings, to injure the good name of another. He endeavored to allay the dissensions, which sometimes occurred among contemporary scholars. He was never forward to assume the position, which his unquestioned merits would have justified. Even the vanity of the ignorant pretender to knowledge, he generally passed by in silence. A certain individual, who was often in the circles where he was present, was accustomed to talk very familiarly of Pindar, Sophocles, and Demosthenes, authors whom he had never read, animadverting upon them with the utmost freedom, and, as the Latin proverb has it, playing the actor while Roscius was present. On one occasion, John Alberti and others fastened their eyes on Hemsterhuys, expecting that he would rebuke the vanity and impudence of the man; but he uttered not a word. "Why should I not," he observed, "let him indulge his darling passion, just as I do in the case of others, who, with equal ignorance, make their boasts from the pulpit, of acquaintance with Greek and oriental learning, when Schultens and myself are present?"

In his studies, Hemsterhuys did not follow the example of some other scholars, and search merely for erudition. He repaired to these fountains for true wisdom, for the healthful influence, which they might exert on his heart and life. There was a simple beauty in his discourse and actions, which was very attractive. His words, though they might seem, by their accuracy and elevated character, to be premeditated, had not the least savor of affectation. His conversation was not destitute of pleasantry and Attic wit. His extensive reading supplied



him with many things which seasoned and gave point to his observations. Hence his society was sought by eminent men in civil life.

In confirmation of his equanimity and strength of character, the following incident is mentioned. When he resided at Franeker, two individuals, belonging to a noble family, came to share the hospitality of his house for two days. Scarcely were the happy circle seated, when a letter was handed to him, communicating the intelligence, that his son James, a youth of the highest promise, and connected with the navy, had died in a foreign land. He laid aside the letter, and successfully concealed the grief which was consuming his spirits, till his guests had departed, unwilling to mar the festivities of the visit, by the outburst of sorrow which the news would occasion to his family. His firmness reminds one of an incident in the life of Xenophon, who, being informed, in the midst of a sacrifice, of the death of his son Gryllus, went through the solemn service, before he gave vent to his grief.

Hemsterhuys was so simple in his manners, that foreigners, who came to attend his instructions, could with difficulty be persuaded that the lecturer before them was he whose fame had travelled so far. To popularity, in its common acceptation, he was wholly indifferent. Like some others of the philologists of Holland, he was scarcely known to the multitude around him. By this total seclusion, he probably erred. In civil affairs he never took any part, though he gave many proofs in his Lectures on the History of Holland, that he was among the last to be charged with a want of patriotism. In describing the actions of the great men of his country, he appeared more like Polybius or Tacitus, than a professor of literature.

It may be added, that Hemsterhuys was professor of the history of Holland, at Franeker, from the time he left Amsterdam, in 1720, to 1738. In the year 1740, he went to Leyden, as professor of the Greek Language and of History, where he died on the 7th of April, 1766. Among his most important works, are the *Onomasticon* of Julius Pollux, already mentioned, the *Select Dialogues* of Lucian, and the *Plutus* of Aristophanes. From his manuscripts in the possession of the university of Leyden, Geel, the librarian, published in 1825, a volume, entitled, *Anecdota Hemsterhusiana*.

His son, Francis Hemsterhuys, a philosophical writer, and an archaeologist, was born in 1720, and died at the Hague, in 1790. He had a fine classical education, and devoted himself particularly to the philosophy of the ancients. The influence of the Socratic school is seen in all his writings. His gentlemanly character, the natural beauty of his feelings, as well as his knowledge of art, secured to him the warm friendship of several noblemen. His writings in aesthetics and archaeology are somewhat numerous.

Happily for the interests of classical learning, the effects of the labors of the elder Hemsterhuys did not cease with his life. His grateful pupils made known his merits and developed his principles. Some of them became accomplished scholars. Lewis Caspar Valckenaer, who was born in 1715, and died in 1785, united great modesty to a fundamental and comprehensive acquaintance with the languages of antiquity and the connected subjects. He studied ancient literature, philosophy, and theology, at Franeker, where, in 1741, he was appointed professor of Greek. He edited, with valuable commentaries, *Theocritus*, the *Phoenissae* and the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, *Callimachus*, and the grammarian, *Ammonius*.

His *Opuscula* were published in two volumes, in 1808. His name, and that of Ruhnken, are still well-known and honored, notwithstanding the great advances which have been made in philology since their death. Of the life and labors of Ruhnken, it is now proposed to give some account.

DAVID RUHNKEN was born at Stolpe, a village in Pomerania, January 2, 1723. His parents spared no expense in the education of their numerous family. His father was a most respectable citizen, and the principal magistrate of the place. David early manifested such a love for books, that it was wisely determined to gratify it. His mother, a woman of piety, and of great tenderness of feeling, fondly hoped, that he would be attracted to the study of theology. When very young, he was placed in a school which was favored with an excellent teacher, by the name of Kniefof. Among his other qualifications, he possessed an accurate knowledge of Latin style, and sought to imbue the minds of his pupils with a love of that which with himself was such a favorite.

It has been said, that no one can become eminent in any science or art, unless three things are combined: talent, diligent study, and favorable opportunities. In the case of young Ruhnken, all these were happily joined. He possessed the enthusiasm, which is the unfailing harbinger of success. At a tender age, he began to lay a foundation for the elegant superstructure, which he afterwards built. From the village school, he went to a gymnasium at Königsberg, where he enjoyed the best advantages for pursuing his studies, and where he had Immanuel Kant for a fellow-pupil and an intimate friend. Kant was, at that time, as enthusiastic in his love of Virgil and Horace, as he subsequently was of metaphysical researches.

Having finished his studies in the gymnasium, at the age of eighteen years, Ruhnken returned home. In selecting a university he was at no loss. Göttingen was then without a rival, for no other university had a Gesner. His parents readily consented, supposing, that his classical tendencies would lead him to choose the sacred profession, the Greek language being then studied at the German universities, for the most part, only by theological students. In his journey to Göttingen, curiosity led him to visit Berlin, and also, a number of places in Saxony, which were celebrated as seats of learning. Having come to Wittenberg, he called to see professor Berger, with whose works he was acquainted. Berger received him with much kindness, and introduced him to his colleague, professor Ritter. Delighted with their society, Ruhnken lingered at Wittenberg a number of days. At length, on mature deliberation, he determined to join the university there, having first secured the approbation of his parents. This change in his plan was not unwise. Though Gesner had a far higher reputation than either of the Wittenberg professors, yet his lecture-room was so crowded, that he could devote but little time to individual students. At Wittenberg, Ruhnken derived great assistance from familiar intercourse with his teachers. During two years, he attended Berger's lectures on eloquence and Roman antiquities, and Ritter's, on law and history. He published the fruits of his industry, in a little volume, entitled, *De Galla Placidia*. Berger had a fine collection of books, also of coins and inscriptions, of which Ruhnken had the unrestricted use. Possessing little of that delicate taste and nice perception of beauty, which were so characteristic of Ruhnken, yet he had very extensive bibliographical knowledge, from which his young friend drew largely.

He, also, wrote Latin with great purity and propriety, though he knew little of the graces of style. Ruhnken paid some attention, while at Wittenberg, to logic, mathematics, and to the Wolfian philosophy. The discipline acquired by these pursuits, was no unimportant qualification for the study of ancient philosophy, which he afterwards pursued so zealously. He well knew, moreover, that attention to the exact sciences has an important influence upon perspicuity and orderly arrangement in style. He began to feel the need, however, of more adequate instruction in Greek than was supplied by the lectures at Wittenberg. He had often heard of the fame of the Holland school of philology, founded by Scaliger, and now in its glory under Hemsterhuys, at Leyden. About this time, Ernesti of Leipsic visited Wittenberg, and became acquainted with Ruhnken. He was nearly thirteen years older than Ruhnken, and had established a high reputation, by his edition of Cicero, and other works. He strongly urged Ruhnken to complete his philological studies in Holland, affirming, though he was a warm friend of Gesner, that Hemsterhuys was the prince of classical philologists. This earnest recommendation, seconded, as it was, by the advice of the two Wittenberg professors, Ruhnken determined to follow. His parents yielded their consent with the greatest reluctance, and not till Berger had interposed. He then proceeded to Holland, and on arriving at Leyden, repaired at once to the house of Hemsterhuys, and, without any letter of recommendation, told him that he came from Wittenberg to Leyden, solely to enjoy his instructions in Greek. Hemsterhuys, perceiving that he was no ordinary youth, welcomed him with much cordiality, and was greatly delighted with his learning, his elegant Latin diction, as well as with his ingenuousness and modesty; while the youthful stranger was no less pleased with the sight of

one, who had been, for some time, his beau-ideal of excellence.

Ruhnken soon won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, by his open-heartedness, by the sweet simplicity of his manners, by an attractive personal appearance, and by his unaffected modesty. Though his form could not, perhaps, be pronounced beautiful, yet it had such dignity and youthful vigor, there was so much joyousness in his countenance, and all the movements of his body were so graceful, that, according to the Greek proverb, the elegance of his person was worth more than a letter of recommendation. He was skilled in those exercises which give agility and strength to the limbs. He had, also, been taught linear-drawing and music. Such were his accomplishments in mind and manners, that Hemsterhuys was wont to indicate him to his pupils, in no obscure terms, as a model of excellence. Parents, also, sought to employ him as a tutor for their sons, his example and his instructions being equally salutary. Opportunities of this kind he gladly embraced, in order that he might obtain the means of enjoying, for a longer period, the instructions of Hemsterhuys. He was not a favorite of scholars only. His kind heart so shone through his face, that the illiterate felt a strong interest in him. He would enter into conversation with them as pleasantly and artlessly, on hunting, and other subjects with which they were familiar, as he did on Greek and Latin with his fellow-students.

Ruhnken brought to Leyden so high a reputation for knowledge of law, history, antiquities, classical literature, and kindred subjects, that he would have adorned any chair in these departments. Still, he did not hesitate to take his seat with the other pupils of Hemsterhuys, many of whom were mere boys, and no one at all on an equality with himself. Determining to follow the advice

of Socrates, "to be learned rather than to seem so," he laid the foundation anew, by a radical study of the Greek language. He fully agreed in opinion with his great teacher, that it was preposterous to commence the study of the classics with Latin. He counselled those who had fallen into this mistake, to recommence their course with Greek, and then proceed, in the natural order, to Latin. One half of the day he heard the lectures of Hemsterhuys; the other he devoted to private study at home. Beginning with the poets, he read Homer afresh, and with signal advantage. He then proceeded in chronological order, not neglecting Nonnus, Paul the Silentiary, and the later Byzantine writers, some traces of the elegance of ancient learning being found in their pages. At the same time, and with equal care, he read Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and especially Xenophon. He then studied the Latin poets, and finally Cicero, Nepos, and other prose writers, whose style is characterized by a native elegance, and a chaste simplicity. His method of studying a Greek author was the following. He first attended to single words, learning the meaning of new terms and those with which he was not familiar, by means of etymology and usage, or by the lexicons of Stephens, Pollux, Suidas, Hesychius, and others, and finally fixing upon the sense which the sentence admitted or required. He then examined the composition and structure of the entire passage, and ascertained the true rendering, in view both of the connection of the sense and the demands of grammar. The passage thus investigated, he re-perused several times, before he proceeded to the next. Finally, he read the whole treatise, uninterruptedly, once and again. In this manner, he insinuated himself, as it were, into the very spirit and usages of his author, as well as into the period and country in which he lived, impressing on the memory the style of speaking, thinking and



reasoning, solving many things which before occasioned difficulty, obtaining an exact perception of points previously apprehended, and emending texts which were corrupt, since he could easily see, in any doubtful passage, what sentiment and language the usage and genius of the writer demanded. Thus, from the exercise of grammatical interpretation, the most accurate emendations of the text took their rise, and the best critical habits were formed. Ruhnken spared no labor. When, by repeated efforts, he could not solve a doubt, he marked the passage, and, on the following day, applied himself to it with fresh energy. If these reiterated attempts were unsuccessful, he sought the aid of Hemsterhuys.

The Holland school of philologists differed from the contemporary German, by the extent to which they carried the practice of annotation. Gesner and Ernesti, with all their excellences, were not skilful verbal critics. They studied the ancient authors with the greatest assiduity, but they failed to furnish themselves with that apparatus of pertinent notes, which are necessary for ready proof and illustration. On the other hand, Hemsterhuys and his disciples spared no pains in this branch of classical study. A passage, worthy of particular note, on any account, was exactly copied, and placed, according to a certain order, in a note-book, called *Adversaria*. The advantages of this plan, if it does not degenerate into mere mechanical labor, are obvious. Mutual light is cast by a comparison of similar passages. The memory is aided, much time is saved, and a valuable digest of examples is prepared against a time of need. It may be doubted, however, whether the Leyden scholars did not pursue the practice so far, that it became a burden to the intellect.



In 1749, Ruhnken published a little volume, entitled, *Epistolæ Criticæ*, two in number, one respecting Homer and Hesiod, addressed to Valckenaer, and the other on Callimachus and Apollonius Rhodius, dedicated to Ernesti. The latter was then preparing a new edition of Callimachus, as Valckenaer was of Homer. Ruhnken's work was not confined to the matters indicated by its title. It embraced remarks on the Epigrams, the Orphic Poems, on Hesychius, and other lexicographers. It was written with the fulness of learning, and in the beautiful Latin style, which might have been expected of the author. At the same time, he assisted John Alberti in bringing out his edition of Hesychius. He also accompanied that theologian, who was then ill, to the waters at Spaa, in Belgium. By this journey, he greatly extended the circle of his literary acquaintance.

Hemsterhuys, fearing that some lucrative offer from abroad might induce Ruhnken to leave Holland, was very desirous to procure a professorship for him in some university in that country. No place, however, was vacant. At Leyden, were Hemsterhuys, Oudendorp, and Alberti; at Utrecht, Drakenborch and Duker, who were succeeded by Wesseling and Saxius; D'Orville was at Amsterdam. At Franeker, were Valckenaer, Burmann the younger, and soon after, Schrader; van Lennep was at Gröningen. In Valckenaer's school, Pierson and Koen were coming forward. Elsewhere, were Hoogeveen, Bondam, Roever, Heringa, and Bernard. The most distinguished of these scholars were Hemsterhuys, Wesseling, and Valckenaer. The fourth place was unanimously given to Ruhnken, though but twenty-nine years of age. On account of this affluence of eminent scholars, he returned, by the advice of Hemsterhuys, to the study of law, which he had commenced under Ritter, at Wittenberg. In 1750, he published a small treatise on this subject, which gave

sufficient proof of his learned industry. He then devoted himself to the preparation of a new edition of the Platonic Lexicon of Timaeus. This work, as it has come to us, is a small vocabulary of the rarer and more exquisite words which are found in Plato, grammatically explained, but not furnished with any critical or rhetorical apparatus. A preface was prefixed by Ruhnken, treating of the Platonic diction, the authority of the text, and the value of the ancient grammarians and annotators on Plato.

Ruhnken had now been ten years in Holland. His German friends feared, that he would never return to his native land. To the letters of Ernesti and others, promising, that they would secure him a professorship in a German university, he replied, that he did not wish to quit his adopted country; that its climate was agreeable; that he had become strongly attached to the people, especially to his literary associates, and that the civil freedom, which was enjoyed in Holland, had peculiar charms for him.

Ruhnken spent the year 1755 in Paris, for the purpose of examining the manuscripts in two of the public libraries. Full access was allowed him to all the treasures which they contained. He was even permitted to carry manuscripts from the libraries to his own lodgings. His labors were so extraordinary, that his friends called him, laughingly, "Hercules Musagetes." He prepared an account of many inedited grammarians, scholiasts, and rhetoricians, and collated manuscripts of Homer, Hesiod, Plato, Xenophon, Apollonius Rhodius, and other authors. While in Paris, he formed an acquaintance with two Englishmen, who were eminent classical scholars, the physician, Samuel Musgrave, and Thomas Tyrwhitt, a youth of elegant learning, and of independent fortune.

Ruhnken had intended to visit Spain, and examine the manuscripts in two or three libraries, but the mass

of notes which he had accumulated in Paris, and which he wished to arrange, as well as the advice of Hemsterhuys, induced him to return immediately to Holland. His venerable friend, being now advanced in life, and less able to undergo the fatigues of teaching, applied to Ruhnken to assist him. He complied with the request, not altogether willingly, as he was aware, that Valckenaer was expected to succeed Hemsterhuys, while a short course of teaching Greek would not be specially connected with his duties as professor of eloquence and history, should he succeed, as it was designed, the aged Oudendorp. The subject of his inaugural address was, "Greece the mother of science and art." His course of instruction, as an assistant to Hemsterhuys, included some of the principal Greek authors, and parts of the New Testament. At the end of four years, he was elected to the chair of history and eloquence, vacated by the death of Oudendorp. The elevation of a foreigner to this important post occasioned some complaint, especially on the part of the younger Burmann, and Schrader, both of whom had been looking with a wishful eye to the Leyden professorship. But the superior claims of Ruhnken were well-known, and almost universally acknowledged. If foreign descent was an objection, the same thing might have been urged against Scaliger, Salmasius, Gerard Vossius, and other illustrious scholars. Besides, Ruhnken had now lived eighteen years in Holland, and was strongly attached to the land of his adoption.

He commenced his labors by carefully reading all the Latin authors, chronologically, as he had before done with the Greek, and in as thorough a manner as if he had been expecting to edit them. The branches which he taught were general history, Roman antiquities, and the interpretation of the Latin classics. The last

two were embraced under the head of eloquence. He taught history by written lectures, often interspersing extemporaneous illustrations, and imparting much interest by his observations upon the government, literary progress and morals of the nations that came under review. No one, perhaps, was more popular in lecturing on general history,—a subject most difficult to treat in an interesting manner,—than Ruhnken, if we except Wesseling. The latter taught his overflowing classes memoriter, walking among them with nothing in his hand, except a slight memorandum, containing a few dates and proper names. His success was owing as much to his manner as to his learning. In Roman antiquities, Ruhnken employed notes, prepared in the most careful manner, and comprehending in respect to the Roman people whatever it was important to know. The authors that were most frequently read, were Terence, Suetonius, and parts of Cicero and Ovid.

Hemsterhuys, who died in 1766, was succeeded by Valckenaer. Thenceforward Ruhnken and Valckenaer were united in the closest intimacy. Both were the pupils of the same master, and both were profound Greek scholars. Yet there were many points of dissimilarity. In Hemsterhuys, reason was predominant. He approached a subject, as it were, by calculation. In Valckenaer, was the rapidity of genius. He did not weigh; he saw by intuition. He excelled in powers of invention. Ruhnken stood midway between his master and his fellow-disciple. He had genius, but it was under the control of judgment. Valckenaer had a wonderful sagacity in investigating and putting in order the fragments of poets, scattered and hidden among all the monuments of antiquity,—a species of criticism in which Scaliger and Bentley excelled. He did not find his pleasure, like Ruhnken, among glosses, scholiasts, grammarians, or inedited manuscripts. He sought a thorough insight into the genius of the language,

its analogy, origin and dialects. He was at home, also, in sacred criticism and church history, having studied under Schultens and Venema. Ruhnken had little knowledge of the Christian fathers, those excepted who joined elegance of taste to learning. He made ample amends, however, by his acquaintance with the commentators on Plato, and Aristotle, with the civilians and antiquarians, with coins and inscriptions. Either could have adorned the professorship of the other. Valckenaer had read all the Latin writers, but it was with a view to the illustration of Greek. Ruhnken had read both Greek and Latin for their own sake. He had a grace, a happy dexterity, which was not possessed by Valckenaer. He made a beautiful arrangement of his materials. Such an equal light is cast over the whole, as greatly to delight the reader. Valckenaer's Latin style, though chaste and elegant, did not possess that natural beauty, that simple grace, that luminous distinctness, which almost place Ruhnken among the best of the Romans. Valckenaer, as Hemsterhuys had done, read a multitude of the books of the day, Dutch and French. Ruhnken refrained almost wholly, except from works which pertained to his profession. He nearly lost the use of German. He employed Dutch and French for the common purposes of life. All his care was expended in writing Latin, till he attained a style which was nearly faultless. In the lecture-room, Valckenaer had the advantage. His manner reminded one of what Horace says of Pindar: "*Fervet immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore.*" His voice was deep-toned and sonorous; his appearance was grave and imposing; in his language there was a happy intermingling of poetical phraseology. When he was a young man, he had the gravity of age, as was the case, also, with Hemsterhuys and Ernesti. Ruhnken, in his advanced years, had the freshness and

agility of youth. Hence the common people thought him much less learned than Valckenaer. The latter was sometimes melancholy. Ruhnken preserved his youthful feelings, as well as features, to old age. In this happy literary companionship, they passed their lives, till the death of Valckenaer, which took place in March, 1785.

The place thus vacated, was offered to Wytttenbach, who was then at Amsterdam, but was declined. It was finally accepted by I. G. Te Water, a learned theologian and scholar, who is well known by his edition of the works of Jabslonsky. In 1786, Ruhnken published a portion of the *Metamorphoses* of Appuleius, which had been edited by Oudendorp. In 1788, three valuable works appeared from his pen, a new edition of *Timaeus*, and of the *Eulogy* on Hemsterhuys, and the works of Muretus. The *Timaeus* was greatly enlarged and thoroughly corrected. The elegant Latin diction of the *Eulogy* was still further polished. In 1792, he assisted in preparing for schools the *Latin Lexicon* of Scheller, with a preface, which has received the highest commendation of scholars. During the two following years, he was much afflicted by personal infirmity, and by the death of two individuals of the fairest promise. These were the younger Schultens, the grandson of Albert Schultens, and Nieuwland. Schultens was appointed professor at Amsterdam when he was only twenty-four years of age. He then succeeded his father at Leyden. He had studied under Valckenaer and Ruhnken, and fully answered the high hopes which they had formed of him. Nieuwland was the son of a poor man in the vicinity of Amsterdam, and was marked, even in infancy, by an extraordinary precocity of talent. His memory was so retentive, that he often said he found more difficulty in forgetting, than in remembering, what he had once heard or read. According to the statement of Wytttenbach, he was alike

at home in mathematics and poetry. He was lecturer on mathematics at Amsterdam three years, and professor of mathematics and physics at Leyden one year. The simplicity and modesty of childhood he retained till his death, which happened in the thirtieth year of his age.

In 1795, Ruhnken was highly gratified by the receipt of Wolf's Homer from the editor himself. This was doubly pleasing, as it was also dedicated to him. By this unexpected gift, he was led to collect the notes which he had written on Homer at various times. Such testimonies of affection and respect from the most eminent foreign scholars alleviated the cares of advancing age, and drew off his thoughts from the horrors of that stormy period.

During the last years of his life, though his bodily infirmities were constantly increasing, yet his mind continued serene and undisturbed. He would often say,

*"Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam;"*

yet adding, in reference to a projected work on Plato,

*"Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem."*

He died on the twenty-fourth of May, 1798. Among the works which he published, in addition to those already mentioned, were Rutilius Lupus, on Metaphorical Language,—a new edition of which was published at Leipsic in 1831,—a treatise particularly important for the students of Greek and Roman literature; the works of Velleius Paterculus, in two volumes; and his own *Opuscula*, a second edition of which, in two volumes, was published by Bergman, in Leyden, in 1823. The letters of Ruhnken, Valckenaer, and others, to Ernesti; the letters of Ruhnken to Valckenaer, and of Valckenaer to Ruhnken; and Ruhnken's miscellaneous letters, have been published since his death.



The biographer of Ruhnken, in summing up his character, compares him to the Theaetetus of Plato, calm, gentle, equable, unwavering in his purpose, like a perennial stream, not disappearing in the time of drought, not breaking over its banks in the storms of winter. Of the two English critics, Markland and Toup, the former was distinguished for reason, the latter, for genius. Ruhnken was eminent in both these respects, guiding his genius by reason, strengthening his reason by genius. The learning of Ernesti, though splendid, partook rather of the nature of reason than of genius, was expended more in the exercise of judgment than of invention. His emendations of a corrupt text were numerous and acute; but they were not original. But in forming a judgment of the conjectures of others, in estimating the character of writers and editors, his sound mind appeared to the highest advantage. On the other hand, Ruhnken was equally at home in both departments of criticism. He was keen and happy in his conjectural emendations, clear and convincing in the opinions which he expressed of the labors of others.

In erudition, Ruhnken has rarely been excelled. By confining his attention wholly to the two classical languages, he became a master of almost every thing which they contain. There was no Greek or Latin poet, philosopher, historian, orator, rhetorician, grammarian, lexicographer, scholiast, commentator on Plato or Aristotle, no author of any kind, edited or inedited, in a word, there was no monument of ancient classical learning, which was not known, marked, copied or referred to in his note-books.

The perfection of Ruhnken's Latin style has been before mentioned. This subject he had studied with the utmost diligence. In his general reading, he carefully marked every thing which deviated from the taste of the Augustan



age. In the selection of words and phrases, he disliked to come down even to the time of Seneca. He followed no single model in his style, but endeavored to combine the gravity, force, copiousness and majesty of Cicero, with the gentleness, ease, native and simple grace of Nepos.

The literary correspondence of Ruhnken was extensive. The kindness of his heart was exhibited in a thousand cases by his replies to the inquiries of those who were total strangers, by giving personal counsels to all who applied, and by the donation of notes and papers, which he had prepared with much labor, to those who were publishing classical works. Among his foreign correspondents were Gesner, Ernesti, Heyne, Heusinger, Musgrave, Toup, Villoison, Hottinger, Schweighäuser, Brunck, Matthiae, Voss, De Rossi, Burgess, Porson, Wolf and Spalding.

Among the moral qualities of Ruhnken was frankness. He spoke out what he thought. He was so entirely free from vanity, that he appeared less learned than many others, while, at the same time, he had a thorough knowledge of his own capacities and acquirements. In a conversation with his friends, allusion was made to the great merits of Villoison. "True," replied Ruhnken, "Villoison is an accomplished young man, but he ought to have come here, and attended the instructions of myself and Valckenaer." This remark appeared to savor of pride, yet it was nothing but the candid expression of his own consciousness. It reminds one of the saying of Chrysippus, the Stoic, who, being asked by a friend, to whom he should entrust the education of his son, replied, "To me, for if I knew any one better than I am, I would place myself under his care."

Ruhnken's character was remarkably consistent. His gentle feelings shone out on all occasions. In social

intercourse, no one could be more affable and urbane than James Gronovius; but when he took up his pen, there was a total transformation; like Milton's Moloch, "his sentence was for open war." So of professor Schrader. In the intercourse of daily life, he was modest to an extreme; but in emending a book, none could wrangle better than he. He would collect the mistakes of distinguished scholars, even on the quantity of syllables, and show them off in triumph. Ruhnken did not think it right to pass in silence the errors of great men; he would rather correct them, on account of the greater injury that would ensue, through the celebrity of their authors. Still, he grieved at the necessity. He did not divest himself of the feelings of a brother, when he assumed the critical office. He never exulted in detecting a mistake, as if he were to acquire laurels in such an insignificant business.

Yet, though Ruhnken was mild in his manners, possibly to a fault, he could ill bear the vanity and pedantic affectation, which he was sometimes compelled to encounter. On one occasion, he received a visit from a Swede, a man of learning, but excessively troublesome, whose unseasonable calls reminded the Leyden professors of an irruption of the old northern barbarians. Ruhnken, while showing him the library, opened a case, which contained the manuscripts of Joseph Scaliger. "*Hic est ille vir expectans judicium*," exclaimed the Swede, alluding to the inscription on Scaliger's tomb. At the same time, he stoutly argued, that Scaliger was no critic. "Begone with your stupidity," thundered Ruhnken suddenly in his ears, at the same moment pushing in the lid of the case of manuscripts. The northman fled in terror. On another occasion, a German professor, who was inflated with self-esteem, asked Ruhnken to show him the library, at the same time telling him of some very learned Germans,

who had written books full of erudition in their vernacular language. "I wish," said Ruhnken, "that they had written in Latin, as Gesner, Ernesti, and Heyne did, so that they might be more read by foreigners." "Are you, then, my good sir," rejoined the stranger, "still involved in the error of supposing, that there will be any more writing of Latin in this age?" Ruhnken, indignant at his self-complacency, added, "Good-by, Mr. Professor, seek some other library, where you may find German books."

Ruhnken was married, when he was forty-one years old, to Mariamne, the youngest daughter of Gerard Heirmans, who had been a merchant in Amsterdam, and a consul in Italy. She was a young lady of rare mental, as well as of personal accomplishments. The severe afflictions which befell her, and her youngest daughter, are mentioned in the correspondence of Wyttenbach, in another part of this volume. Ruhnken bore these sad visitations with much patience and equanimity, though when they first occurred, he was nearly overwhelmed, and was obliged, on several occasions, to leave his lecture-room in a paroxysm of grief. His afflictions were of the gentlest kind, and remarkably fitted to the happy scenes of domestic life. The virtues and faithful attentions of his eldest daughter contributed much to encourage his desponding heart.

In concluding these notices of Ruhnken's life, it may be added, that reliance has not been placed simply on the testimony of his affectionate biographer and pupil, Wyttenbach. In relation to his rare classical learning, as well as to the better virtues of his heart, there is but one voice. In Germany, and almost at the distance of half a century from his death, his name is mentioned only with respect and admiration.

The friend and biographer of Ruhnken, and one of the most celebrated philologists of Holland, was DANIEL WYTTEBACH. He caught the falling mantle of his master, and carried to the study of antiquity the same intelligence and the same irrepressible enthusiasm. His lectures and his writings have shed an enduring lustre upon the university where he taught, and upon his adopted country. He was born at Berne, in Switzerland, August 7, 1746. One of his ancestors was a teacher of the reformers, Zuingle and Leo Judas. His father was professor of theology, first at Berne, and afterwards at Marburg. His early education appears to have been conducted, almost exclusively, under the paternal roof. He was ten years of age when his father removed to Marburg. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the university of that place, where he spent the four following years. But his peculiar genius was not yet developed. The course of studies was very extensive, and ill-fitted to a youth of the peculiar susceptibilities of Wytténbach. The professors, though estimable men, were not Gesners nor Heynes. Their instructions appear to have been communicated in a rigid and formal manner, and breathed little of the spirit of genuine scholarship. The elder Wytténbach was a man of excellent character, but somewhat stern, and without a particle of that genius which glowed in the bosom of his son. In the treatment of the religious feelings of that son, he showed but little judgment or humanity. No wonder the youth sighed for deliverance. His history at this period is thus described, in the course of some directions, which he subsequently addressed to his pupils.

“When I was in my eighteenth year, I had learned about as much Greek, as you have generally acquired after being with me four months. I had attended the

lectures of the professors, both in literature and in the severer sciences, with no great advantage. I appeared to others to have made progress, but not to myself. I was weary of the toil. I wanted space to soar higher. I returned to my studies, and began to review them privately. Though I had advanced somewhat further than I had gone when attending the lectures of the professors, yet it was in a manner which did not at all correspond to my expectations, and I gave it up in disgust. I proceeded from one study to another in the course, yet all were wearisome and repulsive; and yet, like one whose appetite is disordered, I was continually seeking for some intellectual food. I remembered the pleasure which I had enjoyed, when a boy, in the study of Greek. I searched for the books which I had formerly read. I took out of a corner Plutarch's treatise on the Education of Boys, and read it once and again, with much effort, but little pleasure. Then I went over with Herodian, which afforded me a little more enjoyment, but was far from satisfying my mind. I accidentally found, elsewhere, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, Ernesti's edition, which I had before known only by name. I was captivated with the indescribable sweetness of that author. The grounds of it I better understood afterwards. In studying this treatise, I made it a point never to begin a section without re-perusing the preceding; nor a chapter or book, without studying the preceding chapter and book a second time. Having, at length, completed the work in this manner, I again read the whole in course. It occupied me almost three months; but such unceasing repetition was most serviceable to me."

By the help of Ernesti's notes, Wytttenbach acquired some skill in criticism, as well as bibliographical knowledge. He then determined to read the Greek authors in chronological order, and thus lay a foundation

for the superstructure which he was intending to build by means of other branches of learning.

"I began upon Homer. When a boy, I had studied about a hundred lines of the first book of the Iliad. This book I finished in two months, reviewing it in the same manner that I had the Memorabilia. I continued the study of Homer more as a task than as a pleasure. I did not yet recognize that divine genius. Many other youth, as I happen to know, have had the same experience. In consequence, I read Xenophon in connection with Homer, devoting the greater part of my time to his works. They were so easy to be understood, that I, as it were, devoured them. I was rarely compelled to use a lexicon, for nearly every thing was intelligible from the context. I made use of a Latin version, which was advantageous to one of my age, but is never so in schools. All the works of Xenophon, the Memorabilia excepted, I read four times in four months. I now thought that I could read any author with equal ease. I took up Demosthenes. I had a copy without a Latin translation, but accompanied by the Greek notes of Jerome Wolf. Darkness itself! But I had learned not to be frightened in setting out. I went on. I found greater difficulties than I had ever had before, both in the words, and in the length of the sentences. At last, with much ado, I reached the end of the first Olynthiac. I then read it a second and a third time. Every thing now appeared plain and clear. Still, I did not yet perceive the fire of eloquence for which he is distinguished. I hesitated whether to proceed to the second oration, or again read the first. I resolved to do the latter. How salutary are the effects of such a review! As I read, an altogether new and unknown feeling took possession of me. In perusing other authors, my pleasure had arisen from a perception of the thoughts and words, or from a consciousness of my own progress. Now, an

extraordinary feeling pervaded my mind, and increased with every fresh perusal. I saw the orator on fire, in anguish, impetuously borne forward. I was inflamed also, and carried on upon the same tide. I was conscious of a new elevation of soul, and was no longer the same individual. I seemed myself to be Demosthenes, standing on the bema, pouring forth this oration, and urging the Athenians to emulate the bravery and glory of their ancestors. Neither did I read silently, as I had begun, but with a loud voice, to which I was secretly impelled by the force and fervor of the sentiments, as well as by the power of oratorical rhythm. In this manner, I read, in the course of three months, most of the orations of Demosthenes. My ability to understand an author being thus increased, I took more delight in Homer, whom I soon finished. Afterwards, I studied other great authors, with far more profit."

Having completed the study of Demosthenes, Wytttenbach next repaired to Plato, not only reading the dialogues, but writing annotations upon them, as if he were intending to lecture upon the subject. As he strolled along the shady walks of Marburg, he was accustomed to carry, in his pocket, leaves of Plato's works, as his father, when he wandered in his youth, among the Alps, had taken scraps of Xenophon. From his friend, Hassencamp, he procured Ruhnken's *Timaëus*. "Then I began to know," he writes, "that the study of Plato is not only useful in itself, through the influence which it exerts on the manners, the intellect, the moral character, the style of writing,—also, by its promoting an elegant delivery, and a thorough acquaintance with Greek literature and philosophy,—but that it is far more useful, from the fact, that it enables all scholars, who have lived subsequently, to understand the Greek and Roman authors correctly, the effects of the study of Plato being diffused through



them all, and even through the whole circle of ancient knowledge."

Having completed the study of Plato, Wyttenbach commenced reading, in chronological order, the other principal Greek authors, both in prose and verse. He made it, however, his main object, to obtain a favorable introduction to Ruhnken, who was now constantly in his thoughts. Accordingly, he commenced the study of Julian, Plutarch, and other philosophers and rhetoricians of that age, with the design of emending them, by the aid of earlier writers, particularly of Plato, after the example of Ruhnken in his annotations on Timaeus.

In August, 1768, Wyttenbach went to Göttingen, in order to enjoy the instructions and counsels of Heyne, and the literary helps which were so abundant in that university. In 1769, he published, as the first fruits of his studies, a "Critical Epistle to David Ruhnken, on some passages in the Works of the emperor Julian, together with Annotations on Eunapius and Aristaenetus." Ruhnken returned the following answer: "I have read your Tract, and it far surpasses the expectation which Heyne had created respecting it. For, as I may truly say, I hardly thought that there was any one in Germany who had made so much proficiency in studies of this nature, and had united such knowledge of Greek with true critical ability. I admire the light of your intellect, which shines out in so many fine conjectures, but much more the accurate judgment, especially in one of your age. From these not deceptive omens, I predict, that if you hold on in the same course, you will become, at length, a great ornament and defence of our literature. You only seem to have a too humble opinion of your own ability in this branch of letters. But remember what Quintilian said in a similar case, 'He has made much proficiency in Greek, with whom Plato is a favorite.'"



Wytttenbach now naturally turned his attention to the philologists of Holland, and examined with admiration some of their principal works. By the advice of Heyne, he read, with diligence and deep interest, the promiennt Latin writers, having formed as yet but a slight acquaintance with them. Proceeding with Cicero, he read in order the poets and historians, recognizing traces every where, as he remarked, of Greek subjects, sentiments, and idioms, transplanted to a foreign soil.

About the same time, by the advice of Heyne, he began a correspondence with Ruhnken and Valckenaer. This awakened in him a strong desire to visit Holland, which he was soon able to gratify. With the consent of his father, and the strong recommendation of Heyne, he accordingly proceeded to Leyden in 1770. He thus speaks of his impressions, on being introduced to Ruhnken and Valckenaer. "It would be difficult to describe my emotions on seeing those whom I had almost worshipped; but still more difficult to describe my admiration, when I beheld such eminent qualities, as they possessed, united to so much humanity. I had been acquainted with professors elsewhere, who affected an air of gravity and of profound wisdom, when in the presence of their pupils and of the less educated, and often when they were with men of equal or greater learning. These I could never endure. Yet, it had occurred to me, that if such a style of manners is ever tolerable, it seemed to me, that I could put up with it only in the two Leyden scholars. To them I will concede it. Should they assume a haughty bearing, their merits will be an apology. But there was nothing of the kind in their deportment. There was not a particle of superciliousness or pretension. Every thing was sincere, simple, and modest, and in accordance with those terms of gentlemanly equality, of which no one is

ignorant, and to which no one would refuse to conform, who seeks, in the writings of the ancients, the genuine fruits of wisdom. I spent a year in Leyden, attending the exercises of Ruhnken and Valckenaer, and, at the same time, preparing an edition of the treatise of Plutarch, on the Delay of Divine Justice. I also studied the classical authors, that I had not already perused, and collated some manuscripts which I found in the library. Meanwhile, the Society of Remonstrants sought an individual to take the chair of literature and philosophy in their celebrated school at Amsterdam. Through the influence of Ruhnken and Valckenaer, it was offered to me, and by their advice I accepted it."

Wyttenbach entered on his duties in Amsterdam in November, 1771. He remained in that city twenty-eight years, the first eight in the school of the Remonstrants or Arminians, and the remainder as professor in the Athenaeum, which appears to have been a university in all but the name. In teaching logic and metaphysics, he made much use of Greek writers on the subject. In company with de Bosch and Temminck, he read Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. In his private studies, he included authors in both the classical languages, besides a daily exercise in writing Latin. He also made ample preparations for an edition of Plutarch's *Morals*. In a short time, he became strongly attached to his new residence. His social feelings were gratified in the company of such men as van Lennep, Cras, and de Bosch, and in the correspondence and occasional visits of Ruhnken. The citizens of Amsterdam, likewise, treated him with marked attention, viewing the residence of so eminent a scholar among them as an honor to the city. His relations to the overseers of the Athenaeum were of the most honorable kind. A professorship of philosophy was established solely on his account. When he declined

a call to a foreign university, a liberal addition was made to his salary.

In 1775, Wytttenbach went to Paris, where he remained six months, examining manuscripts in the royal library. Among his other labors, he collated twelve manuscripts of Plutarch. He formed an acquaintance with D'Alembert, Sainte Croix, Villoison, and other eminent scholars. After recovering from an illness, which had nearly proved fatal, he returned to Amsterdam, and resumed his duties with fresh zeal. The critical materials on Plutarch, which he had collected at Paris, he reduced to order. He then carefully reviewed the whole ground, including the books which he had formerly read, and his own annotations. In 1777, the first two parts of his *Bibliotheca Critica* appeared. The work was published in numbers, and finally reached three volumes, the last of which was printed in 1809. It included essays, criticisms, notices of books, etc., and somewhat resembled the modern reviews. He took a particular interest in a course of lectures, which he delivered on the history of philosophy, comprehending, under six divisions, the long period from the rise of Grecian philosophy, in the time of Thales, to the death of Christian Wolff. In 1777, and 1782, he obtained two prizes for essays on the questions, Can the unity of God be demonstrated by reason, and if so, by what arguments? and, What were the opinions of the ancient philosophers, from Thales to Seneca, on the state of the soul after death?

In 1788, Wytttenbach received a visit from Thomas Burgess, an eminent English scholar, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, on behalf of the delegates of the Oxford press, who wished to print an edition of Plutarch, under the superintendence of Wytttenbach. They were led to make this proposal, by the ability with which he had edited the tract of Plutarch, that has been already

mentioned. The Oxford scholars also wished to retrieve the character of their press from the injury which it had suffered by the publication of some incorrect editions of the classics, particularly an edition of Euripides, printed after the death of Musgrave, its editor. An arrangement was, accordingly, entered into by Wyttenbach for the publication of Plutarch's *Morals*. It appeared at Oxford, between the years 1795 and 1800, in two forms, quarto and octavo, the latter in six volumes. Two volumes of *Annotations*, in quarto, were published between 1810 and 1820. This may be regarded as Wyttenbach's great work. The copy, which he used, was the Greek and Latin edition, folio, of 1624. He first emended the Greek text, by the aid of manuscripts, and then made the Latin translation conform. On the lower margin, which is large, a recension of the manuscripts is inserted in smaller type, with the most approved conjectural readings. In 1793, he published a valuable book for schools, entitled, *Selections from the principal Historians*.

The manners and general habits of Wyttenbach, at this time, may be learned from some notices of him, by his disciple, Philip van Heusde, for many years professor at Utrecht, and well known as a zealous Platonist. They are found in the Preface to his *Introduction to the Platonic Philosophy*, and are addressed to Creuzer, of Heidelberg.

"I was pleased with my father's plan, that I should attend the celebrated instructions of Cras, at Amsterdam, because they were connected, as I understood, with the study of Cicero, and of ancient philosophy; but the most pleasing circumstance of all was, that it would furnish me ready access to that prince of Platonic interpreters, Wyttenbach, who had been in my thoughts day and night. Accordingly, when I called upon him,—it was evening, the time and place I well remember,—he asked

me, at once, about my studies, and the proficiency which I had made in them. I mentioned the writers with whom I had been occupied, particularly the poets. He gave me a book which was at hand, and showed me a passage to read and translate. The book was his lately edited *Historical Selections*, the passage, the description by Thucydides, of the plague at Athens. I read with embarrassment, and translated in a bungling manner. Mention was accidentally made of Plato. 'Have you read Plato, then?' said he. 'I have not read him,' I replied, 'but I have run over the *Apology* and the *Phaedo*; yet I wish to read and understand him, and I have come to Amsterdam, with the hope of enjoying your lectures, and, if permitted, your advice and conversation.' He was pleased with my answer; at least, his whole appearance was at once changed; the wrinkled brow became smooth; the severe aspect, assumed towards a tyro blundering in his reading and translation, vanished. His countenance became wonderfully mild and winning. 'Go on,' said he, 'as you have begun, for he is not to be despaired of who has begun to like Plato, as Quintilian said of Cicero. Do you know these authors?' He then ordered wine. As we sat down to our Socratic cups, as he called them, we chatted most delightfully. Whenever I recall that evening, as I do very often, I am filled with admiration at his truly Socratic spirit. His conversation, first concerning Quintilian and Cicero, then Plato, was remarkably fitted to elicit whatever thoughts I had. This I afterwards understood. At that time, I did not think of any thing of the kind. I could only answer his questions.

"In the Socratic art, as I found by my own experience, Wytttenbach excelled. Hence, it is not strange, that his method of instruction was useful to the young in a degree equalled by few. It was a medium between two extremes, both of which it is difficult to avoid. On the

one hand, it was not harsh or severe, fitted to repress the feelings rather than to excite them, and to form men of a melancholy cast. On the other hand, it was not of a too facile and compliant nature, adapted to train men of a shallow and trifling character. He had the rare quality of directing his energies wholly to the subject in hand, without deviating into those intricate and fruitless digressions, where diligence is almost wholly lost. No one ever approved or defended the method of grammatical interpretation more strenuously than he. Yet he was not a grammarian in the vulgar sense, a stickler for words and syllables. He always referred, in his lectures, to laws and rules of art, with their varieties and exceptions. All these he applied at once to the writings of the ancients, alike in interpreting them correctly, and, if need were, in emending them. Thus the minuter grammatical criticisms were of the same tenor with the most important; for they did not pertain to the feuds and trifling disputes of grammarians, bitter and pertinacious, as we know them to have been, but they served to restore and illustrate the immortal remains of Homer, of Plato,—men of the loftiest genius, where we can hardly tolerate the slightest stain. This I perceived whenever he read Plato with me, for I was accustomed, occasionally, to submit to him the more difficult passages, which I could not comprehend. At evening, in particular, he gave himself to my disposal, in his library, sitting down, if not to Socratic cups, certainly to those instructions and discourses which were far pleasanter to me. Having read the passages which I desired, he examined each with the closest attention, that he might first ascertain the structure of the language, then the use and meaning of every word and phrase, not excepting even the smallest particles. The force of each term by itself being thus unfolded, I did not need a translation of the passage,

as a whole, for, under his guidance, I seemed to have comprehended it all spontaneously. The sentence being explained, I generally hastened on to another, which I also desired to understand. But he would not consent. 'We must hasten slowly, my good friend,' he would say; 'we have not yet attended to the Attic dress, or to that Platonic form, or to the exquisite use of language, or to the rare elegance of the entire sentence.' Not seldom, one passage, or even a single word, detained us a whole hour. Still, I did not regret the delay then, or afterwards, for, in explaining single words, he unfolded and set off to advantage, the wonderful powers of the Greek language, the comely form of the Attic dialect, the polished and beautiful Attic itself, especially the native eloquence, which is seen, not in tropes, metaphors, or other rhetorical ornaments, but is expressed in the literal and skilful use of language, particularly as found in Plato, to whose diction and style all antiquity have assigned the highest rank. His usual advice was this. 'I would advise you to pass by the later philosophers, who have written about Plato and his doctrines. I would dispense with the Abridgements of his philosophy. These I would draw from Plato himself, because we ought to repair to the fountain itself, not to the little rills. That fountain, however, is mainly Plato's language itself, for it contains the exact image, as it were, of the spirit and philosophy of Plato.'

"In regard to the rules of grammar and of other arts, I often heard him speak thus. 'Separated from those noble works of art from which they are drawn, they are dead. But when these works are appreciated, the rules are very useful in promoting a careful study of the works. I highly esteem, indeed, the works of the grammarians, nor do I despise the summaries of an art, nor the rules which are contained in both of them respectively; but



these may be very well learned from the perusal of ancient authors. The young scholar should unite attention to the grammar with the reading of the poets, historians, and orators, and with the study of the liberal arts themselves, a faithful acquaintance with which

*“Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.”*

On this path, which is, indeed, most pleasant, they may advance readily and firmly to an intimate acquaintance with grammar. In my opinion, no one ever became great in the grammatical art, who did not pitch his tent for life among the writings of the ancients.’ ”

In 1798, Wytténbach received an earnest invitation to take the chair at Leyden, which was just vacated by the death of Ruhnken. In complying with the invitation, he illustrated, says his biographer, the remark of Cicero, “that we do many things for the sake of our friends, which we should never do on our own account.” He went to Leyden, to gratify the wishes which Ruhnken had repeatedly and earnestly expressed, and that he might be a solace to the surviving family in their melancholy circumstances. His situation in the university was, at first, embarrassing. His pre-eminent ability furnished a mark for the shafts of malice and envy. In his professional duties at Amsterdam, he had pursued an independent course, with a broad field open before him, which, of all others, he delighted to occupy. But at Leyden, the sphere of his labor was circumscribed, as the mutual rights and duties of a large body of teachers were to be adjusted. Added to these troubles, were the horrors which followed the French revolution, when Holland fell under the iron yoke of Bonaparte, who disposed of professors and universities as summarily as he did of popes and kingdoms. Three of the professors at Leyden were removed from office, and, subsequently,



the universities of Utrecht, Franeker, and Harderwyck, were disbanded. In 1807, a ship, which was anchored at Leyden, containing forty thousand pounds of gunpowder, exploded within a few hundred feet of the dwelling of Wytttenbach. Two of the professors were killed, and one hundred and forty-eight others. Wytttenbach came near losing his life. Many of his books and manuscripts were injured or lost.

Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, he pursued his studies with great enthusiasm, outliving the envy which he first encountered, and finding in the genius and affectionate disposition of his pupils an abundant reward for his toils. His title was professor of eloquence and history, and of the Latin and Greek languages. He was, also, librarian. His salary was five thousand florins. The subject of his inaugural address was "The youth of David Ruhnken, as an example for the young scholars of Holland."

Among the literary labors, which Wytttenbach performed, while at Leyden, were the preparation of his Annotations on Plutarch, the study of Athenaeus, Philo Judaeus and Plotinus, the publication of an edition of the *Phaedo*, and the conducting of an extensive literary correspondence. His lectures, till they were interrupted by the disorders of the revolution, were attended with deep interest by a large auditory.

"Wytttenbach," says van Heusde, "seems to have been born for the study of antiquity, and by it to have been made, as it were, an ancient himself. He was so imbued with classical learning, from a child, that all which he said, all which he wrote, and all which he thought, had an ancient coloring about it, and seemed to have sprung from antiquity itself. He spoke Latin in his public lectures as one does his native language; indeed, as few are able to use it. For his diction flowed pure, limpid,

harmonious, luminous, wholly free from the defilements of a later age; it gushed out, as it were, spontaneously, so that he seemed not to have premeditated either what he should say, or how he should say it. And yet there was nothing to desire in respect to propriety and elegance of language, or the arrangement of the discourse. He never hesitated, though the subjects to be named or illustrated were unknown to the ancients, and, therefore, without Latin terminology; nothing presented itself, that was not fitly named and clearly unfolded, so as to be, as it were, visible. In teaching, he had the rare gift of being able to make a subject perfectly plain,—a quality in his view of the highest value. I sometimes reflected at home upon points which he had explained in his lectures, and sought to recall the words and phrases which he had employed, in illustrating particular topics. But hardly any thing recurred to me, unless it were some barbarous epithet, by which I could designate an object, of which the ancients were ignorant. Indeed, he had not used any peculiar or favorite term, but by the whole complexion of a style and manner that were ancient, he unfolded the new subject just as the classical writers themselves would have done, if they had had a conception and wanted language to express it."

"His diction," continues van Heusde, "was manifestly Attic, not drawn from any Latin author, but breathing the Socratic sweetness, mirth, and pleasantry, as they are seen in the *Memorabilia*. He wrote Greek, if not with the same facility, yet with the same elegance and purity, with which he did Latin, as I have seen in letters written in Greek, which he sometimes addressed to his friends, for the pleasure of it. He much regretted, that, at the revival of learning, the Greek language had not been adopted into the republic of letters, instead of the Latin. It is a difficult task for one to write in Latin so as to satisfy

himself or others. Not, indeed, that the Latin does not possess some rare qualities,—as grace, proportion, gravity. What can be more elegant than Cicero's epistles? What more stately and magnificent than his orations? Nothing like the epistles is found in Greek literature. But the language is wanting in the beauty of outward form, in inward force, copiousness, richness. There is no philosophy, as he said, in it, which all have found who have tried to philosophize in Latin, and which is demonstrated in the language itself, as it borrows even the term, philosophy, having no appropriate word of its own."

During the last ten years of his life, Wytttenbach was afflicted by increasing illness, especially by the weakness, and, finally, the almost total loss of his eye-sight. His mental powers, however, did not appear to decay. By the aid of his friends, he continued to prosecute his favorite studies.

In the spring of 1817, three years before his death, he was visited by Frederic Lindemann, rector of a gymnasium at Meissen, in Saxony, who passed several months in Leyden, for literary purposes. We quote one or two paragraphs from his lively description. "I first called on Wytttenbach. He lived, for the most part, at a villa near the city, not splendid, but very convenient, and named De Hooge Boom. But as he still had exercises at the university, he often came to his house in the city, for the convenience of those who wished to call upon him. On being admitted, I entered his chamber. He was sitting at the fire, with his wife, whom he had married a short time before, when he was seventy years of age. He was tall, of a full habit, though not large, a youthful bloom on his face, his brow indicating great sternness. But his eyes had become so weak, that he could read only with the greatest difficulty. In these circumstances, he used

the friendly aids of his wife, who assisted him as he rose from his seat. Accidentally, I had not received the letters of introduction to Wyttenbach, which Creuzer had promised. Consequently, as he was somewhat doubtful in respect to the truth of what I stated, I showed other letters of Creuzer, which contained notices of the design of my tour, respecting which I had consulted him. Still, he hesitated to promise me his aid in obtaining books from the library. Age had made him a little harsh and difficult to please, which, though it surprised me at first, yet soon I perceived to be the infirmity of advanced life. We conversed in Latin and German. He had, however, evidently lost the familiar use of German, though he appeared to listen to it with pleasure. He requested his wife to answer for him, if he failed to recollect the fit Latin terms. Meanwhile, he spoke Latin correctly, though slowly and cautiously. But he held out no hope of a free use of the library. I went away in sadness. But I had scarcely reached my lodgings, when one of his servants brought me a note, written in a female hand, directing the librarian to allow me access to the manuscripts in the library, but giving me no permission to take them home.

“I subsequently heard Wyttenbach deliver lectures on the history of philosophy, which were the last exercises of his academic life. He then ceased to teach publicly. That golden star now verged to its setting, whose light had illumined the whole literary world, to the most remote regions. And yet how vivid, though chaste, was his diction! How correct and simple was his Latin style! How lucid and sedate his method of address! He spoke slowly, yet there was no break in his discourse. His words flowed in a calm and gentle current, not falling “like the snows,” as Homer expresses it, but gliding from his lips, as a deep and wide river wears away gently the

banks with its still waters, yet bears on, with irresistible force, whatever alights upon its bosom. I could have written down the whole discourse,—though he used no notes,—his utterance was of such a grave and even tenor. His audience were diligent with their pens. Some listened with the closest attention. None made any disturbance. Still, the number of auditors was not large.”

Though his eyes and his trembling hand permitted him to write no more, yet he retained the use of his intellectual powers, till the beginning of January, 1820, when he was attacked by apoplexy, which deprived him of the power of speech and motion. He lingered till the seventeenth of the month, tenderly watched by his wife, and the object of affectionate solicitude on the part of all his neighbors and friends. In accordance with a desire which he had expressed, his remains were interred at the entrance of the garden of his country villa, where he had passed the last years of his life, and near the place where the ashes of Descartes and Boerhaave repose.

Of the learned societies of which Wytttenbach had been made a member, were the Latin Society of Jena, the Batavian Institute, the Royal Society of Sciences at Göttingen, and the French Academy of Inscriptions.

But the true glory of Wytttenbach is seen in his works, and in those of his affectionate and accomplished scholars. It is not possible to give a just idea of the merits of Wytttenbach, without adverting to the literary career of his more distinguished pupils, reflecting in their writings the purity of his taste, the elegance of his Latin style, and the justness of his criticisms. Philologists, divines, lawyers, physicians, who came under his influence, reveal in their works, that sweet simplicity, that sobriety in regard to ornament, and that rhythmical cadence, which charm both the mind and the ear in the works of their master, and on which one reposes most delightfully, after

being wearied with the toilsome rhapsodies and barbarous dialect of those who fail to make themselves intelligible, by not taking pains with the language which they use.

Among the pupils of Wyttenbach, who have written important treatises on Plato, were de Geer, Groen van Prinsterer, and Philip van Heusde. The last-named, who has lately deceased, wrote in the beautiful Latin style of the school of Ruhnken. The elegance of his diction was owing, in part, as was the case with Wyttenbach's, to his familiarity with the best Greek writers. He moulded his Latin expressions in accordance with Greek models, and thus avoided that stiffness and stilted dignity which are apt to characterize those who read, while forming their style, the Roman writers only. It may be doubted, whether van Heusde did not pursue his Platonic studies too exclusively. Never did a child treasure up the wishes of a departed parent more reverently, than he did the immortal remains of Plato. In his early life, he says, he was led astray by the school of Helvetius, and, subsequently, by the opposite philosophy of Kant. In neither did he find rest for his spirit. Both, it seemed to him, were alike distant from the true path. He then turned, under Wyttenbach's guidance, to the philosopher of the Academy. In the Socratic school, he found the golden mean.

The successor of Wyttenbach at Leyden, is John Bake. In his labors as editor, he has made much use of the Greek manuscripts in the public library. Lindemann heard him lecture on the Orestes of Euripides, and also deliver his inaugural address. He represents him to be a plain and unassuming man, yet affable and gentlemanly in his manners. His appearance in lecturing was calm and thoughtful. He used the most elegant Latin, with perfect readiness. He has devoted his principal attention to the works of Cicero, with reference to a new and

complete edition. Daniel van Lennep, of Amsterdam, and Peerlcamp, and Geel, of Leyden, are among the most eminent living philologists of Holland. Limburg Brouwer has published in French a History of the Moral and Religious Culture of the Greeks, during the Roman dominion over Greece, a work which is highly spoken of.

The philologists of Holland possess facilities for study in the library of the university of Leyden, which are hardly surpassed in Paris itself. The collection is composed, in part, of the private libraries bequeathed by the two Scaligers, Perizonius, Warner, and many others, and, in part, of purchases which have been effected in almost every country of the civilized world. It has a large portion of the manuscripts of Hemsterhuys, Ruhnken, Bondam, and others. Twenty-five years since, there were two thousand and nine hundred oriental manuscripts, to which many have since been added.

It may be doubted, however, whether the study of classical philology has made much advance in Holland since the death of Wyttenbach. His pupils, if they share in his spirit, do not possess his comprehensive learning. No one of them has reached that imperial sway which he exercised over the realm of letters. They have been too much inclined to live on the capital which their predecessors earned. Wyttenbach was a most indefatigable opposer of the German philosophy, particularly of the school of Kant. This may have led the scholars of Holland to feel less interest in the results of German classical learning. The difference of languages has widened the separation; German has never been a favorite with the people of Holland. The merits of great German scholars, like Böckh, O. Müller, Matthiae, Lobeck and Jacobs, appear to have attracted little attention in the Batavian provinces. Hermann's investigations in grammar and prosody have not become,



as they have in his native land, common topics of discussion in schools and universities.

Still, the claims of the Holland philologists rest on a firm foundation. They have accumulated treasures of most valuable materials. It is the land for patient labor and inflexible perseverance, for immense digests and thesauruses. But this is not all. The countrymen of Grotius have not been destitute of fine taste. The scholars of other nations have wronged them in this particular. The German sometimes understands the principles of aesthetics better than he practises them. Skill in the use of language, either German or Latin, does not always accompany, in his case, profound and varied erudition. But the scholars of Holland, from the days of Erasmus, have composed their works in beautiful Latin. Not a few have written it almost with the purity of the Augustan age. If the use of this language has made them less known and honored at home, it has greatly increased their usefulness and reputation abroad. But true taste in one branch of study will diffuse its influence over kindred pursuits. It will, also, confer important benefits, as it has done in Holland, upon the heart and life.



VII.

SUPERIORITY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE

IN THE

USE OF ITS DIALECTS.

A DISCOURSE,

BY FREDERIC JACOBS.



## USE OF THE GREEK DIALECTS.

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WE might, doubtless, celebrate this day in a manner wholly suitable to the occasion, by commemorating, in this sanctuary of science, the generous services rendered to letters and art during the past year, by the wise monarch, whose name the institution bears. While all classes in the kingdom have reason to bless the day, scholars are pre-eminently called upon to rejoice in the formation of a society, such as no other German city can boast, where the dignity of science is acknowledged, its freedom guaranteed, and all its efforts promoted; where all the means it requires are supplied; where the hearts of all its friends are gladdened by the sight of general prosperity, and each individual is released from those anxious cares, which might either withdraw him from science altogether, or bring down his thoughts from the lofty regions where they naturally move. But the interest and wishes of the monarch seemed to require somewhat more. He desires to see offerings laid, not upon his altars, but upon the altars of science and art. This day, therefore, seemed to ask a tribute of scholarship. I feel great pleasure in undertaking the duty of paying it; but I know, too, that no subject I can select will be likely to satisfy the high-wrought feelings of my hearers. Among

the various themes that have occupied my thoughts, none seems to me more harmonious with the spirit of the occasion, than one which carries back our imagination to an age and people, who enjoy no ambiguous existence on the page of history, like so many conquerors of the world, but, through art and science, bloom in eternal and unchanging youth, as the selected race of the Muses.

It is indeed true, that ancient Greece has disappeared, as it were, from the borders which once encompassed her free and intellectual inhabitants. The life of the most excitable of all nations has died out. Their cities, once the centres of virtues unsurpassed, worthy dwelling-places of the gods, and rich gardens of every art, have sunk to dismal hamlets, in which a stinted and starveling race heedlessly build their huts upon the ruins of antiquity, without respecting, and generally without even remembering, the heroic age, to which the stones themselves still bear witness. The ancient rivers, some yet called by their former names, steal mournfully through a desolated land; the gods, that once dwelt on their banks and in their grottos, have vanished; and the wondrous strains, which told the history of every fountain, hill, and woodland, to the listening ear of a free and susceptible people, have died away. So, too, their vigorous and manly, their delicate and graceful language, is heard no more, save in harsh discords; the language, which once, almost in every form, enchanted the ear and heart, now drags itself through long and tedious works, with weakened tones, in loose constructions, deformed by foreign mixtures. But what the ancient land and its down-trodden inhabitants no longer supply, is still supplied in rich abundance by the reminiscences of her glorious past. The great deeds of Hellenic antiquity still bloom in all hearts; the remains of Grecian art are still the delight of the world, and their acquisition the pride

of conquerors; the noblest minds still draw from the inexhaustible fountains of Grecian science; kindred spirits are still warmed by the fire of Grecian intellect; and as, whilome, the believing people sought instruction and consolation in the sanctuary of their oracles, so the nobler minded man, when the present fails to allay his longings, still goes for solace and content, to the quiet asylums of Grecian wisdom. Here, too, blooms the language still with the eternal charm of its youthful and manly beauty. And as the spirit of Hellenic antiquity reigns over the whole domain of modern art and science at large, so that higher perfection still breathes upon us from the language, and its enlivening breath, wherever it has been felt, has exalted the feelings, opened the blossoms of beauty, and ennobled the tones of speech.

It is not my purpose, however, to blazon the general renown of the most intellectual and noble people, or to praise the excellence of their language, or to set forth the influence which the study of Grecian antiquity may, and ought to have, upon the modern world; but I wish to touch upon only one peculiarity of their language, which has been often sighed over by youthful learners, and has not always been fully appreciated by the more advanced. I mean, the use of different dialects of the nation, in elaborate and classical literary works. This phenomenon stands alone in the history of the world. True, indeed, the nations of modern Europe have not utterly scorned the use of their dialects; but this has been the fact only while the different races have maintained an independent existence, and no common bond of literary culture has encircled the whole people; when almost all literary effort was limited to the entertainment and instruction of small popular bodies, and only individual men of genius, and not a whole class, distinguished by manners and culture, towered above the masses; a class,

which was separated from the multitude, by a peculiarly moulded language, as well as by other things. For, the moment a centre of refinement has been established in a nation,—the moment men of scientific culture have formed a union there,—that very moment, the new intellectual tendency forms a new language, which, though sprung from a single dialect, soon overtops all the rest. This noble child of culture and intellectual excitement soon becomes the organ of all who possess real refinement, or who, like the fashionable world, flatter themselves with its appearance; the language of the common people grows vulgar, and loses the right to make itself heard in the circles of learned and polished society. The dialects are left to the multitude alone; and, as they soon show themselves only in connection with low-bred coarseness and rustic awkwardness, and seem to sink lower and lower in usage the higher the cultivated language rises, they speedily come to be regarded only as a means of amusement, or, at best, fit to be the expression of mere simplicity of heart. Thus a universal language, belonging to no province, but to the entire nation, assumes the supremacy, and asserts an exclusive aristocratic sway over the realms of higher culture. Among many nations, the part has thus been swallowed up in the whole; the works which belonged to single provinces have disappeared; a few only have remained in the hands of the people; some, in the progress of time, have been transformed into objects of learned research for grammarians and historians.

Now, though the outset was the same in Greece, the progress of language was different. The constitution of the individual States in this country, each of which shaped itself in its peculiar way, did not, at an early period, give admission to a universal language; and the glory of ancient Greece had already gone down beneath the

all-enslaving sceptre of Roman power, when the most cultivated of all the dialects was alone heard in the works of the Greeks. And yet even then not wholly so. Even to the latest times, the Ionic dialect asserted its rights in epic poetry, and the Homeric language had long ceased to be heard from the lips of speaking men, when its echoes were still sounding in the legends of heroes and gods. But as the Epos had appropriated the Ionic, so had Lyric poetry taken the *Æolic* and *Doric*, and the Drama the improved *Attic* dialect, as their special organs.

With regard to this phenomenon, two things are to be considered: first, the general question, how it came to pass, that in ancient Greece several dialects were refined up to the point of classical excellence? but, secondly, the more important point, how their use, in certain branches of literature, was perpetuated beyond their boundaries, and past the time of their actual duration?

As to the first, it is to be explained from the peculiar constitution of the Hellenic nation. The races, out of which this nation was composed, though generally divided by language, customs and political sentiments, formed at times, for a short period, a bond of political union; but they never blended into homogeneous States. Even among the individual races, almost every city stood alone, and they acknowledged themselves as branches of a common stock only in the general festivals and the solemn games. No lord and no subject were to be found there; every individual freely unfolded all his peculiar traits of character; every part took form according to its pleasure or its power. Thus it happened, that every race, valuing itself upon the exalting consciousness of independence, jealously guarded its language, as well as other things peculiar to itself, and used it, as a natural right, not only in the common intercourse of life, but in

every form of communication. The supremacy changed hands more than once among the States of Greece. Whether Sparta or Athens, or, at a later period, Thebes stood at the head of the Grecian States, the influence of political ascendancy never trenchd upon the rights of language. And as this remained without effect, so did, far stranger still, the ascendancy of culture. The fame of Ionian refinement filled the world; the works of Ionian poetry and prose filled every heart of sensibility with delight; still, the free spirit of the Attic language, though connected with the Ionic by the strongest kindred ties, remained unfettered. She entered daringly into the lists with the more ancient conqueror, and won a thousand wreaths of fame, nor withered the crowns of her sister. And when the glory of Athens already stood at its meridian height, when the language of Attica had already been cultivated in various works, to the admiration of the world, the Pythagoreans were still teaching their philosophy, in the Doric dialect, and Archytas, the noblest of them all, gave, in his writings, the highest perfection to the language of their fathers.

But it would be an entire mistake, to suppose, that the independence of the Grecian States was alone sufficient to explain the problem now proposed, or that the exclusive spirit of national pride alone had refused admission to the more cultivated dialect. Herodotus, though of Dorian descent, composed his history in Ionic prose; and, at an earlier period, Cumæan Hesiod had attuned his lyre to the music of Homer. In the same way, the Dorian Hippocrates wrote in the Ionic dialect. It would be useless to bring forward many examples; but that of the Dorians is of especial weight here, because the Dorian was the haughtiest of all the Grecian races, and consequently least inclined to adopt any thing from abroad.



But before we investigate the reason of these exceptions, we must revert once more to the former question, which is by no means satisfactorily solved, by noting the outward relations that existed between the different races.

To arrive at this end, we must consider the interior life of the Greeks. There are two things here that must be weighed; first, the internal constitution, the leading element of which, in all the States, was freedom and equality. The citizens only formed the State; all other inhabitants of the country were but tools, and, taken by themselves, were held in slight regard. But those, who formed the State, were peers. However some families might choose to claim a superiority in wealth, or an older and more renowned descent, yet they never formed among the genuine citizens a separate caste; and even the Spartan kings held a higher rank only as generals and magistrates; in all other things, the least among the Spartans was their equal. Nearly all stood upon a level, and no class towered above the rest. All were educated nearly alike, and by the same means;—by religion, which was common to all;—by the example of ancestors, to which all looked, and by the mode of living. And as the halls and markets, the temples and groves of the gods, the laws and rights were common to all, the lowest as well as the highest, so, too, was one language common to all. It was only the deeper and more penetrating intellect, the greater fulness of thought, the more copious flow of language, the more careful choice of images and words, that distinguished the abler and more accomplished man from his inferior, but the external form of the language was the same in the discourse of the one as of the other. And, as in the republican cantons of Switzerland, at the present day, one language unites the lord and his vassal, and no man, in intercourse with the inhabitants of his province, deserts the language inherited from his fathers,

without losing the regard of his fellow-citizens, so a citizen in the free States of Greece would have been bereft of every claim to confidence and influence, by adopting a foreign, though it were a more cultivated dialect, as if it were a self-assumed privilege. Thus it happened, that, as the most intellectual and the noblest men honored the language of the country, and used it on all occasions whatever, every race, as soon as it raised itself to mental cultivation, was able to improve its hereditary language to a classical excellence.

The second point that must now be considered, is the character of public communication in the Grecian States. When a class of writers sprung up in the modern world, the necessity of a common literary language was at once decided. The written word is addressed to the world, the spoken, to those immediately around us. The former, therefore, requires an organ of universal currency, the latter is contented with what is understood in its own neighborhood. But authorship is a late growth of Grecian civilization. Almost five centuries had gone, before the poems of Homer were imprisoned in written characters; and even then, mindful of their original destination, they flowed more sweetly from the tongue to the ear. In a free political State, so long as the constitution exists in its purity, the communication of ideas is wont to adapt itself to the character of the people; the man of the highest rank mingles with the mass of his fellow-citizens; the individual element blends with the whole; and so, while every one likes to consider his earthly goods only as a fief of the State, and all individual fortunes seem to make one common fund, he considers his intellectual acquisitions as a common property, the revenue of which should benefit his fellow-citizens first and foremost. Thus all communication was originally by word of mouth. And how could this have been otherwise effected than in

the dialect of the people, whose mind and feelings were to be moved? How otherwise than in the tones in which they had received their earliest ideas, and with which they had been accustomed to utter their deepest feelings? Thus the earliest poetry, and the earliest eloquence, were not national, but rather local and popular. It is not every author, however, who is willing to be popular in this sense. The more oral communication loses in value and dignity,—which, however, to the great blessing of civilization, did not happen until late in Greece;—the more the popular sympathies of the highest personages melt away, and the individual severs himself from the mass, to the same extent that popular feeling decays, and the number increases, of those who fancy themselves too far above the rest of the world to talk with the people in their own way. Writing conquers speaking, and kills it dead. The lyre is silenced, and lives only as a figure of speech in written odes; song dies in the musical sign, and the written precept soars proud and cold over the surrounding scene, away to a remote and wide-extended world, and often beyond the present, directly to coming generations.

The next topic, that presents itself for discussion, is the phenomenon already touched upon, which seems to contradict the observations we have hitherto made; I mean the fact, that many modes of communicating ideas,—epic poetry, for example,—depart from the general usage, and among all the tribes of Greece, were treated in one style, in the same dialect, consequently in a foreign one; and, what comes to the same thing, that some writers, in their works, exchanged their own for a foreign dialect.

The explanation commonly given, of this departure from general usage, namely, the overwhelming regard paid to some writers, which subjected others, as it were, to the yoke, and compelled them to speak after

a foreign fashion, is easy and intelligible, but by no means satisfactory. For why should not the example of Herodotus have been as effective in history, as Homer's example was in epic poetry? Or why should Pindar have preferred the Doric dialect to his native Æolic, in which his teacher, the illustrious Corinna, sang, and the greatest lyric poets before him had sung? In other departments of the history of Greek literature, such an assumption of authority were wholly unexampled. If the unfettered spirit maintained its rights any where, it was here, where trodden paths were neither sought with drudgery, nor shunned with solicitude; where men did not imitate their predecessors, except by inventing; where the standing form was what the nature of the art, and each of its kinds, demanded, and not what was a merely accidental ornament; where, pre-eminently, the arts of literary composition, in their largest extent, chose the language with a certainty and care, which refused submission to the yoke of authority. Hardly any where has the principle, that the realm of art excludes whatever is accidental, been so thoroughly recognized as in Greece, where even that which accident supplied, as, perhaps, the chorus of the drama, soon became so completely fused with the other parts of the action, that it seemed to have grown up naturally with them, like an organic member of the whole. And was it only the accident, by which the singer of the *Iliad* happened to be born beneath the sky of Ionia, that moulded the Ionian dialect for ever to epic poetry, and a greater accident still, perhaps the whim of the moment, that moved the thoughtful Herodotus to prefer, in his inestimable work, the same language to the Doric, which was his mother tongue, or to the Attic, which was just then shooting forth its fairest scions? We must, therefore, look about us for another and a more satisfactory explanation.

It is admitted by all, who have followed out its history with attention, that civilization in Greece was more thoroughly unfolded by a natural growth than elsewhere, and that its crowning blossom opened only when every other portion of the wondrous plant had been entirely matured. The mind of man, in Hellas, followed the most natural course in putting forth its powers, as it did in no other country, and among no other people. It awoke, like a laughing infant, under the soft heaven of Ionia. Here it enjoyed a life exempt from drudgery, among fair festivals and solemn assemblies, full of sensibility and frolic joy, innocent curiosity and childlike faith. Surrendered to the outer world, and inclined to all that was attractive by novelty, beauty, and greatness, it was here the people listened, with greatest eagerness, to the history of the men and heroes, whose deeds, adventures, and wanderings, filled a former age with their renown, and when they were echoed in song, moved to ecstasy the breasts of the hearers. It was thus that the poets first took up those heroic legends here as the most favorable materials for their art, and from the legend by degrees sprang the epic poem. The narrative was clear, imaginative, picturesque, varied, and minute, as the youthful feelings of the age and of the listening multitude required. That the deed should be mirrored in the song; that every form should stand forth, distinct and lively; that even in single parts, the whole should be shadowed out; in a word, that the glorious world of heroes should move in perfect dignity and serene poetic splendor,—this was the aim of the epic poet, as of every one, in whose fresh and vigorous fancy a subject kindled into life is struggling for utterance. The Ionic dialect answered this purpose the most completely. As the hexameter is, and must be, the peculiar metre of epic poetry, so may the Ionic dialect also be regarded as its peculiar organ, not only because it

furnishes the greatest multitude of lively and picturesque expressions, but the greatest variety of forms, in the most comprehensive sense of the term. As among all measures, the hexameter moves most freely within the limits of law, so the Ionic dialect, even in its ancient form, enjoys the greatest and most graceful freedom in its resolutions and contractions, as well as in the loose connection of sentences, the free movement of its numbers, and even in the carelessness, which it makes use of as a natural right. Its entire character is diffusive, unfolding its structure part by part, playful and episodical, as the genius of epic poetry itself, which, in its free movements, aims at nothing so much as at clear, minute, and natural representation. When this adaptation had once been seized upon, in its full perfection, by the lively perception of the Greeks, through the Homeric poems, they never could have conceived the thought of separating what had grown together, or of exchanging an organic part for another arbitrarily put on. But epic poetry, in a later time, and with a less picturesque language, could by no means be re-moulded, and what had bloomed in the infancy of the nation, if it lasted to mature age, could not but remain in its first and original simplicity. Hence, there neither was, nor could be, Attic or Dorian epic poetry, but it remained what it was, and must needs be, at its origin, Ionic in spirit, melody, language, and measure.

Hence, we may also easily explain the use of the Ionic dialect in the Muses of the Dorian Herodotus. As the rhapsodies of Homer are the epos of poetry, so the wondrous and enchanting work of Herodotus is the epos of history. The wanderings of the much enduring Ulysses embrace the whole extent of the then known or imagined world, and many great deeds of heroes, the various manners of men and of nations, countries and cities; and so Herodotus works into the rich and lively picture that

he unrolls before us, the deeds of elder and later times, the migrations of tribes and their kings, wonderful and pleasant adventures, wise and significant discourses, remarkable manners and modes of life among the people, extraordinary appearances of nature, and products of the laborious skill of man. Here, too, all is picturesque, lively, and minute. But the Doric dialect was no suitable organ for this epic spirit, and it might well have seemed impossible to shape it over for this purpose at a time when its character was already firmly fixed. Thus he adopted what was ready to his hands, the Ionic dialect, consecrated to epic poetry, and therefore suitable for his historical epos. And never was made a happier choice. Who would read the Muses of Herodotus in another language? Or who is so bereft of all perception of fitness, that he would have the Ionic of Herodotus, which pervades his whole work from beginning to end, translated into another dialect, the Attic, perhaps? For here, too, we see what so nobly distinguishes Grecian art in general, that wonderful concord between the substance and the form, that harmony of inward and outward music, the first and most indispensable condition of beauty, which is often neglected, and frequently despised, nay, even discarded by the moderns, with an insensibility of feeling only fit for barbarians. For the barbarian shows himself precisely in this, that he neglects the form, and heeds only the substance; that he severs the two, and neither observes nor appreciates their harmonious union.

When the period of the childhood of Hellas had passed into her youth, and the first fresh curiosity for what was new and wonderful was silenced; when the youth awoke, as it were, to consciousness, and began to reflect upon himself, then the outward world was stripped of some of its splendor, by the strongly excited world of his inner nature, that lay nearer, and the epic Muse



retreated before the lyric. Other flowers, of deeper tint and stronger perfume, sprang up in the garden of poetry. In the richly melodious odes of a Sappho, of an Alcaeus, of an Erinna, the inmost spirit of profound feeling was expressed, the soul entered into the external form, and, borne on the waves of harmony, the inspired word poured into the hearts of the hearers, and laid open their inmost feelings, while it stirred them to the lowest depths. As lyric poetry raises man above himself, by turning his thoughts within, it needed a deeper, more compressed, and more soaring language, like the *Æolic* and *Doric*, which thus became the proper organ of lyric, as the *Ionic* had been the organ of epic poetry. The same character, of greater intensive power, which is declared by the fuller sounds, deeper tones, and harsher verbal forms of the *Doric*, recommended it, as it appears, in connection with its quaintness,—for it had least deviated from the original language of Greece,—to the *Pythagorean* school, although its founder was an *Ionian*, inasmuch as the lofty and enthusiastic style of this school corresponded to the lyric spirit, as the fanciful theories of the *Ionian* philosophy in physics were akin to the epic art.

But still the virtues of these earlier times were but a partial excellence. The manly age came with the flower of the *Attic* times, and with it the circle of art was finished. Here, the single rays of excellence were drawn to a focus. The lively minuteness of the *Ionian* epic, and the deep fulness of the *Dorian* lyric poetry, met in the drama, in which the epic material freed itself from all that was incidental, and the narrow personality of lyric poetry, by being wedded to the dramatic material, acquired a broad and general character. As poetry put forth its crowning blossom here, so all the arts that embellish life, having sprung up in earlier times and other regions, were carried to perfection in *Attica*. Prose here entered the



lists with verse, and invented a peculiar dance of syllables, by which the free speech was first reduced to harmonious discourse, and propriety of language was transformed into eloquence. Here, for the first time, art became the centre of all the efforts of genius, and as the altar of Vesta united all the citizens of the same town, so the altar of art gathered together all the higher minds, in every species of intellectual action. Here philosophy founded a more venerable sanctuary, which united earth and heaven, where the graces of persuasion and of harmony, with the sister graces of poetry, the laughing satyrs, and the inspired Eros, danced around the flaming altar of wisdom. Thus, too, history grew up anew on this classic soil, moulded to a form of greater loftiness and dignity. The Attic history of Thucydides bears the same relation to the Ionic of Herodotus, that Attic tragedy bears to the Ionian Epos. Like tragedy, the Attic history renounces the free episodic movement; she seeks not to supply a pastime for the moment, but deep lessons for all coming times; she no longer desires to represent the world, but man, and the Providence that rules the world. If the Ionic history and Epopee resemble the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its smiling shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty, the Attic drama and history may be compared to a mighty stream, which noiselessly flows along within its steadfast banks, sweeps every obstacle in its strength away, no where turns aside from its onward course, salutes with equal dignity the flowery and the melancholy margin, and, after a long and majestic career, mingles with the ocean at last. As in the earlier periods, so, in this epoch also of the fullest bloom, art aims at a perfect harmony between the outward form and the inner substance. The Attic dialect united

in itself all the excellences of the others, without sharing their defects. Having no less life than the kindred Ionic, it shuns the loose constructions of the latter, and shares the fulness and strength of the Doric, without its hardness and roughness. With the culture of manhood and the freshness of youth, rich and harmonious, delicate and lithe, equally adapted to seriousness and mirth, it shapes itself to every form, and weds itself, with impartial love, to poetry and eloquence. As the Attic drama is the loftiest summit of ancient poetry, the Attic dialect is the flower of the Greek language, and alike fitted to describe external nature, and to give utterance to the deepest feelings of the soul. Thus it became of necessity the language of finished art, and could not but remain so while the perfection of art was understood and acknowledged. But lyric poetry, even in Attica, preserved the Doric form, so that, even in the lyric portion of the drama, a softened Dorian tone evermore prevailed. So, too, the epos, and the elegy, which shares with the epos the character of lingering detail, continued to be Ionic.

Thus, therefore, it came to pass, that the various dialects of the Greek language, so far as their nature allowed, were cultivated to a classical excellence, and several along with each other, each in its own department, even beyond the time of their actual use in life. Neither of these results was the work of chance; on the contrary, here as well as elsewhere were displayed the peculiar sense of the Greeks for the harmony of all the parts of an organic whole, and their scrupulous reluctance to disturb the old, when that had become consecrated by art. Far from them was the evil habit of setting the new above the ancient, and the newest above the new. Forms, that once stood forth in perfect excellence and beauty, were immovably fixed for all time; and even the use of different

dialects, in their proper departments, helped to make the internal character of each particular species sacred and inviolable, as the outward form was kept unchanged.

That deep and delicate perception, which is so wonderfully declared in the phenomenon here explained, as in all the departments of Grecian art, is one of the excellent qualities by which that nation, for ever to be admired, was distinguished before all other people. In them, if any where, is manifested the highest perfection of taste, which is itself in turn the last and purest flower of human genius. To gather this flower, to sow its seeds in our own minds, the garden of the Hellenic muses is opened before us. No other nation holds up a like example of perfection in such various forms, nor a like harmonious blending and combination of the most diversified elements in the same works; even the German, which, in other conditions requisite for art, might vie among the foremost with the Greeks, here falls below them. It is deficient in the natural development, which fell to the portion of the Greeks; and, instead of turning all its vigor to the care of the generous natural growth, it exhausts the greatest part of its strength in guarding against the foreign element, that is perpetually striving to gain a foothold. In spite, therefore, of resemblance in other particulars, nothing can form a stronger contrast, than the assured career of Grecian, and the wavering march of German art; while the former was only drawn towards the goal of perfection, the latter is each moment disturbed in its career by every accidental influence that approaches it. Hence, it has hitherto been impossible to unfold in Germany the inner sense of beauty and perfection with precision and certainty; hence, our neighbors, educated in a narrower sphere, but on surer principles, may be pardoned in this respect, for thinking that we have not yet quite outgrown the state of barbarism.

But if there has ever been a point of time, when the hope might be entertained, of seeing fulfilled the desire, so often disappointed, that a reign of science and art may be securely founded in Germany, and thereby a livelier sense for the beautiful and the great excited, and firmly established, that time is the present. The powerful movement, which shakes to its centre the intellectual province of the sciences, throughout all its borders; the mutual attraction of its various elements, once so divided; the ever-growing ardor of the aspiration felt by the best minds after something higher; the universal diffusion of a love for art;—these, and other causes, lead us to look to the future for a more finished intellectual education. We may also add, that the various misfortunes which the people have suffered, have increased, instead of weakening, the elasticity of their character, and have inflamed their desire, by rallying them closer around the banner of their language, to gain those laurels in the intellectual world, which have been torn from them in the struggle for temporal possessions.

VIII.

HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS  
OF THE  
LATIN LANGUAGE.

ABRIDGED FROM FERDINAND G. HAND.



## HISTORY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

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PERSONS, who have undertaken to write upon this subject, have generally entertained us with the history of Roman authors, rather than of the Latin language. It will be our object, to trace the internal changes of the language in regard to style of composition. But since there are some periods, of which no literary monuments have come down to us, the history of the language must, of necessity, always remain incomplete. Many expressions, which appear to us as singular, or peculiar to later writers, may have been in common use in some of those periods whose literature is lost.

The language of the Romans grew out of common life; but in the assemblies of the people, it acquired perspicuity and precision, as well as dignity and grace. Its form was moulded not less by the fortunes of the Roman people, than by its own original elements. It is not, like the Greek, the product of a single germ, which gradually unfolded by natural growth, but there are traces of foreign elements, varying so much in different periods, as to present striking contrasts. There were differences, too, in the condition of the people, which could not fail to leave their impress on the language. A free and high-minded nation, discussing grave questions in their

public councils, must employ a language and style widely different from those of an extravagant imperial court, with foreign manners. The figurative representations of the successive periods in the history of the language,—the golden, silver, brazen, iron ages, or the infancy, youth, manhood, old age of the language, are arbitrary distinctions, exhibiting no philosophical and exact views of the subject.

The Latin, as a living language, is naturally divided into two periods, that which preceded, and that which followed, the subversion of the Republic. The distinction between these two periods was produced, not so much by mere political changes, as by the new intellectual character of the people. But for the purpose of nicer discrimination, we may divide the history of the language into six shorter periods.

The first period extends from the earliest times to the age of Livius Andronicus, B. C. 240, or to the first Punic war, in which the language was formed from various dialects, and consolidated into the language of a whole people. At this late age, it is impossible to trace out accurately the way in which the original elements of the language were combined, but the elements themselves may be made out with a high degree of certainty. These are, the language of the aboriginal inhabitants, or the Latin in its most limited sense, which was cognate with the Oscan; the Oscan, which was diffused over the south of Italy, and received considerable culture, and continued to exist till the time of the emperors; the Sabine; the Etrurian or Tuscan, an independent language, which was spoken in the time of Aulus Gellius, but which cannot, as some would have us think, have been the principal ingredient of the Latin language; the early Greek, or Pelasgic, which was so early blended with the Latin, enriching it, if not otherwise changing its character, that



we are unable to point out its peculiar forms. The ancient writers themselves regarded the *Æolic* dialect as the original of the Latin; according to this view, the Greek furnished the basis of the language. Whether we are, with Grotefend, to consider the Umbrians as those who spoke this dialect of Greek in Italy, or, with Müller, the Siculi, cannot, in this remote age, be determined. The last element to be mentioned, is the Celtic, which must not be confounded with the German, which had no influence whatever in forming the Latin.

We must not imagine, that there was, in this first period, a Latin language common to all the people of Italy. There were various popular dialects existing together, and reciprocally influencing each other, out of which the Latin finally, by superior culture, became predominant. There was not even a common language of books at first, though, at a later period, the Greek dialect of Italy prevailed and became the language of literature. After it began to be cultivated, the older unpolished forms of speech fell into disuse and oblivion. Of this whole period, however, nothing but fragments remain; and these go to prove, that the language was rude in character and irregular in form.

The second period, which is the interval between the first Punic and the first civil war, B. C. 88, presents to our view the Romans in a state of internal prosperity, enjoying a well-settled and free government, directing all their energies to practical life, and to affairs of State, and holding, after the termination of the disquietudes of war, a lively intellectual intercourse with other nations. Their connection with the Greeks, after the second Punic war, in particular, aroused their mental activity, and contributed much to the improvement of the language. This was the commencement of literary effort among the Romans; and their enthusiasm, when once awakened, urged them on to

imitate, and even emulate, the Greeks in every species of composition. Greek grammarians and rhetoricians were found in Rome at this time; Greek models were held up to the Romans for imitation; and soon, as in the case of the histories of Lucius Lucullus, Aulus Albinus, and Scipio Africanus, works designed for the educated classes were written in Greek. The earliest improvements in the language were made by the epic and the dramatic poets. But still greater advances were subsequently effected among the people at large, upon whom statesmen and orators exerted a strong influence in regard to prose composition, enstamping indelibly upon it the character of earnestness and practical intelligence. A distinction came to be made, at length, between the *lingua vulgaris* and the *lingua Latina*. From the vulgar dialect of the populace in the city and the adjoining country, was distinguished the more correct, refined, and polished language of the educated, which was employed by the poets and the orators, and which, through their influence, finally became universal. Certain families of rank, as Cicero informs us respecting Scipio, cultivated this language more by elegant domestic usage, than by studying it as an art. The same author informs us, that the language of this period was not characterized by those peculiar forms which were afterwards designated as archaisms, but by that correct and elegant choice of words, and construction of sentences, which was observed in the conversation of refined society.

The language of the Romans, in its improved form, did not originate in the rules of art; it was the natural product of a vigorous national character. Hence, Quintilian compares the writings of Ennius to an ancient sacred grove of primeval trees, with their stately trunks. After the second Punic war, Krates Mallotes first introduced the study of grammar. By the

influence of the Greek models, to which the language was conformed, it was, indeed, rendered flexible and various; but it also became constrained by imitation in translations, as may be seen in the *Odyssey* of Livius Andronicus, and the versions of Naevius from *Æschylus* and *Euripides*. When no convenient word could be found in the Latin, the original word was transferred; and in this way the language was enriched to such an extent by Naevius, that Ennius could borrow many expressions from him. Thus the latter employed the word, *sophia*, as having a different shade of meaning from the Latin word, *sapientia*. Great liberties were taken in the formation of compound words, particularly those with prepositions, as in the words, *exlex*, *extorris*. Cicero mentions Marcus Cornelius Cethegus, as the first to whom Ennius accorded eloquence of diction. Even Cato, notwithstanding his Roman partialities, was finally compelled to admit the necessity of refining the Roman language, and, at last, himself resorted to the Greeks, as models of composition. Still, his style, though energetic and animated, remained stiff and unpolished.

Ennius, who died in the year of the city 505, may be considered as forming a second epoch in this period. Notwithstanding the truth of Ovid's remark, that he was "great in genius, though rude in art," he had a decided influence in the formation of the language. His genius was fertile in the invention of new words, and he had the Greek and Oscan languages perfectly at his command; but he was less skilful in the construction of sentences. Still he preserved the genuine character of the Latin, softened its asperities, and transformed its loose and abrupt style into one more compact and flowing. Pacuvius is represented, by some writers, as excelling Ennius, in accuracy of expression and skill in composition. In Plautus, we find a complete mastery of a pure and

graceful Latinity; though it is in Terence, that a direct aim at elegance of language first becomes observable. This last poet, in his delineation of polished manners, selected with care the most expressive words, and such as were authorized by the best usage. His fine taste preserved him from falling into a mannerism, and while he borrowed from the Greek, he studiously maintained what was characteristic in the Latin.

The aim of the writers of this period to perfect the Latin by means of the Greek, was not, of itself, a fault, so long as the independence of the former was maintained; and had this method been prosecuted farther, both vigor and flexibility might have become the characteristics of the Roman language. But soon these bounds of propriety were overstepped, and an affectation of Greek became general. The flood of effeminacy and daintiness became so great, as nearly to overpower, for a time, the efforts of the few who strove to maintain the original and natural energy of the language. The orators who addressed the assemblies of the people, were longest preserved from this false taste, and it was chiefly through their influence, that a strong barrier was raised, which stayed the progress of degeneracy and corruption. They adopted a language of simple earnestness and dignity, which was in keeping with the old Roman character. Seriousness and composure are the most obvious qualities which mark the style of this period.

During the third period, from the time of Sylla to that of Augustus, B. C. 29, the language of intercourse and of books, called by way of distinction, the Roman, was formed. The progress of its formation was rapid, and under the care of the erudite men who cultivated it, the Roman style quickly shot forth into full bloom. It grew up under the two-fold influence of the usage prevailing in families of rank and refinement, and of the scientific labors

of men of learning. Rome was the political centre, from which went forth the power that governed the conquered provinces, and the city with its environs formed a contrast to the rest of Italy. This Roman language, in distinction from the Latin, was "the refined language of the city, containing nothing which could offend, nothing which could displease, nothing which could be reprehended, nothing of foreign sound or odor." Thus Pollio represented the language of the city and the language of the country as clearly distinguishable from each other. The number of Latin dialects was as great as the present number of Italian dialects. Wherever in the municipal towns of upper Italy and in the provinces there was a literary activity, it was always with a view to Rome as the seat of culture and of good usage. Lucilius censured the language of Vectius for its betraying the dialect of Praeneste. Cicero, while he admitted that the Latin towns had literary men, insisted that the most cultivated among them were far removed from Roman refinement, and that there was, in the language of the best provincial orators, a want of the Roman coloring. They had to acquire by study what was naturally learned by practice in the capital. But we must not suppose, that it was in the power of a few writers in Rome to give law to language: nothing short of the current usage of refined society was recognized as having that power.

"To speak Latin," did not now, as in the former period, mean to speak according to the established laws of the language, but to speak the Roman dialect in its purity, without the corruptions of the rustic language, or the help of the Greek. Hence Quintilian's rule, "Let every word, and every sound, if possible, indicate an origin in this city, that your language may appear to be perfectly Roman, and not that of adopted citizenship." A principal source of culture, but, at the same time, of an artificial

style, was the Grecian influence in the schools and in general literature. In the schools of eloquence, the first exercises were in the Greek language; the study of the Greek models preceded the study of the Latin; and the Greek was regarded as the language of fashionable life.

The changes wrought in the language, during this period, were not inconsiderable. Anomalies were reduced to rule; foreign materials were brought in and assimilated; and every thing was conformed to the reigning taste. There was now a broad distinction between the old Latin and the new, and the former was rejected by the abettors of the new taste. Not only did style become a particular object of attention, but the study of oratory was so connected with efforts to bring out all the powers of the language, that prose composition was carried to a higher state of perfection than the poetical. A servile imitation of the Alexandrian taste weakened and impoverished the poetry of this period. Three causes conspired to produce the improvement just named; advancing knowledge made the poverty of the Latin language more and more perceptible, and stimulated to efforts to enrich it; the universal demand for strict accuracy in language led to great advances in the grammatical science; and, finally, the growing taste for elegance required more attention to style, in general. The language was made a subject of special investigation by such men as Varro and Cæsar.

While laboring to increase the affluence of the language, those, who were masters of Greek literature, introduced so many new words from that language, as to excite the opposition of the lovers of the national literature, whence a warm controversy arose between the corrupters of the language, as the former were styled, and the purists. But in this, as in all similar controversies, which usage, in spite of literary legislation, will retain what is already in general currency, went on in a middle course, neither

receiving all nor rejecting all that is of foreign extraction. Thus Cicero, when speaking of the word, *aer*, said, "It is Greek, indeed, but it is in general use, and passes for Latin." In the formation of new words, such, for example, as were proposed by Sisenna, some few were finally adopted, while others were rejected with scorn. Latin compounds, also, on account of their stiffness, which rendered them so different in this respect from those of the Greek language, were not favored by the Romans. Through the entire course of these changes, the spoken language took the lead, and written composition followed in the train.

Thus a usage was, at length, established, which could pass the ordeal of criticism. The principles of the language, settled in this manner, were universally recognized. Accuracy of expression, according to usage, favored accuracy of thought; and this, in turn, contributed to perspicuity and precision in language. Aulus Gellius represents Cæsar as saying, "Shun a new and unusual term, as you would a reef;" and Cicero even makes him say, "A happy choice of words is the source of eloquence."

Connected with accuracy of expression, was an increased attention to elegance of style; this, too, resulted from the prevalence of a Grecian taste. The language of popular eloquence became more and more rhetorical, while the study of philosophy, now coming into vogue, made it necessary to have a philosophical language, in the formation of which Cicero rendered a valuable service. He rightly insisted on a characteristic difference of style in oratory and philosophy; and thus the language gradually acquired a high degree of delicacy and flexibility. Harsh and inharmonious sounds were avoided, and in the construction of sentences, a certain rhythm was observed. The language had thus reached a high state of perfection; and now that foreign influences were, to a great extent,



withdrawn, a pure taste could find scope for its exercise in the native literature, without resorting to the Greek masters.

The names of Varro, Cæsar, and Cicero, may be mentioned as among those who contributed most to the improvement of the language. The name of Hortensius is also mentioned by modern writers, but we possess no means of ascertaining what his influence on the language was. The style of Varro, who was a good collector, and a good critic, though often vigorous, was nevertheless deficient in smoothness and equality. Julius Cæsar, according to Cicero's testimony, not only investigated the principles of the language, but was himself a master of style, skilfully combining beauty and grace with the the greatest simplicity. Cicero's merits in perfecting the language have always been acknowledged. He employed the Roman language, as above described, in all its richness, and even rendered it still more copious, partly by reviving what the old poets had introduced, and partly by the formation of new words after the analogy of the Greek. He was the framer of a philosophical and scientific language for the Romans. He increased, among his countrymen, the stock of abstract ideas, by introducing into the Latin language the speculations of the Greeks, and then, with a nice regard to logical accuracy, he formed for himself and others a corresponding nomenclature. His influence is particularly observable in the multiplication of abstract nouns, especially such as the words, *incitatio*, and *moderatio*.

While he enlarged the boundaries of the language, he was a steady supporter of its independence, and decidedly opposed to unnecessary innovations. However great the number of ideas and words borrowed from the Greeks, the construction of his sentences is always Latin. Very few Grecian idioms can be found in all his writings. He



was also very accurate in his grammatical and rhetorical principles, and is almost entirely free from faults of negligence. His leading principle in composition was clearness of conception, and great selectness in the choice of words. The principles of grammar,—I do not mean the grammar of our schools, but that of the Roman usage,—can be learned from no Latin writer so well as from Cicero. His language is, as might be expected, singularly perspicuous and definite; confused, imperfect, indefinite, and pompous expressions, which so abound in the later Latin, are never detected in him. After his residence in Rhodes, where he enjoyed the instructions of Molon, he carefully avoided every thing that was far-fetched and declamatory. But his solicitude and effort for perspicuity frequently carried him away into amplifications, and a diffuseness, which robbed his language of pregnancy and power. Hence, Asinius Pollio, and others, could justly complain of this habit, and represent it as an Asiatic verbosity. In the proper use of figurative language, in which the later Latin writers were so deficient, Cicero is a perfect model. His elevated and delicate taste, and strict sense of propriety, secured him against the most distant approach to grossness and vulgarity, while his rhetorical skill enabled him to give every word its most advantageous position. In this latter respect, he did much towards settling the laws of the language in respect to collocation of words. Nor is he to be regarded, in a less degree, as the inventor of a rhythmical cadence in the structure of sentences, in which he is without a rival. His sentences are skilfully moulded; their parts are so distributed and adjusted, as to combine unity and variety. But he was more practised, and consequently more successful, in the oratorical, than in the philosophical style, in the latter of which,

notwithstanding all his care, he is sometimes too much the orator.

There were two classes of writers opposed to Cicero; the one, in their artless simplicity, falling into carelessness and looseness of expression; the other, affecting the Attic salt, and becoming epigrammatic, while accusing him of diffuseness of style and emptiness of thought. Calvus, one of the latter class, by an excess of art, became affected, quaint, and stiff; and Pollio, by his overstrained efforts to be energetic, made himself obscure, and, while aiming to be rhythmical, became poetical. Sallust, although living in this period, belongs, by the character of his style, to a later age. In thought, he abounded in subtleties; in language, he employed antiquated forms, combined heterogeneous words, and sought effect in antitheses. He is widely distinguished from Cicero by his Greek constructions, the want of rhythm in his sentences, and by the poetical coloring of his language.

The fourth period in the history of the Latin language extends through the reign of Augustus to the time of Claudius, or to A. D. 54. The language of this age has been characterized as the *lingua elegans*. A change in the taste of elegant society at Rome, and in the spirit of the age generally, caused new modifications in the language. The struggle for liberty had died away, and a narrow spirit of selfishness and a love of display had succeeded. The public calamities, which had plunged so many families into wretchedness, had broken their spirit, and men were glad, after such a protracted suffering and disquiet, to return to the comforts of life, under almost any conditions. The administration of public affairs being now limited to the emperor and his ministry, men of refinement led a life of leisure, and yielded themselves a prey to the luxury generated by a

splendid and extravagant court. Sensual delights took the precedence, and the public taste could endure nothing which did not amuse and charm. Musings and revery took the place of intellectual culture; the thinking faculty, if exercised at all, did nothing but brood over the feelings. Thus a voluptuous sentimentality came to be the basis of the Roman character, which, in this respect, presented a striking contrast to that of ancient times. By an easy transition, the imagination passed from grave and solemn realities to the wildest fancies, in which there was not even a lingering recollection of the earlier days of prosperity under the old republic. Eloquence, which had begun to be neglected as early as Cicero's last days, now found support only in private life. Its flourishing period had disappeared, and even those older productions, which had formerly been held up as models of oratory, were now unsatisfactory, and appeared insipid. In the universal passion for dainty phraseology, excellence in prose composition could not be expected. Louder than ever was the complaint of the poverty of the language, now rendered the more palpable by the influx of foreign ideas, mostly Grecian. Lucretius says, "The poverty of our language makes it impossible to explain the human constitution;" and Seneca remarks, in a similar strain, "How great the indigence, or rather the abject poverty of our language, is, I have never felt more sensibly than now. When we speak of the doctrines of Plato, a thousand ideas present themselves for which we have no name, and of those for which we have corresponding words, many are lost to us on account of the fastidiousness of our taste." To supply this deficiency of terms, very little was done; but considerable labor was bestowed upon polishing and adorning those words which already existed. Of ancient words, many were preserved by the poets, but

many were entirely lost. Some, as the word *cicur*, never occur after the time of Cicero.

Though genius was thus cramped, and the vigor of thought weakened, there still remained a solicitude for accuracy and for elegance, which preserved the language from any perceptible decay, and, in some respects, even contributed, though by partial views, to its improvement. Elegance and grace of diction were particularly cultivated. But the old works of the language were pretty much forgotten, and the attempts of the lovers of antiquity to revive them were ridiculed. This we learn from Horace, who professed to hold the golden mean, but who, while he despised the insects of the day, still wanted the firmness to adhere to what was excellent in the old authors, and to build upon their foundation. The more sensible scholars and acute grammarians undertook the defence of the older productions, and it was easy for them to show, that the new, fashionable mode of polishing and coloring in style, would produce an artificial manner, ruinous to poetry itself. But the reigning taste was against them,—a taste, which refused to recognize the substantial excellence of the old authors, under their plain dress, and the rust of age that was upon them. This new style was termed *elegans*, or *nitida*. Seneca calls it *hanc recentem polituram*. Great labor was now bestowed upon exquisiteness and purity of language, and the more distinguished poets and amateurs submitted their productions to the verbal criticism of public and social circles, composed of competent judges. It was in view of such care and pains, that Horace said, *operosa carmina fingo*. What was formerly mere rusticity, was now called barbarism. The cultivation of the language was chiefly in the hands of the poets, and it is to them that we are to look for proper specimens of the language of this

period. Certain words, which were once current, were rejected by them, as inelegant; *etsi*, for example, is never used by Horace or Virgil.

The prevailing taste for elegance degenerated, in not a few writers, into what was artificial and far-fetched. "Some writers," says Seneca, "are so fond of what is striking, that they carefully break up easy sentences, which were naturally formed, so that the reader may fall upon something unexpected." Others, to appear original, affected a quaint style, and, by a studied omission of conjunctions, and by loose constructions, were betrayed into an unnatural obscurity. Even Augustus expressed his aversion to this "odor of recondite words." The faulty style of Sallust was absurdly imitated by L. Arruntius, who used such phrases as *exercitum argento fecit*, and *totus hiemavit annus*.

In Livy, we find the first traces of a new age, not, indeed, introduced by him, but first made known to us through his writings. Formed not so much under the teachers of rhetoric, as by an unusual familiarity with the classic productions of a former age, he fixed upon natural representation as the fundamental law of composition. His language, which was enriched by reviving from the older writers much that had gone out of use, and by introducing much, also, from what was current in social life, was constructed with particular reference to picturesque description; and while he gave himself free scope in regard to the formation of his sentences, he aimed more at a complete and natural expression of character, than at external regularity and exactness. He is, therefore, pre-eminently, a delineator of the heart, and is the first Latin author who particularly excels in drawing character. Not that he altogether overlooked accuracy, but he made it subordinate to pictorial effect. His constructions are sometimes hard and imperfect, and it

cannot be denied, that he sometimes seeks for what is unusual. From his time, we meet with new words, new modes of connection, a less delicate regard to the collocation of words, accidental forms of construction, Greek imitations, and a revival of old words.

During this period, the boundaries, within which eloquence had been confined, were enlarged, so as to include every species of prose composition, not less than oratory. The useful arts were now the subject of written compositions, in which the technical terms, employed in common life, were adopted. Vitruvius wrote on architecture, in the common language, adapted to the comprehension of the ordinary mechanic. Columella, Pomponius Mela, and Celsus, wrote with skill, and not without elegance, on scientific and practical subjects.

Cicero had long before predicted the downfall of eloquence; and Seneca referred to the effeminacy and luxury of the times, as the cause of the corruption of the language, and from this drew the general inference, "wherever you perceive that a corrupt taste pleases, be sure that the morals of the people have degenerated."

The fifth period embraces the interval from the reign of Claudius to the death of Trajan, in A. D. 117. The language of this period, which has been termed *lingua tumida*, was an exact image of the times. It was no longer an instrument of popular eloquence, but was confined to literature and to books. On the one hand, the prevailing love of pleasure gave the imagination an unbridled licentiousness, and the language was overloaded with gorgeous images and tropes; and, on the other, learning and philosophic observation imparted to strong minds a greater affluence of thought, which they wrought into labored forms of artificial beauty, or condensed into energetic and pointed language. Few had any simplicity or naturalness of style. The oratorical style degenerated

into empty declamation. Hence Tacitus and Quintilian came forth with their inquiries into the causes of the decline of eloquence, and ascribed it to a want of general culture, though Seneca, as we have seen, imputed it to moral causes. Roman Latinity, as distinguished from provincial, no longer existed; and the language passed from the safe-keeping of a few privileged families into the hands of the learned in all parts of the empire. The inventive powers of learned men took an entirely new direction. Hence, Quintilian observed, "We have totally changed the character of our language, and indulge ourselves unduly in innovations. We are not so much inferior to our ancestors in talent as in steadiness of purpose." Hence, too, Aulus Gellius could say, "Most Latin words have lost their native significations, and received others, adopted from habit or from ignorance." But it should be remembered, that the improvements made in the language in the preceding period, were artificial, being adapted only to the learned and refined, instead of growing naturally out of the character and habits of the people. The old tree put forth new shoots. The people, however, were no longer the old Romans, but an entirely new race. There was no longer at Rome a circle of accomplished men, giving law to language, but in all parts of the immense empire, a motley mixture of men of various kinds and degrees of culture, flocked together in the large towns. Simplicity of character and of style disappeared. The intellectual resistance, made to the corrupting tendencies of the times, was too feeble to be successful; and thus the good and the bad were indiscriminately thrown together in one mass.

The insufficiency of the language to express the increasing stock of abstract ideas, was unhesitatingly obviated by the formation of new words. So, for example, the idea of *possibility*, required the word,



*possibile*, for which the earlier writers were obliged to use the circumlocution, *quod fieri potest*;—"a harsh term," as Quintilian observes, "but the only one for the idea." Thus originated such words as *corporalis*, such substantives as *detractor*, *abolitio*, *prodigentia*, *adventus*, *placamentum*. The language inclined more to abstracts, for which adjectives, even in the singular number, were used, as in the case of *desertum*, and *obscurum noctis*, with Tacitus. New phrases and constructions, contrary to established usage, if not to analogy, were introduced. The signification of single words was either limited, as in *ægritudo*, used of the body only; or the signification was extended, as in *rigor*, applied to the mind. In grammatical usage, genitives, infinitives, and participles, were much more frequent than formerly.

In regard to the fine writing of this period, two things are to be remarked;—first, that in consequence of a diminished regard for correctness in idiom and manner, the old standard authors were no longer carefully studied for the formation of a good style, but were hastily read for purposes of compilation. In the second place, the greatest pains were taken to multiply ornaments, so that nature and simplicity were almost wholly sacrificed. The studied sententiousness of ambitious writers led to obscurity, to quaint antitheses, to a play upon words, and to a mixture of the prose and poetic styles. This decline of taste is clearly perceptible in Velleius Paterculus. Even such an independent writer as Tacitus, is not wholly free from these faults. He was also fond of blending incongruities in his diction, and often brought uncongenial words together, for the sake of rendering his style pointed and energetic. Composition assumed the form of apothegms; sentences were detached and abrupt. The language became adapted to writing compounds, and lost its free, and sonorous, and swelling periods



Quintilian describes the language of his time as "vitiating and corrupt; licentious in the use of words; wantonly indulging in sententious puerilities; immoderately inflated; pompous, without meaning; brilliant with flowers just ready to fall; substituting boldness for sublimity, and the madness of disorder for freedom."

The sixth and last period begins with the reign of Hadrian, and terminates with the extinction of the language in the fifth century. The interval between Hadrian and the Antonines, is the transition-period, or the preparation for a total downfall. After the reign of Trajan, the proper development of the language ceased; all the subsequent changes, instead of being organic in their nature, were arbitrarily assumed. In the fourth century, the process of corruption was even more rapid. Still, such works as those of Ammianus Marcellinus, Apollinaris Sidonius, Boethius Fronto, Lactantius, Solinus, and Symmachus, prove the incorrectness of the common representation, that there was at this time a total corruption. The truth is, that the pure Latin, in this century, was a dead language, formed exclusively by the reading of the old authors, and possessed only by a few learned men, who wrote the better for being retired from common and public life. In the fifth century, the greater part of the language was either foreign or provincial.

To the foregoing sketch of the history of the language, it will be in place to add a word respecting its character. Every nation leaves its own image stamped on its language, and consequently the latter can possess only such powers and such refinement as the character of the people would naturally originate. Every language has, however, two kinds of principles, the one resulting from the universal laws of thought, and common to all nations, the other from those modes of thought and conception

which are peculiar to one people. To the former belong the essential forms of speech; and though the Latin has no article nor optative, yet we know it has a way of making up these deficiencies, and must have, in order to satisfy the laws of the human mind. The second kind of principles is as much the result of peculiar modes of feeling as of thought. Connected with the latter are some peculiarities, which seem to be accidental,—for which, at least, we are unable to give a satisfactory account.

One of the most obvious peculiarities of the Latin language is its deficiency in abstract terms, and its prevailing use of concrete forms. Even abstract subjects were viewed under concrete images; and many words, which are correctly translated into the modern languages by abstracts, suggested to the Romans a more living conception. But it does not hence follow, that the Latin failed in precision. On the contrary, it seized upon the exact form of the perception, and gave it out as it was. Instead of stripping it of all individuality, and giving it a vague generic representation, it painted the specific form like an image on the retina of the eye. It had no words, for example, to express the first terms of the following phrases, “the feeling of joy,” “the objects of nature,” but it had an abundance of words to express the various kinds of joy and the individual objects of nature.

This deficiency is apparent in the small number of nouns compared with the number of verbs in the language. Substantives themselves are, in some sense, abstractions, whereas verbs are to a greater extent the living images of reality. The later Roman writers perceived this peculiarity of their language. Seneca, in replying to a friend, says in one of his letters; “Of what use is that facility of which you speak, so long as there is no way in which I can express this word (essence) in Latin, on account of which I have complained of the poverty of the language? Still

more clearly would you perceive our difficulties, if you were aware, that there was one single term for which I can find no equivalent. What is it? you will ask. It is τὸ ὄν. I may seem to you to be too fastidious, and you may insist that it can be rendered by *quod est*. But the difference is very great, since I am obliged to introduce a verb, which would encumber, if not utterly prevent the use of the word in many constructions." At a later period, new substantives were introduced to supply such deficiencies; but the difficulty of forming compounds in Latin, always sets limits to the number of abstract nouns. Hence Livy remarked; "The common people, by resorting to the Greek, which more easily admits of compounds, call these persons *androgyni*." Seneca says, "This practice more becomes the Greek language than ours, for while we admire such words as *κνυγταόχενα*, *incurvicervicum* would be laughed at." Still, such awkward compounds did subsequently find their way into the Latin.

The Romans resorted to various expedients for supplying the place of abstract nouns. They used *doctus vir*, for scholar; *honore judicioque*, for honorable decision; *nullum esse*, for nonentity; *eos quibus præsis*, for your subjects; *laboranti*, for in one's trouble. Many words are so dependent on others, that they cannot stand alone. Thus *auctor* cannot be used by itself, for a writer, nor *finis* for the end of a thing, as of a book. Though the Latin was deficient in the expression of metaphysical subtleties, it was a good instrument for logical reasoning.

Again, the Latin language is better adapted to the representation of real objects than to the utterance of impressions and feelings. The Romans directed their attention more particularly to affairs of active life, in which the perceptive faculties were more exercised than the speculative. Hence they were mainly anxious, in their language, to give true pictures of whatever presented itself

as an object of perception. They were more concerned about the substance than the form in their representations, and, therefore, did not, by peculiar forms and constructions, modify their words by nice shades of meaning, as the Greeks did. Words, with them, had a fixed, current import; their ideas were taken directly from real life, without passing through such a refining mental process as with the Greeks.

A third peculiarity of the language is its plainness and precision, as seen in its prevailing use of positive and explicit affirmation. The character of the old and pure Latin is remarkably assertatory. Hypothetical representations were not common till a later period, when the Greek influence prevailed in Roman literature. Consequently the language did not possess that nice tracery of fugitive thoughts and feelings with which the Greek abounded; a language which by means of its dialects, its particles, and its general flexibility, could so color and shade the subordinate parts of a sentence, as to insinuate in a thousand ways what it did not directly assert. The etymological meaning of words can be more easily traced by direct logical consequence in the Latin than in the Greek. Almost every signification, even when accidental in its origin, can be accounted for, by reason of the straight-forward course of thought peculiar to the Roman people. Every thing appears to spring naturally out of a sound exercise of the understanding. Many Latin constructions indicate, that the writers drew their materials directly from practical life, where established customs controlled alike the act and its delineation in writing.

That the language of the Romans was distinguished for perspicuity and simplicity, might be inferred from what has already been said. It was formed for the popular eloquence of a calculating people; it was the

language of deliberation, and its powers were developed in the form of plain, intelligible prose composition. There was little room here for the fancy to play with indefinite and half-formed images. Cæsar is characteristically described, as "holding up well-drawn pictures in a clear light." Loose constructions, carrying sentences into forms arbitrarily protracted, were avoided, as unfavorable to definiteness of aim, and energy of expression. The Latin, more than any other language, was subject to fixed usage. In the better periods of its history, no one could, with impunity, go beyond the limits of established general usage; authority was acknowledged as in no other language. Peculiarities are found only in certain ages, or in particular kinds of composition; and there they form the exception, not the rule.

Furthermore, a manly considerateness and gravity, peculiar to the Roman character, are visibly enstamped upon the language. It is regular and temperate in movement. "It may have great power, but not violence; a strong and perpetual current, but not the dashing of a torrent." Seneca, the author of these words, adds, a little further on, "The Roman language is circumspect, and addresses itself to the judgment of sober and calculating minds,"—a description which perfectly agrees with the Roman sense of dignity, and aversion both to vulgarity and to finery. There is, accordingly, something heavy in its expression of sentiment, a want of easy movement and playfulness, presenting a contrast of "Roman power" with "Attic grace." "The more delicate hues of language," observes the same writer, "seem to be denied us, and conceded only to the Greeks. We have not the Attic grace, but we have superior power; we are excelled in subtilty, but not in weightiness." A jest, in Latin, is generally heavy and astringent, and not light and playful, as in Greek.

The Latin language, having received its culture chiefly in social intercourse, and in popular assemblies, before being extensively used in books, early became pre-eminently the language of oratory. All language formed more for the ear than for the eye, gives greater scope to rhythmical expression. The arrangement of the thought, the position of the words, and the construction of the sentences, are all directed to a single object,—to readiness of apprehension. It cannot be denied, that the Latin language, and the whole body of its literature, have a rhetorical character, a circumstance which, when no precautions were taken, exposed it to the faults of diffuseness.

IX.

EDUCATION OF THE MORAL SENTIMENT

AMONG

THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

A DISCOURSE,

BY FREDERIC JACOBS.





## MORAL EDUCATION OF THE GREEKS.

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WHEN, once upon a time, as the ancients relate, Pythagoras, the Samian, had maintained a long and ingenious conversation with Leon, the prince of the Phliasians, the prince, surprised at the variety of his knowledge, and the sagacity of his views, asked him what art he chiefly practised; the sage replied, that he practised no art, but was a lover of wisdom. When Leon, marvelling at the novelty of the term, inquired its meaning, the Samian answered, that he thought the life of man might be compared to the public mart which was associated with the fairest and most sacred festivals of Greece. For, as at Olympia, some aspired to fame and distinction by bodily strength, others toiled for gain in the occupations of business, while others, finally, and those the best of all, regardless of admiration and profit, only observed and weighed attentively the conduct, character, and manners of the rest; just so, in the great mart of life, some were striving for fame, others for wealth; but that, besides these classes of persons, there still existed a small number, who, caring little for other objects, had turned their thoughts to the nature of things, and their essential character alone; and that these were the men whom he called lovers of wisdom, philosophers;

and as there, it was the most liberal and exalted part to be a looker-on, without regard to personal gain, so, too, in life, the contemplation of things, and the understanding of them, should be set above all other human endeavors.

In this decision of one of the wisest men of antiquity upon the order of precedence among the labors of man, which we see to have been recognized in later times, also, by the best of the Greeks, there is shown a sharp contrast between the mode of thinking of this nation and the sentiments of barbarous tribes. By them this order is reversed. They only admit the claims of gainful occupation, which has its gaze fixed on earth, and makes use of earthly materials, for earthly ends; they will barely endure the free play of the powers, which aims at nothing but to satisfy itself; they enjoy it, if it fills the time agreeably, but never hold it in high regard; the leisurely spectator, however, who only observes what is going forward, and how things come to pass, they are hardly willing to tolerate, regarding him as a parasitic member of the community. Most certainly they will discover nothing exalted in such an occupation; and as, according to their view, this mark of honor belongs not even to the first class of the Samian sage, and the second, by universal consent, has no claim whatever thereto, so, among the barbarians in the open mart of life, as Pythagoras calls it, no place will any where be found for lofty excellence.

Now, however, there can be no doubt that a nation rids itself of the stigma of barbarism, just in proportion as it not merely respects, but, in comparison with selfish pursuits, holds, as pre-eminently generous, liberal, and exalted, the disinterested effort for the acquisition of knowledge, which shows itself in contemplation, and the free play of mind, which is brought to light in the production and representation of the beautiful.

We are acquainted with no nation of the ancient world, among whom this strain of thought was so controlling, or among whom, in the whole tendency of their political life, and of the festal assemblies, it stood forth so real and lively as among the Greeks. It was not here a specious opinion, but a deeply-rooted, though often obscure belief, which pervaded the whole civilization of Greece, and even stamped upon it the characteristic seal of a spirit nobler and loftier than common. Or is there aught that would fain make a stronger claim to this superior excellence, than that religious tone of feeling, which pays homage only to the beautiful and the lofty; esteems naught highly, that is not great, but holds naught great, unless it soar beyond the sphere of earth? Or could one doubt the existence of such a tone of feeling among the Greeks, where what is greatest and most beautiful is revealed to us, in the domain of art, by countless noble works, and in the province of political life, by just as many examples of great renunciation, sublime self-sacrifice, and illustrious deeds; nay, where even whole communities, like the Spartan State, founded on belief in the might of the idea, knew no greater blessing than freedom, and sacrificed life itself with delight for the preservation of this blessing, which was purchased by a joyless existence?

We may venture unhesitatingly to appeal to the voice of history, as well as to the feeling of every man, who has taken a comprehensive view of the deeds and works of the Grecian world in connection with their political institutions, their internal and external relations, their legislation, science and art, for confirmation of the fact, that among them breathes the breath of a beautiful morality as among no other people, and that the magical splendor which yet pours around them, after so many centuries, is nothing else than the reflection of a purer nature and of a superior excellence of character. What the ancients

declared of the Indian kings, that they were much statelier and nobler than their subjects, may be affirmed of the Greeks, in comparison with other nations. And as, according to the belief of antiquity, the gods selected but a few from the mass of men, whom they thought worthy to be instructed by themselves, and even adorned the life of those, whom they desired to render truly happy, so, also, they seem to have chosen the Greeks from the mass of nations, in order to hold them up as their special favorites to future ages. For even now, after such manifold changes of time and circumstances, Greek antiquity appears to us not merely as an object of admiration, in many points of view, but also, taking into consideration the infirmity of man, as endowed more than any other nation, with an exquisite refinement of moral feeling. Where, indeed, could a compensation be found for the European world,—moulded as it has been the last four hundred years, in its highest relations,—were it possible suddenly to snap asunder the threads that bind it to antiquity; or, if its works could be annihilated, and even the memory of their greatness and excellence sunk in the waves of oblivion? Whither could the European world turn, to find in deed and in truth another model of exalting virtue, in the relations of men and of citizens, if the gods and heroes of this earthly Olympus were withdrawn from our gaze, and for us were overthrown the frame of this wondrous world, in which the loftiest greatness seems not impossible of belief, because all there stands so high? this world, full of mighty vigor, as of grace and charm, in which beauty seems moral, and morality looks beautiful, and both appear as a peculiar growth of nature, and in this phenomenon give an example of a concordant union of qualities, which singly beget applause or reverence, but only in their harmonious blending can enchant the soul and raise it above itself.

Now, if it should here be asked, what the nations of modern times, with the numberless advantages which the measureless increase of knowledge of every sort, and the multiplication of the means for attaining what we call culture, and, finally, the correction of so many conceptions of God, and of divine things, that influence the moral feelings, which we owe to Christianity, have undeniably supplied; if it be asked, what, as far as regards the use made of such important advantages, they have yet to set off against antiquity, a more complete reply to this very comprehensive question may be left for others; but we choose to confine ourselves to an investigation of the sources from which flowed the superiority of the Greeks, we have mentioned before. Did they both stand, with regard to morality, in an inverted relation; had the Greeks been enlightened and warmed by the revelations of Christianity, and were the modern world sunk in polytheism and heathenism, the solution of the latter problem would be extremely easy. On the other hand, it is undeniable, that the teaching of virtue, so far as that is comprehended in words and doctrines, was defective among the most of the Greeks; but the mythical religion, instead of giving life and purity to the idea of morals, rather darkened and confounded them; while the Christian world, as it should seem, is not only guarded by the light of religion from error, but guided by her commands along the path of a generous and moral culture, and invited to a virtuous and godly life.

Now what may be drawn, by way of reply to the question proposed, from outward and accidental influences, has indeed passed unnoticed by but few who have written upon this nation; but yet the real efficacy of these influences has been sometimes estimated quite too highly. It is certainly true, that where morality is to unfold its

fairest blossoms, nature must have bestowed her gifts with no step-mother's niggard hand; but these gifts, which of themselves are neither moral nor the opposite, require, like a vigorous soil, in order to bear fruit, sound seed, and the sunshine of a wise and wholesome fostering care. As the sky of Hellas surpasses nearly all other climates in brightness and elasticity, so, also, has nature dealt most lovingly with the inhabitants of this land. Through the whole being of the Greek there reigned supreme a quick susceptibility, out of which sprang a gladsome serenity of temper and a keen enjoyment of life; acute senses, and nimbleness of apprehension; a guileless and childlike feeling, full of trust and faith, combined with prudence and forecast. These peculiarities lay so deeply imbedded in the inmost nature of the Greeks, that no revolutions of time and circumstances have yet been able utterly to destroy them; nay, it may be asserted, that even now, after centuries of degradation, they have not been wholly extinguished in the inhabitants of ancient Hellas. They are stamped, like an Hellenic signet, upon their greatest and noblest deeds, as well as upon their worst crimes; and the earnest temper of the historian is not, perhaps, quite just, when he pours out his wrath upon an inflammability of character, which, like the heat of a volcanic soil, sometimes lays waste, and sometimes kindly fosters; or, upon the childlike temper, that hastily takes up, and quickly throws aside, easily commits a crime, and easier still repents; breaks out with wrath, to its own harm, and loves with equal violence; pursues sport with seriousness, and often deals sportively with matters of serious weight. This is not the proper subject for just anger. As in most of the affairs of earth, evil is here mingled with good, and, like mirth and melancholy, spring from one and the same root. The same power,

which clothes the earth's surface with healing plants, and giveth increase to the most generous wines, brings forth also the multitude of useless and poisonous weeds.

But the more vigorous the powers of nature were in that people, the more urgent becomes the question, what it was that tempered their violence, and made that which threatened to act destructively in them, beneficent. What was it that so triumphantly opposed sublime abstinence to wild impulse, the cool contempt of death to the glowing joy of life, and a sacred and pious respect for moderation and discipline to unbridled desire? Whence came that self-control, which takes such mighty hold of us, just when contrasted with surpassing power? that reverence for the majesty of law? that temperance in enjoyment, along with the most fiery temptations, and the richest abundance of its objects? the tendency to the ideal, in the very midst of a subduing reality? And if these phenomena are not to be attributed to a blind force of nature, what, then, did so wondrously strengthen and wing the moral freedom of man's exalted nature, precisely among this people?

If morality is the inward health of man, and health consists in the harmonious accord of all his powers, so that even his baser part, the chaos of his impulses and desires, obeys the free principle of his higher nature, not merely with a slavish fear, but, pervaded by this principle, itself assumes the character of freedom; it is manifest, that such a harmony cannot be the result of force and compulsion. Morality is inward beauty; but beauty is the flower of freedom. Severe law makes the useful slave, but the moral man should be the very image of freedom. True, indeed, above the warring elements of manifold powers, impulses and inclinations, which primarily toss and billow in the soul, hovers the imperial will, as an austere Nemesis, with her measure of right, or as inexorable Justice, to check the wild uproar, and to

enforce the majesty of law. Certainly, this power, certainly, the god in man, must enjoin reverence upon the lower nature, and fright it back within its banks, when it breaks through the barriers; but he who restores the lost equipoise, is not therefore its author and creator. As, according to a profound opinion of the ancient sages, the stormy rage of the yeasty elements, and their wild discord, were dissolved and reduced to order by the power of love, so, too, is it the magic of beauty in the human soul, which curbs its passions with gentle rein; it is the breath of love, that unites like to like, and reconciles the jarring elements; that unfolds the hidden germ of the inner man, until it blossoms, and works the miracle of a harmony, by which unruly accident is pervaded with the law of necessity, and necessity itself is transfigured to the shape of freedom.

Hence it has long been acknowledged, that human nature, in order to be trained to morality, requires a mediator, who shall reconcile the severity of unbending law with the wantonness of wildly-stirring impulses; purify and exalt them; soften by love the former, without abasement of its majesty; and it has been acknowledged, too, that this mediator is no other than the idea of beauty and sublimity, in which the divine nature, as the source and origin of the moral law, reveals itself in the earthly. This is the sun of the heaven within us, around which the elements of our being gather in regular and freely moving dance; pervaded by whose beams, every impulse is transfigured, and when the time for action is at hand, comes forth, like the son of Tydeus, with glory blazing round it, kindling admiration and emulous delight.

Hence it follows, as the first demand upon an education which is to form the morals, that it set up in the soul, and inspire with life, the idea of the beautiful and the great, along with imperative law. That the stream of unbridled



caprice, and of the selfish despotism of the passions, may retire within safe banks, and that blind impulse may freely fall in with the order of a legislating government of the intellect, unshackled force must be encountered by the idea, which, because it comes down from God, is mightier than every earthly influence; as law, imperative; but, as beauty, and veiled under the ethereal disguise of an image recognizable by the senses, kindly chiming in with the inclinations of the heart. For, in man's inward economy, none of the priceless powers of his nature should be lost; each should keep the place in which it can work with the best and most salutary effect; and, inasmuch as they all tend towards his godlike part, his inmost being should be moulded to a whole, of the purest, holiest, and most enchanting harmony.

For the attainment of such an end, even the most complete and profound instruction is insufficient; nor can an education promote it, which, instead of freely and harmoniously unfolding the powers of the soul, only aims to establish the supremacy of the understanding, and for this purpose, exhausts itself in the invention and application of methods and mechanical means. An education of this kind is much more likely to destroy the germ which it should waken into life, because, instead of leading the mind to freedom, it subjects it to habit, which is essentially different from virtue, and would fain barter moral freedom for an instinct which befits only the beast. Mechanism has never given birth to greatness in the moral world. Nature, which never makes one flower like another, multiplies the variety of her forms the higher she ascends; but she reaches her greatest variety in the realm of morals. And would it not be a sin against her laws to resist this tendency? to aim at uniformity, where she seeks the greatest variety? and so, were it possible,

to dwarf the hardy growth of the cedar down to the measure of the dottard?

No nation, that believed in the force of education generally, has ever kept itself freer from this error than the Greek. The exuberance of inbred vigor, which they were conscious of possessing, early moved them to look round for the means of over-mastering it. But while they recognized the principle of the maxim, "nothing to excess," and the rule of moderation as the great law of culture, they never forgot that overflowing fulness might be arrested without drying it up, and that the excess of power should be curbed, but not crippled. They educated the youth according to this conviction; according to it, they trained themselves until they reached the years of maturity; and the vigorous morality, which delights us in them, was the work of this education. We shall, therefore, have to speak here, not merely of that education which was marked out for childhood, but of the means of moral culture at large, which were found in Greece; a subject which will most easily fall into the proper order, if we first consider the peculiarities of the Grecian mode of youthful education, and then the springs from which the men of ripened years continually moistened the plant of mental and moral culture.

As the education of the Grecian youth has been described by many, we shall confine ourselves to the attempt to trace its spirit according to the principles that have been already intimated. But it will not be useless to remark, in this place, that, although we are here to speak of Grecian culture in general, we nevertheless give our attention chiefly to Attica, not only because we possess the most complete knowledge of this country, but, also, because the subject of our observations is here shown in its greatest perfection.

With a great diversity of details, Greek education was chiefly limited to two things, Gymnastics and Music. All that served for the improvement of the body was comprehended under the first, and what was adapted to unfold the mind, under the second. One was intended to complete, nay, to pervade the other, and, from the union of the two, should proceed that tone of feeling which ennobles the enjoyment of the life of the senses, endures hardships for the sake of higher objects, scorns danger and death for freedom and country, and bears prosperity and leisure with easy grace and dignity. An education, that wanted either the one or the other, would have been rejected as illiberal; hence, even the Spartan discipline, strongly as its objects tended to a partial and imperfect cultivation of the powers, did not neglect the musical education. On this two-fold path, the youth, as soon as he had outgrown the women's care, was led on towards a moral goal. But how this was done, and how even gymnastics had a decided bearing upon the morals, it is incumbent on us, above all things, to show.

Here, that our judgment may not be led astray, by confounding together different though closely-connected subjects, we must be careful not to confound gymnastics with athletic exercises. The former only was considered a means of culture for freeborn youths, while athletic training was deemed a mechanical trade, that often disfigured the body, and either left the mind vacant, or else led it into a savage and unruly state. For, while the athletic art,—being, in its degeneracy, closely connected with the art of the tumbler,—was occupied, not in developing the whole body, but only in carrying this or that of its powers to the highest perfection, nay, to a wonderful degree, gymnastics aimed, by the uniform development of every part of the body, to promote its health, and to make it prompt and vigorous for every

service. It is an erroneous idea, to limit the aim of these exercises to war alone, for the hardships of which, they were, indeed, a preparation, but no more than they taught the proper enjoyment of the repose of peace. For what gymnastics aimed at, independently of all practical use, was, to procure for the mind the most befitting repose, by the consciousness of dominion over the body in its healthy state, and by the harmony between the obedient and the ruling part, and to set forth the inward harmony of the free spirit, by the outward appearance. Hence, the want of that becoming address, which gymnastics secured, was censured as the distinguishing mark of a barbarian, and a baseborn man, inasmuch as it betokened either vulgar strength of body, or feebleness and incapacity, an offensive want of equipoise.

Now, while the blooming youth, under the eyes of their teachers and of the gymnastic masters, who were appointed and watched by the magistrates, and in whom correct sentiments and morals were required, no less than a knowledge of their business, in a spot consecrated and protected by the gods, engaged in a toilsome, but delightful sport, after a strict method and the most precise laws, they became not only accustomed to submit with pleasure to law, which is the foundation of civic discipline, but learned, at the same time, what deserves no less attention, to guard, inviolate and pure, sacred modesty, the root of all morality. The asceticism of a later age, revolutionized in all its elements, has unjustly taken offence at the nudity of the Grecian youth in their gymnasia, and seen a slough of the most infamous moral corruption, where dwelt at first innocence and order. All is not to be called immoral that offends the rules of modern decency, which is often made to serve as a veil to the deepest corruption. For, that false shame, which, under the show of decency, secretly fosters licentiousness, which, like a hidden fire, wastes away the

bloom of youth, and often makes a richly gifted nature incapable of every great and noble effort, is the very antipodes of innocence. Who was ever more modest than the Grecian youth in the common intercourse of life? Where was innocence ever more anxiously guarded, and sacred shame fostered with greater wisdom? Unharméd, they practised their exhilarating employment, robed beautifully in the peculiar sanctity of youth. The delight and enthusiasm they felt in the hardy exercises which absorbed them, were a sufficient safeguard against the poisonous breath of impure desire. Thus gymnastics, like art, affected the moral feelings. As in the latter, the weight of the material substance, pervaded by the living idea within it, seems to vanish from the eye of the body, and only the image, as the symbol of the idea, remains in the soul, so, also, in the gymnasia, all other thoughts and feelings were lost in the delight inspired by the nature of the occupation and its exalted aims.

The moral influence of the gymnasia was felt through the whole life of the Greeks, and far from being schools of profligacy, they rather accustomed the pupils, not only to distinguish, but to honor beauty. Hence, too, among no other people, has art managed the nude with more chasteness, nor kept itself, in the representation of human and divine beings, more aloof from those impure suggestions, to which modern art, regardless of the demands of morals and religion, has only too often been degraded. It was also in the gymnasia, that the friendship of beautiful young men grew up most frequently, which seemed to prolong the heroic age, and, as it sprang from virtue, so it produced virtue. This kind of friendship, in which the glow of feeling was refined into the noblest enthusiasm, was so favored by the political institutions of the Grecian world, that, even were the ancients silent upon it, it must have been, almost of necessity,

pre-supposed. True, indeed, the female sex were, through its influence, withdrawn somewhat more into the privacy of the women's apartment; but how could this be otherwise, in a democracy which tolerates no half-way condition, but can only flourish through men and lofty manhood? But, although here and there, the women themselves were cultivated up to a certain point of greatness, as in Sparta, or though some raised themselves, by their own efforts, above the ordinary measure of womanhood, still the last case too seldom occurred, to make any material difference, and the former was not without its disadvantages; so that the citizen, who was formed, not for the narrow sphere of domestic life, but for public affairs, felt the need of a companion, in whose early vigor, sustained and elevated by the virtue of the older friend, he loved to look upon the prolongation of his own youthful bloom. That this generous and moral affection often degenerated into infamous vice is readily admitted. Far oftener it seems great and sacred; a source of noble deeds and glorious sacrifices; free from all effeminacy; a parent of manly strength, and a rich source of that divine enthusiasm which subdues fear, defies death, and can live and die for country, right, and law.

Further, it is not unimportant to remark, that the gymnasia, as schools of emulation, served to purify the passion for distinction. To kindle ambition, as well as to keep it within proper limits, is one of the most difficult problems of modern education; and, for the ancient States, its solution was perhaps of the more importance, because, for want of a centralizing political force, the effects of a bad ambition must have been more pernicious, than in a monarchy, where the distribution of power among many members seldom allows individuals to run into any great excess. Aside from this view, however, for the individual all ambition is pernicious, which, without

virtue, aspires to virtue's rewards, and struggles to gain, by mere deception and varied hypocritic fraud, that consideration which belongs to worth alone. This is the rock, that threatens that kind of emulation which is directed only to the acquisition of knowledge, as it can, in this case, never be known whether it has set up a worthy goal for the aspirations of the mind, inasmuch as it easily happens, that even the low seems high when encompassed with the cloud of deception. The gymnasia of the ancients, on the contrary, were a centre of the most open and honest endeavor; and, as this endeavor was noble in itself, and, without the least reference to further use or future reward, was directed to an agreeable object, so no deception was to be thought of in the case, but the contest was every way honorable, and the reward deserved by the strict fulfilment of the legally prescribed conditions. Whenever the contrary happens, a retrograde movement in moral education is unavoidable, since either vanity or self-interest, or both together, are nourished and fostered; while he, who exercised the powers of his body in the palaestra according to the law, advanced by every victory over a rival, in that kind of culture which was sought here alone, and could here alone be won.

The kindred nature of the subject brings us to the solemn games, which, with their differences in other respects, yet, like the gymnastic exercises, cherished a respect for voluntary and disinterested efforts of strength and the sacrifice of wealth. It was with reference to this effect, that those games were held as sacred. In them, more perhaps than in any other stated solemnity, they believed that they felt the presence of the gods, who gathered for their own glory a whole people, in the shade of a hallowed grove, by sacred rivers, and led those, who, with long practised strength, entered upon the race-ground, through peril and toil, to a goal, where a speedily



withering crown was the reward, or rather the symbol of the reward, of victory. Every body knows how high such a victory, which led to nothing further, stood in the eyes of the people, and what a glory it shed, not only on the person of the victor, but even on his country and his whole race. Neither must we here think of any bearing it had upon war. The ancients expressly declare, that, of a great number of *Athletes*, who had gained the prizes, only a very few distinguished themselves in war; and, even were athletic exercises admitted to be available in war, how could this consideration have kindled that enthusiasm, in which it was fancied that the highest degree of earthly happiness had been gained by the victor, and his future care must be, not to forget his self-command while standing on this giddy height. This enthusiasm must have flowed from another and a purer source. The vigorous, disinterested, and heaven-favored game, was to them a joyous image of the life of great men, who struggle through the long career of severe duties, in order to enjoy, at the high goal, the quickening breath of future immortality.

Now, also, in order to speak of the second part of education, the musical, which embraced all that seemed requisite for the cultivation of the mind, we must first consider music in its more restricted and peculiar sense. The modern world has by no means weighed, according to its importance, the fact, that music is not only an object but a means of education, and can promote or hinder moral culture; nay, widely as the power of enjoying it is extended, still it seems to but few of sufficient importance to be an object of attention to the State, the government, and the laws. Music is to the modern world, as well as other arts, but music pre-eminently, a means of recreation after the toils of the day are over, or a delightful occupation for vacant hours, which may, at the same time, serve as a



social amusement, perhaps, only more deeply and tenderly to move the heart by its varied charms. But that this emotion may have a moral influence, may be wholesome or injurious, is but seldom remarked, although it cannot be denied, that whatever has the power of seizing upon the heart, can both exalt, and lower and degrade it. But this art is abused in more ways than one, in the education of the young; it is practised only as an amusement, and with no thought of its serious purposes; then, in order to reach the maximum of artifice, difficulties are accumulated, without regard to sense or substance, and it is turned into a school of vanity; finally, because released from the accompaniment of words, it is converted into an unmeaning display of enervating fascinations. For in this, its unfettered form, it is almost inevitable, that the wonderful art, by the endless abundance of ideas guided by it, shapeless and undeveloped to the soul, should breed a melancholy, which, often indulged, unmans the mind. To the unsteady and wavering spirit of youth so vague a pleasure should be offered, least of all. Hence no music is really healthy to them, except that which clothes noble words in tones of like character, and lends to lofty thoughts its ethereal wings.

The ancients understood themselves perfectly on these principles. Among them, music was united with poetry, and inherited from the earliest times and their heroes. In the camp of the Greeks, and while the battle was roaring in the distance, the son of Peleus touched the strings of the lyre, and unburdened his heart of its sorrow, while he sang the glory and the deeds of former times. Chiron, the wise centaur, was also a singer, and the sons of heroes, trained in his school, learned of him the inspiring art. Wherever we meet it, it stands in league with poetry; at times, also, they both clasp the band of the graces around the sister dance in the festivals

of the gods. In this communion, it guided the hearts of men to the loftiest aims, and seemed to work miracles. For not without historical foundation, like phantoms floating in the clouds, are those old legends of a Thracian Orpheus, an Amphion, and other singers of hoary eld, who, not by exceeding art, but by the wise use which they knew how to make of the simple means of their art, moved to their inmost depths the hearts of mankind, just awakening to consciousness, and seemed to breathe a soul into nature herself, by the living strength of their inspired songs. Thus, too, was music handed down to after generations. Long time remained she true to her olden form in the schools of youth, where, wedded to the simple and inspired words of ancient songs, she seemed like the voice of the past. All was here harmonious and united. The words were earnest, pious and instructive; the rhythms were magnificent and solemn, the melody simple and appropriate, so that she encompassed the body of the words only with the mist of a delicate veil, and enlivened the strong outlines of the poem by a few softly tinted colors. While the art, in this manner, took a strong hold of the heart, to bear it upwards with itself into the atmosphere of the gods, from which its spirit-voice seems to resound, it contributed essentially to the purification of the feelings; and, at the same time, by displaying lofty figures, through the means of poetry, guarded against the danger that the feelings would dissolve in the voluptuousness of unmanly enjoyment. On this effect of music only one opinion prevailed among the ancients. As it is well known to every one, says Aristotle, that the whole tone of the feelings is changed by the varieties of music, so, too, it is impossible to doubt, that song and rhythm can form the soul to morals; and that between the nature of the soul, and the nature of rhythms and of harmony, a close relation seems to exist; and hence

many philosophers affirmed, that the soul was either harmony itself, or contained harmony in itself. Plato also declares, in more than one passage of his works, that rhythm and harmony, by deeply penetrating and seizing upon the soul, introduces morality, propriety and dignity; and wholly in accordance with these views is the opinion, that the corruption of morals among many nations resulted from the neglect of these principles, and that the decline of entire States was the consequence of the changes which music had undergone.

By this view of music, it was decided how and to what extent the art was to be applied in education. The striving for an excess of artificial execution was rejected as illiberal; hence, also, it was enjoined to carry the study of the art only so far as was necessary to recognize the beautiful in song and rhythm. For this reason, the most intelligent among the ancients disapproved of instruction upon such instruments as were very difficult to manage; accordingly, the Bæotian flute, for example, was rejected in Athens, because, besides this, instead of producing a moral tone of mind, it was rather a disturber of the calmness and serenity of the soul. Thus, also, in the instruction of youth, all kinds of rhythm were not indiscriminately allowed, but only those which were believed to purify the passions; and the Dorian mood was accordingly preferred to all other melodies, because it most completely represented dignified repose, and, more than any other, bore stamped upon it the character of courage and manliness.

If these and similar reflections, which can here be merely indicated by us, but are wont to be set forth by the ancients with the greatest earnestness, as upon one of the weightiest subjects, are either strange, or indifferent, or ludicrous to the modern world, this fact does not prove their unreasonableness, but rather, that among the

ancients the moral sense was more exquisite, and the respect for its sacred character, and for all the means by which it may either be fortified or violated, was more deeply grounded. The modern world, filled with the delusive dream, of sufficiently forwarding the aims of humanity by theories and sermons, has, for the most part, left the rest to accident; and then accident has never ceased, in what we call culture, to break up, by the intermingling of hostile elements, its inward unity. Thus in our age, by the excess of artificiality, after which modern music strives, its moral efficacy is almost destroyed, and in its place an admiration for difficulties overcome has succeeded, which, if it ever rises to enthusiasm, is fruitless, perhaps even ruinous, to moral culture. The further art follows this tendency, the less will it accomplish for that on which the ancients set the greatest value; and it is probable, that it will pursue this path, until the abuse, when it has reached the highest summit, shall perish by its own excess.

The next thing we have to do is to speak of poetry, as that which, among the musical means of culture, takes the first rank along with music proper. As this art, in which the ancients rightly saw a gift of the gods, and a token of their love to the human race, contributed most, during the youthful period of the aspiring Grecian world, to draw out the delicate blossom of moral feeling, its rank remained inviolate, even through the following times, in the education of the young, and the continued culture of the more advanced. In this way, the first and greatest benefactors of the Greeks were those highly gifted interpreters of the muses, who grew up in Greece like a miracle of nature, and as they first kindled on the altars of the genius of a higher humanity the sacred flame which glowed and burned within them, have filled with light and heat a long succession of ages. As the state of the

heavens in early morning mostly determines the weather of the whole day, so the ruddy dawn of the Grecian sky decided the course of culture among this people. From the twilight of their antiquity, gleamed upon them, through an interval of gloomier times, and perhaps only the more brightly on that very account, encircled with the radiant crown of heroic poesy, the deeds of great forefathers, and a mighty race, the kindred of the gods. A wondrous world, peopled with lofty shapes, filled their popular songs; and this world was their own; it was the heads of their families, the founders of their States, the kings of their cities, who moved in this lustre, and, with intelligible voice summoned every Grecian heart to admire and imitate. With these voices the soul of the boy was made familiar, as soon as his powers began to awaken; and, as Homer's poems were the rich source of all art in Greece, so were they also a school of morality, in which the old as well as the young were taught. A work like this, no other nation of our quarter of the globe has possessed; a work, in which the perfection of the form stands in such equipoise with the wealth of the national material unfolded by the poet, with equal calmness and love, that one may doubt whether the Greeks learned more, or enjoyed more pleasure, or derived more cultivation from it. This school of heroic poetry, which likewise possessed the advantage of an olden, and, as it were, consecrated language, seemed to people the young man's soul with friendly gods and guardian spirits; and, as Athena stands at the side of the son of Tydeus, in the battle's din, and with nimble hand turns off the hostile shaft, so the imperishable glory of those high forms attended the Grecian youth, in order to shield or rescue his better nature amidst the turmoil of life. Thus, therefore, the gods, whose friendly presence, according to the ancient faith, had adorned the life of the heroes, had not vanished

even from the later race. And, as their image had stood before the soul of the poets, so, through the mediation of these, their favorites, did they appear to others also, and spake to them, through the mouths of the poets, who were looked upon by the wisest and best, as the favored darlings of the immortals, and sometimes as their interpreters among men.

Considered from this point of view, the custom established by antiquity, of making the poets, and Homer, particularly, the basis of moral education, is perfectly justified. True, indeed, the Homeric poems, like every work of such ancient times, contain a great deal that will not stand the test of a severe morality; a circumstance that led the ancients themselves sometimes into error, when they fixed their view too closely on particulars, and thereby weakened the impression of the moral grace which surrounds the whole. But still on this point it is well understood, that a poem does not always teach best by that which is expressly designed to convey instruction, and that the wisest thing is not always that which runs over with wisdom. The true wisdom of a poem lies in its inmost essence, as the germ lies hidden in the deepest bosom of the flower, and its morality is the reflection of the lofty and divine that lies at the foundation of the human soul. From this source, and from this alone, springs the moral pleasure we take in every genuine work of art, whatsoever its subject may be; and the delight, with which its contemplation fills the heart, what else is it than the joy we feel in the divine portions of human nature; in the harmony, purity, innocence, greatness, and disinterestedness of which it is capable?

This heavenly atmosphere of morality, with a full measure of sublime power, striking truth, and deep reflection, is poured over the Homeric, as well as over all the Grecian poetry. Although originally the daughter of

a fair and happy nature, she yet gives token, at her first appearance, of that wonderful self-control, which applies a measure to the abundance of the materials, just as it creates in the soul of the inspired singer himself that equipoise which reveals itself through his works like unconscious wisdom. But it is the excellence of great works of art, that the noble and the elevated, which they embrace, pass out of them into the souls of the hearers; and that the lofty repose and divine life, in which they are conceived, are re-produced in the spectator; and so the spirit of ancient poetry passed into the succeeding generations; and, even during a degenerate age, a delicate moral sense was thus perpetuated in the judgment, and mostly, also, in the works of the Greek nation.

The refined taste, for which the Greeks have ever been extolled, was nothing else than a delicate moral sense. Hence was found in Athens, the common centre of all refinement, the crowning flower of taste, together with the full bloom of morality; and while poets and artists were creating the most finished works, there was also found the highest susceptibility to what was most excellent in them. This taste, therefore, was no more acquired by learning, than art was acquired by study; and it was any thing but the result of theoretic views, which as yet they troubled themselves but little about. Once alone, in the history of the world, as far as we know, once alone, this concord, this harmony of life with art and morals, has appeared; not an accidental fact, but the result of the free unfolding of a happily-endowed nation, within the limits which their educators had prescribed to them. Hence the art of the Greeks is mirrored in their life, and the life of the nation in their art, inasmuch as the one blooms from the other; and thus they are created and moulded, acting and re-acting on each other. True, the morals of an age can never wholly disguise their influence on the entire character of its art.



But where they do not correspond to the demands of art, the artist will often find occasion to vary from the morals of the times, by making himself at home in another age, and under another sky. Who sees not, however, that the truth of his works is hereby greatly endangered; and, on the other hand, that their moral efficacy is partly weakened, partly turned in a false direction, by the want of truth? Why does the ancient poetry, with few exceptions, so far surpass the modern in essential truth, except because it dared to take men and manners as they were, without disguising them under a foreign costume? and why did it wield a mightier influence, except for the same reason? In it the Greek always found his world; and the true shape and the firm outline of a genuine Grecian nature never faded away in the poetic radiance which shone around it.

But how many works of creative genius are there, throughout the wide province of modern art, which can make the same boast through all their parts? Are not many of the higher and nobler species the works of a fantastic caprice, or the reflection of a foreign world? nay, often only the reflex of the reflection? And how often the shapeless ugliness of surrounding reality triumphantly intrudes upon this toilsome construction of foreign materials; like, for instance, the frosty representation of a regal court thrusting itself upon the Roman world of a French tragedy; or the theological controversies of the age, working their way into the epic poem of a Milton; or the witty and sententious gallantry of an Arcadian Academy into a Jerusalem Delivered? But, like the plastic art of modern Europe, its poetry, also, in order to satisfy the demands of beauty, has often been obliged to desert the truth, in the representation of the near and the real, and to borrow from antiquity a fair falsehood, not without danger of an insecure and uncertain foothold on the foreign soil of poetry.



The voice of national poetry, which, like a mild and heavenly teacher, opened the minds of the Grecian youth to all that is fairest and highest in man's nature, was not dumb, when he reached his maturity. Nor did she appear to him, chained to the dead letters of writing, as an occasional pastime for vacant hours, but in the fairest moments of life came she to him, with all her festal bravery on, inspired and inspiring. As she, though born in the dwelling-place of the gods, had descended to the life of men, to gladden them with the most exalted pleasures; so among them, also, she loved best to appear at the games and festivals of the gods, and lured the gaze of mortals upward to a higher world.

The passion for the drama, which possessed the citizens of Athens, has not unfrequently been made a matter of reproach to them. The economical grounds of this censure we may here allow to rest on their own merits; but the delight in a high and earnest entertainment like the Attic tragedy, will always deserve admiration and applause, when considered by itself alone. To this entertainment, Athens was indebted for the purest and most uncontested portion of her renown. With respect to art, it showed perfection, not to be surpassed; with respect to morals, it was a school of wisdom. And as it was designed for the festal celebration of the gods, so it guided, by its subject-matter, to a pious worship of them. In it, the richest abundance of materials was displayed under the wisest limitations, and the freest nature was most closely united to the severest law. In Melpomene's chalice, it mingled what could stir and calm, rouse and temper the feelings; and, while it exhibited the human character in its highest dignity and its greatest dependence, it resisted the impulse of selfishness, and purified the heart by a wholesome agitation of its inmost depths. By this admirable entertainment, which never lowered itself to

an equivocal alliance with vulgarity of moral feeling, the souls of men were filled with fear of the gods, abhorrence of guilty arrogance, and deep reverence for the laws, through the strong representation of great events; and the distress of the mighty, which it set forth, most fondly and most frequently, was not, as many have supposed, designed to gratify the democratic rabble, but was meant to be an appeal to the strong and the proud, in favor of wise moderation, and a demand on them to yield allegiance, by the barriers set to human caprice, to the infinite power of moral freedom, and to the eternal law of righteousness, whose enforcers are the gods.

Greek tragedy reached its highest perfection in the works of Sophocles. As, with reference to the rule of art, the equipoise of perfection is disturbed in the tragedies of Æschylus, by the struggle for excessive vigor, so is it sometimes in Euripides, the third of the great masters of tragedy, by an altogether too visible effort after soft emotion, and manifold theatrical effects. In him we first miss that beautiful self-forgetfulness of the ancient poets, inasmuch as in him the quiet greatness and original nobleness of the tragic stage, ever and anon, seem to have been violated by the utterance of personal feelings, and the intrusion of peculiar views. Hence, although he scatters instruction on every occasion; and, to make up, it may be, for what he wants in the wisdom of art, by the wisdom of the school, every where runs over with useful saws; his poetry, nevertheless, stands below that of Sophocles, not only in poetic vigor, but even in moral perfection. In his works much has been justly censured with respect to the demands of art; but in respect of morals, also, the luxuriance of the accumulated materials, the vehemence with which the passions are poured forth, the want of moderation in the excitement of the melting mood, and some other features, are liable to censure.

But it deserves to be remarked, that it was comedy which exposed and reprobated the moral defect of the Euripidean manner; and that this defect, which has frequently been deemed an excellence by the modern world, was most inexorably lashed by that same man, whose morality, if we take the general opinion, is held in the lowest estimation.

But as we are here treating of the influence which poetry exercised upon the formation of Grecian morals, comedy should be the less passed over; since it might easily be opposed to our assertions, as an example of the greatest immorality, both of the Greek nation at large, and of their poetry in particular. But it suits neither the purpose of the present discourse, nor our allotted time, to analyze the whole wonderful character of this species; and we must content ourselves with vindicating, by a few remarks, the morality of this kind of poetry, of which Aristophanes is our only accredited representative.

Above all things, we must here consider, that the ancient comedy, conceived in the intoxication of the Dionysiac festivity, was originally designed to give free scope to the innocent love of frolic, the gratification of which is one of the indispensable wants of human nature. The festival of Bacchus, like many festivities which sprang from the same want, in the vigorous Middle Ages, and were fostered in the bosom of the Christian church without danger, allowed the people from time to time a brief respite from the heavy yoke, with which either necessity or arbitrary power had burdened the work-day world; and the original freedom, which no other law but the moral law acknowledges, under the guise of a boisterous but harmless joy, broke through the arbitrary barriers, which had been set up for the preservation of order, by the enlightened understanding, in the ordinary intercourse of life. Now, while the ancient comedy masters this passion

for licentious freedom, it purifies it by poetry ; for it sets an ideal show in the place of vulgar reality, and unites what is lawless of itself, to the law of art ; at the same time it can by no means dispense with reality itself ; for it must start from this as from a firm and stable ground, to soar aloft from the realm of uncouth ribaldry, into the high poetic sphere.

But the wanton disposition, out of which this gayety springs, is purified, not by teachings, which glide over the inattentive ear, but by turning its exhibition into a sprightly play of wit, and by changing the direction which the love of frolic takes. Hence the wit-intoxicated muse of Aristophanes is chaste in the midst of licentiousness ; and through all the wild revel of an apparently unbridled wantonness, she shows on her earnest countenance the deep significance of her gayety. To this earnestness, which lies at the foundation of his character, witness is borne, by the precision with which, even during the Bacchic uproar, to which he seems to have surrendered himself, while his imaginative faculty creates it, this poet follows the narrow path of the severest principles of art carried out to their highest completeness ; and, what is more important to us here, the profoundest reverence for exalted worth and excellence is the groundwork of the wanton mirth, with which he pursues frivolity and baseness, and where occasion offers, breaks out into scorn. This scorn alone would have led only to invectives and satires ; wit alone would have poured amusing colors only over the surface ; but as both are here united to strengthen the wings of the liveliest fancy, the comic muse of this incomparable poet pierces into the most mysterious depths of life, and brings with seeming sport its enigmas to the light. Like the nude in the plastic arts, the hardy coarseness of the animal nature in comedy is not immoral, if it is the material of a truly intellectual

play of art; for that alone is immoral, which so employs the bestial impulse, that it sinks the mind, enslaved and chained, into the depth of passion; but that which frees it from such bondage is not so. It is indeed true, that the display of the appetites, in the comedies of Aristophanes, is too rude for modern eyes, which do not easily forget the matter in the form; to him, perhaps, it was indispensable, and, with his mode of treatment, certainly exempt from danger. He never aimed to excite impure desires.

Now these things are not of themselves obscene, but the use they are put to may be so; and the representations of many modern poets, who, when they have thrown the thin veil of decency over immorality, and introduced it thus disguised, into good society, under the guidance of an accommodating virtue, mean to pass for pure, with a keen and lively zest for sin, stand not only in other respects beneath the witty Bacchanals of Aristophanes, but are thoroughly immoral, enfeebling, and bewildering. As in sacred solemnities rude emblems were borne by honorable matrons, with no offence to moral feeling, since they were hallowed by the dignity of the festival; so the coarse material of the Aristophanic comedy was rendered harmless by daring and sprightly poetic invention; and as the Maenad, by the unpremeditated movements of her enthusiasm excited no other feeling than astonishment and like enthusiasm, so are we affected by the Maenad muse of this wonderful poet, whose soul one of the purest-minded sages of antiquity, who was not his friend, full of just admiration, praises as an eternal and imperishable temple of the Graces.

Poetry, as one of the principal means of the education of youth, has gradually led us from the school to the world of men, where we are to inquire what was provided further to unfold, and to guard the germ of morality which youthful education had opened.

Here, first, the schools of the philosophers invite us to the gardens of Academus, or to the banks of the Ilissus, and into the halls of the gymnasia, where youths and men hung upon the lips of the sages, and, for the most part, were familiarly occupied with their teachers, often younger than themselves, in solving the problems of the universe. It is here unnecessary to consider what may have been accomplished by professional teaching and by precepts of virtue embodied in set phrases. The modern world possesses these means in the same degree, and perhaps more abundantly. But why the same effect is not produced, or why the schools of science in those olden times, dismissed their pupils not only more learned and better taught, but wiser and more moral, is a question that cannot here be passed over.

Upon this point, the first thing to be borne in mind is, that many schools of philosophy were properly schools of culture for persons of mature age, as that of Pythagoras, who not only taught but educated, and educated rather than taught. This may be asserted, to a smaller extent, of some others. The scholars were not merely hearers, but companions of their teacher; they lived with him, and were introduced by him into most of the relations of life. Here, too, example was stronger than precept. Rarely was the obscurity of his Phrontistery dearer to the philosopher than the light of public life; and as living and teaching were in public, a connection between the two was by this means established, through which life became more instructive and instruction more lively. Instruction thus received, must surely have struck a deeper root, and have given shade and coolness to the man even amidst the dust and heat of public life; and we should not be surprised to see, that youths and men, carried away by the threefold force of truth, eloquence and example, honored the memory of their teacher as well by the

propagation of his principles, as by a dignified and virtuous life.

By these means, and in this way, therefore, were the defects, which existed in the religion of antiquity remedied, though but partially. That this religion afforded, in its mythical elements, no models of morality, is obvious to every one; its incorporation in human form brought it within the sphere of human frailty. After the divine nature had once been imprisoned within the limits of the human shape, its divinity seemed scarcely capable of being otherwise maintained, than,—as it was exempt from death,—in being released from the restraint of laws, which the nature of human society, even under its most imperfect form, necessarily requires. Furnished with overwhelming power, as that quality which at the beginning of civil society inspired the greatest respect, they could do every thing they pleased; and whatever might be put forth in the strange fables of their intrigues, their hate and love, their wars and friendships, was nothing but the display of the surpassing power they were imagined to possess.

To lay the burden of the moral law, to its whole extent, upon beings of this free nature, or to measure their actions by the standard of human virtues, never could have entered the thoughts of the untutored race; and so the latter, on their part, bounded their claim to the privilege of those high and happy beings, to wishes alone. Hence the germ and centre of ancient religion was the recognition of the unlimited power of the divine nature, whose will was entitled to reign supreme over the weakness of man. And as this religious homage was thought to be violated by every species of boasting and arrogance, but was most strikingly displayed when mortals of their own accord set bounds to the exercise of their own power, a second attribute of the gods hence took its rise, the exercise of a judicial office, which



assigned its punishment to arrogance, and its reward to sober moderation. Therefore, although the actions of the gods in their mythical life, furnished no models for imitation; yet the idea of the Deity, even in its earlier and more imperfect form, was not unfitted to set limits to the exercise of rude violence, and consequently of immorality.

But besides this, the ancient worship of the gods, understood as it was, exercised an influence like that of poetry, on the heart, animating and elevating it by a rich poetical spirit and by outward beauty. Irradiated with gladness and joy, its leading and peculiar attributes, its efficiency was the greater, that it had grown up on the native soil; or, if transplanted thither from foreign lands, was thoroughly pervaded by the Hellenic life. It was Hellenic in all its parts, while the surrounding halo of antiquity alone distinguished that mythic world from the vulgar present, not without advantage to its peculiar influence on the minds of men. These gods, whose images adorned the temples and altars, had roamed, in primeval times, upon this soil and among their forefathers; among them they had shared the joys of human beings; their blood had mingled with the blood of the noblest families; and in later ages, they took delight in the descendants, who had sprung from this intercourse. Their temples rose upon the spots which their miracles had consecrated; and their festivals hallowed and perpetuated the memory of the days when they lived and moved among the favored people. All Greece was like an earthly Olympus, and at every step, the shapes of the Immortals, in human beauty, and of various ages, met the sight or rose before the imagination of the traveller. Primeval sanctuaries, solemn groves, hallowed fountains, dusky grottos and sunlit mountain-tops, every where invited him to communion with them, and filled him with the thought, that men had



reverently built their mansions within the sacred precincts of the gods, in order to enjoy their sheltering care and beneficent presence.

Thus, by the gladsome intercourse with these children of religion and fantasy, the soul was uninterruptedly filled with poetic emotion, and the idea of the divine in it cherished. To discourage egotism by the thought of an infinitely superior awe-commanding power, by pious dread of the invisible witness, who leaves no crime unobserved; to master rude, uncultured nature, and to raise a heart, attuned to festal joys, by animating cheerfulness, over the narrow barriers of the vulgar present, even this imperfect religion was completely adapted. Its efficacy was, moreover, heightened by the circumstance, that its revelations were not narrowed to a single age. The mouth of the gods seemed to speak to men evermore; in dreams, forewarnings and omens were their voices heard; and from the mysterious obscurity of ancient temples, sanctified by faith in their divine origin, sounded forth wise instructions, impressive admonitions, alarming and terrific threats. For to imagine a vile fraud in the case of all the oracles, is absurd, and a suggestion of ignorance. Fraud first crept in when ancient faith was gradually extinguished; and even fraud no longer helped to give it life. Many of them were established by reason of some natural property of the spot on which they stood, and had a more beneficent agency upon the moral culture of the nation, the more directly the recollections esteemed divine, which the people, through them, preserved, touched upon the nation's inmost life.

Another species of visible manifestations, which served, though in a different way, to move the heart to moral sensibility, was furnished by plastic art. This, also, had proceeded from the depths of religion; and, by the purity, morality, and dignity, which shone in its works, led the

beholder into their depths again. If it is believed, that the superiority of the Greeks in the works of plastic art may have resulted from the finer organization of their senses, and especially that the finished representation of the human body, in beings of human and divine nature, can be explained by the frequent opportunities of seeing naked beauty, it is forgotten, that a fine organization of the senses, only gives pleasure to itself; and that the study of the nude, even with the best models of physical beauty at hand, can establish only a truth for the senses.

But the art of the Greeks is never voluptuous, unless it be in some exceptional cases; and it was always something more than true to the senses. Originally designed to bring Olympus down to earth, and to procure for men the desired sight of the immortals, without exposing them to peril, it was pure and chaste, from its very beginning; and, even in its uncompleted works, seemed godlike in dignity and quiet earnestness. Matter and shape it borrowed from the earthly; but when a soul was breathed into it from the pious feelings of the maker, and it was pervaded by the strength of an enthusiasm which sprang from the same source, the dead matter shaped itself into a symbol of the higher nature. Waking and dreaming, the artists saw the image of the gods, whom they would fain display to the believing race; and, while living faith gave a soul to the lifeless mass, they threw over the naked form the mysterious veil of innocence and moral purity. The effect of these statues corresponded to their origin. The moral dignity and grace, which had passed over from the soul of the artist into his work, communicated itself to the beholder; and the devotional feeling, in which the godlike image was conceived, kept off unholy thoughts, as the neighborhood of higher powers drives impure demons away. But that dignity and grace were never produced by the artful combination of the members, or

from the comparison of the beautiful in nature, with the more beautiful, but like the goddess of love, born from the pure crystal of the sea, it is conceived in the depth of a chaste and harmonious soul, and from it passed into form, mysterious at its birth, like all that is divine, and no less mysterious in its harmonious effect.

But this moral grace is spread in like measure over the literary works of that nation, and, blended now with more of earnestness, now with more of attractive sweetness, pervades the classic writings of their historians, philosophers and orators. It was the condition of every appearance before the public; and when, by force of external influences, the morals of the nation had grown corrupt, and the means, which had held it erect, had lost their power, still the beautiful appearance of morality maintained itself in the symbol of decorum, and preserved to the nation the exquisite perception of moral beauty far into later times.

This phenomenon in the history of the Greeks, the gradual decay of the vigor, which, in better times, had fostered and enlivened moral culture, leads us to speak of the external circumstances, from which the sources of that vigor had sprung in fresh exuberance. A few hints will here suffice. First, we will mention the simplicity of the life, the wants, and the occupations of antiquity, whereby much of the evil was avoided, which grows out of complicated relations of life. Even the poorer citizen did not find it needful to give all his strength and all his time to the drudgery of supporting his daily existence; and the management of private and public affairs took from no one so entirely the enjoyment of leisure, that he was obliged, by outward struggles, to forego the cultivation of his intellectual powers and moral nature. Inasmuch as the State called each of its citizens, without exception,

now to its defence, and now to the management of its affairs, it awakened every power, by the exhilarating alternation of activity and repose, and protected him from lethargy, without checking, by excess of burdens, his spontaneous vivacity. While the mechanical part of public business, which, in modern States, keeps great armies of officials busy, was comparatively insignificant among the ancients, the commonwealth furnished its rulers the amplest opportunity for intellectual activity; and, by the discharge of their public duties, served them not only as a school of civil prudence, but still more of righteousness, disinterestedness, and all the patriotic virtues. The greatest part of the services, which the country required, were so knit to the whole scheme of political life, that even the more insignificant were exalted by its idea; and what the peculiarity of its faith accomplishes for the Christian world,—I mean the power to set the seal of merit even on humble services,—was accomplished for the ancients by the religious idea of country, which it was the effort of the ancient legislators, and the aim of many institutions among them, to kindle and enforce. For this idea was originally derived from religion, as the politics and legislation of the ancient States generally aimed at a religious sanctity. In the groves of Delphi, Lycurgus conceived the idea of his laws, and from the mouth of Apollo received their ratification; and it was a prevalent belief, that the greatest and wisest legislators had cultivated an intercourse with the gods, and continued partially to enjoy their society.

In this matter, also, no unworthy fraud was intended. Those men, who, hurried away by the greatness of their vocation, found the means of fulfilling its demands in the depth of a pious heart, surely felt within them the inspiration of the deity, and heard the voice of the

immortals in the suggestions of their own minds. Was it strange, that the simple dignity of such a legislation took strong hold of the hearts of the citizens? that every change in it was undertaken with dread, and the thought of overthrowing it was abhorred, as a crime against both gods and men? This is more than all human sanction can effect. So long as the belief in that higher than human origin existed, it was not merely needful and wise, but even pious, to execute the law, so far as the law could reach; and what, under the altered form of modern States, often confounds the homely understanding, seduces the mind of the citizen into crafty casuistry, and frequently freezes his heart towards the community to which he belongs, in ancient times could be turned into a healing and purifying flame. This flame of love of country, kindled on the altars of the country's gods, and cherished by the most glorious achievements in great perils, operated with the greater force the more it was compressed and concentrated by the narrow boundaries of the States; and care was taken from birth to death, through public institutions, solemnities, and festivals, that the fire of patriotism should never be extinguished.

Thus the Grecian States were founded directly on religion and virtue, and the paternal feeling of the legislators gave to the heart of the citizens the tendency to morality. Convinced of the inutility of many laws, and that "the halls should not be filled with legal tablets, but the soul with the image of righteousness," they sought to fortify in the citizen a lively sense of his dignity, and to guard him by this feeling, not by force and fear, against base deeds. Upon reverence for parents, upon the sanctity of the marriage tie, which severe laws watched over, the order of domestic life reposed; and this order was continued through the more extended economy of the State,

which was itself but a large family of various members. From the paternal home, the bashful and moral youth passed forth, guided by his father's hand, into public life, which soon called him to its service, either to watch over the country's borders, or to defend its safety and its rights against foreign foes. As under the shadow of the paternal mansion, so in the first steps of public life, he submitted to the authority of his elders. This authority was supported by laws as well as by usage, and, like a living law, illuminated the path of the young along the way of virtue and of fame. Republican freedom, which stands upon severe morals, as its proper foundation, never took offence at the supervision of the elders, which was only a continuance of the father's care; nay, it necessarily resulted from the spirit of ancient liberty, and the original formation of republican States.

Hence, in more than one of these free States, special magistrates watched not only over the due observance of the laws, but also over morals; as it is well known, that the court of the Areopagus was charged with the duty of keeping a strict supervision of the manner of life among the citizens, and of summoning those who led an unseemly life, before their tribunal. Such a tribunal would have been either without effect, or it would have become a source of violence on the one side, and of hypocrisy on the other, had it not been clothed with the sanction of public opinion, which was founded upon its virtue and the irreproachableness of its members. But in the case of this tribunal, this foundation was so firm and immovable, that a general belief prevailed, that no unworthy man could take part in its proceedings; and that if such a person escaped the severe probation which preceded his admission, he would be made better, after a short time, by associating with the rest, and could not help becoming like them.

Thus, also, in civil life, good and wholesome effects were brought to pass more by example than by instruction, more by paternal influence and pious awe than by law and punishment. As long as this spirit reigned in Greece,—and never was it wholly extinguished, until the interference of a hostile power broke down the forces of domestic order,—the youth was moral and temperate; and even the greater part of the older, despite all the inflammability of the Hellenic character, continued both in domestic and public life, sober, moral, and loyal to civil order.

Now, if much seems to be wanting to the life of modern nations which the moral culture of the Greeks promoted,—so that, with the wholly altered formation of the States and their political institutions, we are hardly to expect, that a whole people can ever again be elevated to an equal rank,—yet the individual ought not therefore to despair of attaining for himself the exalted station which he admires in the illustrious models of Grecian virtue. The example of the ancient world,—like every example of greatness and of moral excellence, wheresoever it may be found,—will not discourage but excite, provided we look into our own bosoms; and every one may exhibit in himself, according to his abilities, what delights him in others. The great and the noble are not limited by divine Providence to one region of the earth, or to one period of time; there is no soil, sterile as it may be in other respects, which will not bear them; and wherever men live, and civil order exists, the swelling seed of morality only waits the fostering sunshine to unfold its germ.

What flourished in antiquity, can even now be realized in individual cases; and what in Greece proceeded from the commonwealth, and affected the individual, may in the States of modern Europe pass from the individual,

and act upon the commonwealth. Even now, example has not lost its stirring power; and as the lightning's flash every where seeks out and strikes its kindred matter, so, too, the power of the good and great goes from heart to heart, strengthens as it extends, and, like a flame, shines by diffusion, with the greater splendor.

I cannot conclude this discourse, without expressing my sense of the happiness I have, in becoming a citizen of this land, and enjoying the favor of its enlightened monarch. This is the first occasion, on which I have had the honor to speak before this distinguished society, formed for the cultivation of all liberal and elegant studies; and I cannot refrain from giving utterance to the delight I experience, when I behold the noble efforts that are here making, to set a glorious example to the other nations of Germany. The promotion of intellectual refinement; the administration of justice, tempered with mercy; the exhibition of the patriotic virtues, by those who occupy the most exalted station;—these are claims to the admiration of the world, which can neither be denied nor forgotten; these are harbingers of a bright and happy future for science, letters, and art, and for all the highest interests of moral and educated man.



N O T E S.



## NOTES.

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Page 33. ESAIAS TEGNÉR.—This article is taken from Mohnike's German translation of Tegnér's "Schulreden." The author is favorably known in this country, through some fine translations from his poems, by Mr. Longfellow, particularly an idyl in hexameter verse, entitled, "The Children of the Lord's Supper." Frithiof's Saga, one of his principal poems, has been twice translated into German, and four times into English. An analysis of it, accompanied with translations of a number of passages, may be found in the N. A. Review, No. 96. "The modern Scald," says Mr. Longfellow, "has written his name in immortal runes, not on the bark of trees alone, but on the mountains of his fatherland, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems. Indeed, we consider the 'Legend of Frithiof,' as one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with the action described in the ballad. The loss of epic dignity in the poem is more than made up by the greater spirit of the narrative."

Tegnér was born in the parish of By, in the province of Wärrmland, Sweden, in the year 1782. In 1799, he joined the university of Lund. In 1812, he became professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he was appointed bishop of Wexiö, in the Lutheran church. He is a member of the Swedish Academy, and of various other learned societies. He

was the means of releasing the literature of his country from a servile subjection to a false French taste. His poems are full of the national spirit, and are very popular. The ability with which he moulds the language into the various metres which he employs, is wonderful. He uses in Frithiof's Saga the Dactylic, Iambic, and Trochiac measures of the ancients with great facility and elegance. His writings reveal the influence of his Greek studies, and also an intimate acquaintance with German literature. Many of his smaller pieces are found in a journal, called the "Iduna," edited by himself, and his friend, Geijer. Mohnike has given admirable translations of some of his prose works.

P. 45. **FREDERIC JACOBS.**—This article is taken from the miscellaneous writings of Jacobs. It may also be found in the second volume of Friedemann's *Paraenesen*. The estimation in which this veteran scholar is held by all parties in Germany, may be seen by the references to him on p. 31. Of his fine taste, his genial and truly Greek spirit, as well as of his accurate and extensive scholarship, the articles from his works, in the present volume, bear ample testimony. He is now in his seventy-ninth year, happy in the pursuit of his cherished studies, and in the intercourse of an affectionate family, and other friends. His father was an advocate in Gotha. He attended the gymnasium there in his early days, and afterwards studied philology and theology at Jena and Göttingen. In 1785, he became a teacher at the gymnasium in Gotha. Here he has spent his long and pleasant life, with the exception of three years which he passed in Munich, as teacher in the Lyceum there. His publications are very numerous, and have been received with extraordinary favor. Five volumes of his miscellaneous writings have been published at Leipsic.

P. 67. **PLASTIC ART OF THE GREEKS.**—This discourse was delivered by Jacobs, at a public session of the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, on the 12th of October, 1810, on the Saint's day of the Bavarian king. The occasion on which it was spoken, and the purpose for which it was written, justified a more flowing and popular style than would have been suitable to a

mere learned inquiry. Jacobs has brought together, with skill and remarkably picturesque effect, the scattered notices of works of plastic art in the ancient authors. His profound and brilliant learning, his ardent feelings, and his enthusiastic love of antiquity, sometimes lead him to an over-estimate of the ancients, as compared with the moderns, not unnatural or ungraceful in a man whose days and nights have been consumed in the study of the monuments of Grecian genius. The same influences occasionally give a luxuriance of figurative and poetical phraseology to his style, which the severer taste of English literature would undoubtedly censure; though it is not to be denied, that here and there, occur an illustration of remarkable beauty, and a passage of exquisitely rhythmical cadence. But whatever may be at times his faults of manner or style, he always writes with warmth, and from a full mind, and his views, if sometimes partial and extravagant, are always stamped with the authentic seal of diversified and elegant scholarship.

A body of learned notes is appended to this discourse, partly consisting of the authorities on which his statements are founded, and partly of more detailed discussions of subjects dealt with, only in general terms, in the text. These are all of high interest and value, but the limits of the present volume forbid their insertion here.

It may be remarked, that the editors of this volume do not consider themselves responsible for every sentiment which may be found in the articles that they have introduced. The general effect of a piece may be good, when particular opinions are erroneous. Thus Jacobs sometimes apologizes for paganism, and attributes good moral influences to the polytheistic mythology of the ancients, in a manner, and to an extent, to which the translators are very far from yielding their assent. But as this point will be discussed at greater length, in a note to the discourse on the moral education of the Greeks, nothing further need be said here, except that, in the present article, on p. 82, the words, "Polytheism was the religion *given* to the youth of man," seem to imply an opinion, that Polytheism was as much the gift of the Almighty to man, as Christianity, and differed from Christianity only in being an *earlier* and *inferior* gift; an opinion, that can only spring from a great exaggeration of the

good, and a singular blindness to the evil side of Polytheism. This may not have been his meaning. It was, nevertheless, thought best not to omit, or essentially modify the language of the author.

P. 102. Most of the Philological Correspondence here presented, is selected from the three following works, viz.

*Epistolae Bentleii, Graevii, Ruhnkenii, Wytttenbachii Selectae.* Annotatione instruxit F. C. Kraft. Altona, 1831.

Christian Gottfried Schütz. *Darstellung seines Lebens, Charakters und Verdienstes nebst einer Auswahl aus seinem litterarischen Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von seinem Sohne F. Schütz. Only two volumes, containing the correspondence, appeared in 1834 and 1835. The third volume is to contain the biography.

Franz Passow's *Leben und Briefe.* Eingeleitet von L. Wachler. Herausgegeben von A. Wachler. Breslau, 1839.

About one half of the letters are translated from the Latin, and the remainder, with two or three exceptions, from the German. Not only select letters, but select parts of letters, those most intimately connected with the studies and personal history of the authors and of their friends, have been taken, while the great mass of the correspondence has been passed over. The ordinary forms of Latin salutation have generally been omitted, as well as many German titles. The notes have been taken from such a variety of sources, that it would be impossible to give the original authorities in all cases. Most of them are compiled from various authors; not a few are from the oral communications of German professors. Some, particularly those on French scholars, have been abridged from the *Biographie Universelle*; others, from the various bibliographical works of the Germans, and the supplements to the *Conversations Lexicon*.

J. P. D'ORVILLE was born of French parents, at Amsterdam, in 1696. From the Athenaeum of his native city, he went to the university of Leyden, where he studied under Gronovius and Burmann, who predicted that he would one day rank among the first scholars of the age. After travelling in England, France, Italy, and Germany, visiting libraries and

collections of art, and forming many literary acquaintances, among whom were Bentley, Markland, Montfaucon, Muratori, and Fabricius, he returned with rich literary treasures and collations of manuscripts, with which he liberally adorned, not only his own editions of the classics, but those of his numerous friends. He had designed to lead a life of literary leisure, but as the Athenæum at Amsterdam was on the decline, it was believed that D'Orville only could bring it again into repute, and he was accordingly made professor of ancient literature there in 1736. Here he continued to teach with great success during a period of six years, at the close of which he retired, in order to prepare editions of several works for which he had collected ample materials; but he died at his country seat near Harlem in the midst of his labors, in 1751. He was a fine and skilful critic, and had tried his hand on a large number of authors. But his fame rests chiefly on his learned and very copious edition of Chariton, a work which Professor Beck, of Leipsic, pronounced to be indispensable to every one who would understand thoroughly the nature and character of the Greek language. Larcher bestowed upon it a similar commendation. But the taste of the present age would require more selection in the notes. His large fortune not only enabled him to procure for his own use such a library as he desired, but to aid young men of talents, as we see in the case of Ruhnken, whom he took into his own house, and assisted so long as it was necessary. His papers and library were bought for the Bodleian library.

P. 103. WETSTEIN is the celebrated New Testament critic and editor.

*Unhappy Saxony.*—This was the fourth year of the Seven Years' War, in which most of the great powers of Europe were engaged, but in which Prussia, under Frederic the Great, won the most renown, and Saxony, from being the seat of the war, endured the greatest sufferings. Frederic made Dresden his winter-quarters. The Saxons were not only obliged to furnish the Prussians with supplies, but also with soldiers. The winter preceding the date of this letter, Leipsic alone purchased of Frederic a release from a distressing siege, by the payment of

eight tons of gold! This very year, Wittenberg itself was bombarded, and more than one-third part of the town destroyed.

P. 104. A florin or gulden is about forty cents.

P. 106. *Blinded*, etc.—Ritter, after having proceeded too far in his negotiations, was prevented from going to Holland by two causes;—first, the exertions of the Saxon minister to retain him, and secondly, the unwillingness of his wife to exchange her Wittenberg friends for the society of Leyden, respecting which some persons had made very unfavorable impressions upon her mind. When it is remembered that Ruhkuken had, by Ritter's direction, proceeded so far as to hire a house for his friend, and to make other similar arrangements, it will not appear strange that he keenly felt the disappointment.

P. 107. JOHN AUGUSTUS ERNESTI was born in Tennstaedt, a few miles from Erfurt, in 1707. When very young, and while in the school of his native place, he gave indications of his rare talents. In Schul-Pforta, a celebrated gymnasium near Naumberg, he made such progress in his studies, that the rector testified, in his certificate of dismissal, that he had learned and read more than ordinary students, who are about to leave the university. He began his university course at Wittenberg, and finished it at Leipsic. Theology and the classics occupied his chief attention. In 1731, he became conrector, under Gesner, in the St. Thomas Gymnasium, in Leipsic; and succeeded him as rector, in 1734, when the latter was called to a professorship in Göttingen. He did great service to this distinguished gymnasium, which had successively two rectors, who were the first scholars of the times, and has since had Fischer, F. W. G. Rost, and Stallbaum. But, after his appointment in 1742, as professor extraordinarius of ancient literature, in the university of Leipsic, he contributed still more to the advancement of learning, by his lectures on philology, antiquities, and philosophy. In 1756, he was made professor of eloquence, and, three years afterwards, professor of theology. The former professorship he resigned in 1770, and devoted himself with such zeal to his theological studies, that he rose to the highest professorship in that



department. Among his many publications on theology, his valuable work on Interpretation is best known in this country. He died in 1781. In comprehensiveness of learning, particularly in ancient Roman literature, he was probably excelled by none of his contemporaries, except Ruhnken. He lectured in the university on eloquence, ancient history, archaeology, and the Greek and Roman classics. His happy method of treatment can be learned from his preface to Fischer's edition of Ovid. When the Electoral Academy of Arts was established in Leipsic, he took particular pains in his lectures to interest his pupils in the study of ancient art, but his efforts were rather directed to the literature of art than to art itself. He therefore entitled the outlines of his course of instruction, published in 1768, *Archaeologia Literaria*. Having acquired a great name by his editions of the classics, and by his occasional academical productions, he was beset by the booksellers to write prefaces and recommendations, or to make revisions of other men's works. His editions of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, of Homer, Callimachus, Polybius, Suetonius, Tacitus, and, most of all, Cicero, show the extent of his scholarship. His notes to Cicero relate exclusively to the various readings, but in his valuable *Clavis Ciceronia*, he has collected a great amount of learning relating to the interpretation of his author. His labors in Greek philology are not equal in value to those in Latin. He is, by universal consent, placed among the purest and most eloquent of modern Latin writers. The number of his separate publications, large and small, amounts to 154. Most of the particulars here given, are drawn from Ernesti's life, by H. Döring, in his *Gelehrte Theologen Deutschlands*.

P. 108. *The expression of my regard*, refers to his *Epistola Critica* to Ernesti, on Callimachus and Apollonius Rhodius. Ernesti was then employed in preparing his edition of Callimachus. To explain the allusions to this subject in the following letters, it may be added, that the work was completed in two volumes, octavo, in 1761, and was printed in Leyden. It contained the notes of Stephens, Vulcanius, Dacier, Gronovius, Richard Bentley, and Ezekiel Spanheim, together with the unpublished observations of Hemsterhuys and Ruhnken.

BACH. J. A. Bach, of Saxony, was one of the most accomplished scholars, not only in the civil law, but in ancient literature in general. As professor of legal antiquities, he lectured with great success in Leipsic, for six years, but died in 1758, at the early age of 37, in consequence of his too great literary efforts. His *Historia Jurisprudentiæ Romanæ* is still a standard work on the subject, and is very important to the classical scholar. The *Acta Eruditorum* is well known, as the first German literary journal of character. It was commenced in Leipsic in 1682, by the Menckes. The first series is in fifty quarto volumes, with a supplement of eight volumes; the second, from 1732 to 1776, is in forty-three volumes, with a supplement of eight, and an index of six volumes.

*Börner's Library.* C F. BÖRNER, who died in 1753, at the age of 70, was first professor of ethics, then of Greek, and finally of theology in Leipsic. As first librarian, he increased the library at his private expense. After studying at Wittenberg and Leipsic, he travelled in Holland and England, with Professor Berger, of Wittenberg, and studied Arabic under Sykes. Döring affirms, that during his life, Leipsic had not a more learned theologian than Börner, and that but few could compare with him in a knowledge of antiquity, philology and history. He edited Luther's complete works.

P. 110. *Professor of Greek literature.*—He was only assistant professor. In his subsequent proper professorship he was the successor, not of Hemsterhuys, but of Oudendorp. See page 237.

HEUSINGER.—Jacob Frederic Heusinger, a most accomplished classical scholar, was, at the time this letter was written, conrector of the gymnasium of Wolfenbüttel, where there is a valuable library of rare books and manuscripts, of which Ruhnken wished to make use. It appears that Heusinger afterwards gratified all his wishes. Two years from this time, Heusinger became rector of the same gymnasium. The work to which he devoted his principal labor was his edition of Cicero de Officiis, which was just ready to be published when he died, in 1778. His son, Conrad Heusinger, who was also conrector, and afterwards rector in the same gymnasium, and who resembled his father in scholarship, undertook the publication,

and the work appeared in 1783. Boissonade observes, "This edition is a masterpiece of criticism. It is difficult to carry an exquisite knowledge of the language and of its most delicate idioms farther than the two Heusingers have done; and impossible to conduct investigations with more probity, if I may so speak, or with more care and diligence. The preface of the young Heusinger is, by its pure Latinity, and by the justness of its observations, a worthy introduction to this excellent work. An editor, who should settle the text of all Cicero's works with such wonderful exactness would secure to himself the highest honor, and add, if possible, to the glory of that great writer; but such a work seems to be too much for any one man."—*Biographie Universelle*, vol. xx, p. 338. A new edition of this work of Heusinger was published by Zumpt, in 1838, with additions by himself.

P. 112. C. G. HEYNE.—This letter is taken from Heeren's *Life of Heyne*, and is inserted here in consequence of its connection with Ruhnken's correspondence. On the death of Gesner, the university of Göttingen applied to Ernesti to recommend a successor; he replied, that there was no suitable person in Germany, and recommended that Ruhnken, of Leyden, or Saxius, of Utrecht, be called. A letter was accordingly addressed to Ruhnken, offering him the place. He replied, under date of Oct. 18, 1762, and declined the appointment; but added these words: "But why look abroad for that which your own country can furnish? Why not make Christian Gottlob Heyne successor to Gesner?—a disciple of Ernesti and a man of distinguished talent, who has given proof of his Latin erudition in his edition of Tibullus, and of Greek, in his edition of Epictetus. In my opinion,—and Hemsterhuys agrees with me in this,—he is the only man who can make Gesner's place good. Nor is there any just cause for saying, that his reputation is not sufficiently established. There is in this man, believe me, such an affluence of genius and learning, that soon the literary world in all Europe will be filled with his fame." Nearly a year and a half before the date of this letter, Ruhnken, in writing to Ritter, observed: "Among the number of your friends, I suppose, is to be reckoned Heyne, the editor of Tibullus, the

greatest scholar, in my judgment, who has gone out from the school of Ernesti, wandering about, as I hear, without a home. I would advise him to come to Holland, where, if his character corresponds with his talent and learning, I can easily procure a good place for him." Ernesti was employed to treat for the university, and to make the proposals to Heyne, to which the letter in the text is the reply.

P. 113. MÜNCHHAUSEN, says Heeren, was the first curator, and, as is well known, the founder of the Göttingen university, his daughter, as the king (George II) himself called it, who, when he visited the university, drank the health of the childless "minister's daughter." For thirty-two years, till his death in 1770, he watched over it with parental care, and it was through his means that it came to hold the first rank at that time among the German universities. He spared no pains to procure the ablest teachers, and having obtained them, furnished them with the greatest facilities for study; he gave the university its peculiar character of practical utility, banished the old scholastic modes of instruction, and introduced geography, literary history and jurisprudence, and placed philology on its true foundation. The library, the object of his special care, was made up of useful and solid works, more regard being paid to their internal character than to costly ornament. The Academy of Sciences, the prizes, the publication of the transactions of the society, and the Göttingen Literary Index, owe their existence chiefly to him. It was the general policy which he pursued, that attracted so many strangers to that university.

P. 114. HARLES.—T. C. Harles, professor of poetry and eloquence in Erlangen, died in 1815, at the age of 77. His works on Greek and Roman literature were formerly much read.

P. 115. HEUMANN was professor of theology in Göttingen, where he died in 1764. He is best known by his work on the history of literature.

PETER WESSELING died the preceding year. He was born in Steinfurt, in Westphalia, in 1692. After teaching a short time in several places, he became, in 1723, professor of

eloquence and history at Franeker, at the same time that Heineccius and Venema were installed. After remaining there twelve years, he accepted an invitation to Utrecht, where he spent the rest of his life in honor and prosperity. He devoted himself exclusively and zealously to his literary pursuits, and acquired a great reputation by his editions of the Greek historians, particularly of Herodotus, which was regarded as the best edition of that historian, till Schweighäuser's work appeared. Ruhnken, in his *Life of Hemsterhuys*, observes, "That distinguished scholar, Peter Wesseling used freely to acknowledge, that Hemsterhuys was the means of putting him upon a right course of study. Before going to Utrecht, he was a colleague of Hemsterhuys, and thus became intimately acquainted with him; and from that time, their friendship, sacred almost beyond example, continued to the end of life." See page 225.

P. 116. *I have been diverted*, etc.—It is certainly amusing to learn, that such was the origin of this celebrated edition of Velleius Paterculus, which has been regarded by many as a model. Peter Burmann, the younger, nephew of the elder critic of the same name, was born in Amsterdam, in 1714. He afterwards became the successor of Wesseling, at Franeker, but finally resigned that place, and accepted a professorship in the Athenaeum at Amsterdam. He died in 1778. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and poet, though not equal to his uncle, in these respects. But in literary quarrels, he came nearer to the elder Burmann, as he showed in his controversies with Klotz and Saxius. He edited Claudius, Propertius, and many other works.

P. 117. *It is now thirty years*, etc.—At the time referred to, the gymnasium at Königsberg was under the direction of F. A. Schulz, a distinguished Pietist. Indeed, the school was, from the beginning, under the influence of that party. Heydenreich and Fuhrmann were the teachers in Latin, and Stephen Schulz, afterwards a celebrated missionary, who, like Wolff in later times, travelled twenty years in all quarters of the globe, in behalf of the Jews, was teacher in Greek and Hebrew.

“Through Heydenreich, Kant, while in the higher class, acquired such a passion for the Latin classics, that he learned by heart long passages from the poets, the philosophers, the orators, and the historians, which he never forgot, even in his old age. A common enthusiasm for ancient literature led to a great intimacy between him and two fellow-students, David Ruhnken, of Stolpe, and Martin Cunde, of Königsberg, the former of whom, for half a century, adorned the university of Leyden, as the greatest philologist of his time, while the latter, after experiencing the vexations of a private teacher, in various families, finally closed his toilsome and troubled life, as rector of a public school in Rastenburg. They frequently met to read together Latin authors not included in the course of instruction, using the best editions, which Ruhnken, as the wealthiest of the number, supplied. They formed a common plan of life, making philology their chief study. But this plan was carried into execution only by the last.” Schubert’s *Life of Kant*, in the eleventh volume of the Leipsic edition of Kant’s Works, 1842. The name of Kypke is well known to biblical critics. Porsch died as pastor in Königsberg, two years before the date of this letter.

P. 119. C. F. MATTHÆI was born in Gröst, near Merseburg, in 1774. He was a disciple of Ernesti. During his twelve years’ residence in Moscow, where he was at first rector of the two gymnasia that were connected with the university, and afterwards professor in the university, he made several important discoveries among the old Greek manuscripts with which the library of Moscow abounded. His critical edition of the New Testament, from the Moscow manuscripts, is, in many respects, valuable. In 1784, he returned to Germany, and became rector of the gymnasium in Meissen, where he died in 1811, after having received the appointment of professor in Wittenberg.

P. 122. *But enough of my personal history.*—John Henry Voss, father of Henry Voss, mentioned so often in Passow’s correspondence, was aided by the liberality of friends at Göttingen, for his own pecuniary resources did not furnish him the means of a university residence. He cultivated poetry, and Greek literature with a high degree of success. He attended

Heyne's lectures, but as the latter did not approve of the proceedings of the club of poets, the *Hainbund*, to which the former belonged, he excited the displeasure of Voss, even at that early period. Their subsequent disagreement is well known. On being compelled to leave Otterndorf, a town near the mouth of the Elbe, on account of ill health, Voss removed to Eutin, in Holstein, in 1782, where he continued as rector of a gymnasium till 1802. At this time the feeble state of his health again made it necessary for him to resign his charge, and he retired to private life in Jena. In 1805, he was invited by the duke of Baden to Heidelberg, where he was supported by a pension of 1000 florins till his death, in 1826. Neither his great literary merits, nor his personal vanity and irritability can be denied.

P. 123. F. A. WOLF was born in Haynrode, near Nordhausen, in Prussia, in 1769. He was at first educated by his father, who was well qualified for the office of teacher. On the father's removal to Nordhausen, young Wolf was sent to the gymnasium of that place, where he made great proficiency in his studies, more, however, by his own diligence than by means of public instruction. After he entered the university of Göttingen, he pursued the same method of private study, paying but little regard even to Heyne's lectures. In 1774, he was assistant teacher for a time in the gymnasium of Ilfeld, and soon afterwards rector in Osterode, in the Hartz Mountains. The next year, 1782, he accepted an invitation to Halle, where he laid the foundation of his literary fame, and continued to teach with the greatest applause till the suspension of the university by Napoleon, in 1806. In the following year he was invited to Berlin, and after the new Berlin university was founded and organized, according to his own views, in part, but chiefly according to those of the minister, von Humboldt, he was appointed a professor in it. But he never submitted to what now appeared to him the drudgery of ordinary duties; and at length, after several disputes with the ministry and with the other professors, he retired altogether from his public labors. In consequence of his declining health, he set out, by medical advice, on a journey to the south of France, and died at Marseilles, in 1824.—*Kraft*.



P. 124. *In respect to your argument*, etc.—Several of Wytttenbach's letters indicate, that he was of the same opinion with Ruhnken. Boissonade, in the preface to his Homer, published in 1823, says to the same effect, "I have read the Prolegomena of that great critic, in which are evinced extensive reading, uncommon research, and great power of language. But while I admire the production, it fails to carry conviction to my mind." The reasoning of Wolf was hypothetical, founded on the general analogy of the progress of knowledge and of the arts in other nations. Professor George William Nitzsch, of Kiel, has taken up the subject in a very different way, in several elaborate Programms and in the preface to the second volume of his notes on the Odyssey, where he has pursued the investigation historically, and carried his searching criticism to the minutest details, and thereby produced a strong re-action in Germany, so that some writers speak of Wolf's views on this point as already "antiquated,"—a convenient word to designate the rapid revolutions which sometimes take place in that country.

P. 125. SPALDING.—This is George L. Spalding, of Berlin, son of John J. Spalding, of the same place, one of the most celebrated theologians and classical German writers of the eighteenth century. George L. Spalding was born in 1762, in Barth, a small Prussian town, on the Baltic, where his father was then preacher. He studied in the Berlin gymnasium, which was under the charge of the celebrated Büsching. He then studied in Göttingen and Halle. The fortune of his father enabled young Spalding to continue his studies two years after leaving the universities, and to travel in Germany, Switzerland, France, England and Holland. He was made professor in one of the gymnasia of Berlin, in 1787; and in 1792 he married a rich widow, much older than himself, with whom he lived a very happy domestic life, showing a special regard to his step-son, as if to repay the tender love with which a step-mother had watched over his early years. A Leipzig bookseller wished him to revise the text of Quintilian for a new edition, a work which it was supposed would occupy him but a few years. Upon further study, however, it appeared that the text of his author required a more thorough revision, and that he needed more helps than



were at hand. Thus the edition of Quintilian became the labor of his life, and he finally died at the end of nineteen years, leaving the work still unfinished. On Gedike's death, the place of rector was offered him, but he declined it, that he might enjoy the more leisure for his Quintilian. In 1805, he made a journey to Italy, to collate a Florentine manuscript of his author. Towards the close of his life, he was, in spite of his unwillingness, attached, as counsellor, to the ministry of public instruction. He died very suddenly of apoplexy in 1811. In his character there was a singular mixture of sweetness and irritability. His excitable nature is manifested even in his notes to Quintilian, where he sometimes thoroughly chastises other commentators for their blunders. Spalding wrote but little, but the first three volumes of Quintilian, especially the third, will preserve his name. The fourth volume was edited by Buttmann; and a fifth, a supplementary volume, by Zumpt, to which Bonnel has an admirable lexicon of Quintilian in a sixth volume. Few editions of the classics can boast of such talent and learning as this of Quintilian.

P. 127. Wytttenbach alludes to Horace, Odes 3, 7, 21, and to Propertius, lib. 5, eleg. 11, v. 1 and 6.

*Terms of agreement, etc.*—It would seem from a pretty extensive correspondence, that the Oxford gentlemen were not remarkably liberal in their dealings with Wytttenbach. He refers, more than once, to their reducing the size of the type, as if to lessen the editor's pay. He applied for a certain sum, to meet the expense of extra copying, which their haste required, that the press might not be stopped, in case of any accident occasioned by the war, but that a duplicate might be on hand; and they granted him half the sum, for which, however, there may possibly have been a sufficient reason. It was afterwards agreed, that, for the Annotations, in a reduced type, Wytttenbach should receive a greater sum than a guinea a sheet, or eight quarto pages. But the delegates finally made a new proposal, namely, to pay three hundred guineas for the remainder of the work, without regard to the number of pages, "which conditions," says Wytttenbach, "I accepted, though at a sacrifice, that the work might not be delayed any longer."

P. 129. GAISFORD.—In order to understand the tone of Wyttenbach's first letter to Gaisford, it will be necessary to bear in mind, that the latter was but a youth, about nineteen years old, and known only through his own letter, while the former was at the height of his reputation, being at that time fifty-eight years old.

P. 132. VILLOISON was of a noble family, and was born at Corbeil, near Paris, in 1750. He pursued his studies in the university of Paris with such success, that he took the master's degree at the age of fifteen. In his essays, he always gained the Greek prize, except once, and then he failed only in consequence of his teacher's ignorance; for having a bad Greek text given him to translate into Latin, he first corrected it, and then made his translation, a procedure which the professor did not comprehend, and therefore could not approve. At the age of nineteen, he had read all the Latin, and many of the Greek classics, marking and illustrating the difficult passages. He then studied the Arabic, Syriac, and Hebrew, without a teacher. The Academy of Inscriptions made a special exception to its rules, in order to receive him as a member, before he had reached the proper age. His edition of the *Lexicon* of Apollonius, prepared when he was but twenty-two years old, was received with great applause. In 1775, at the age of twenty-five, he travelled in Germany and Holland, and formed literary acquaintances, both in Weimar and in Leyden, which continued unbroken till his death. Sent by the government to Venice in 1781, he employed his four years' residence there, in examining the manuscripts in the library of St. Mark, and in the society of learned men, particularly that of the distinguished Morelli. He discovered a manuscript of the *Iliad*, with valuable scholia, and this circumstance led him to hope that he might find a similar one of the *Odyssey*, in some part of Greece. He therefore returned to Paris, to prepare to travel in the East. It was during these preparations, that he undertook, by request, to superintend the printing of Sainte Croix's work, on the *Mysteries of the Ancients*. Without consulting the author, he took the liberty to make innumerable alterations, and even inserted a dissertation of 120 pages, of a contrary tendency to

the work itself? Sainte Croix complained loudly, and all literary men united with him in condemning such a license. He accompanied the French ambassador to the Porte, in 1785, and visited the Grecian islands and Mount Athos, but was disappointed in his object, and returned the next year, bringing materials for a great work on Greece, which, however, never appeared. The French Revolution disturbed his literary projects. He was banished to Orleans on account of his being a nobleman. After his return to Paris, he was made professor of ancient and modern Greek, but died in 1805, at the age of fifty-five. His edition of Homer, published in 1788, is his great work.

P. 133. LARCHER.—Pierre-Henri Larcher was born in Dijon, in 1726. His father was connected with the department of finance, and the young Larcher was at first destined to some civil office. But strong natural inclinations early indicated that he had another calling. He commenced his classical studies in Dijon, prosecuted them still further under the Jesuits at Pont-à-Mousson, and, at the age of eighteen, went to the College de Laon, in Paris, where, with slender means, he contrived to save enough of his allowance of 500 francs, to purchase books out of the ordinary course. His passion for the English, which was second only to his love of Greek, induced him, in 1750, to steal away to England, without the knowledge of his mother, who supposed he was all the while in the College de Laon. His earliest literary efforts were translations from the Greek and the English. His accurate translation of the romance of Chariton, with learned notes, appeared in 1763. It is in this work, that he speaks in the highest terms of D'Orville's edition of Chariton, saying, that "the observations of D'Orville ought to be studied by all who have a taste for Greek and Roman literature." When Voltaire wrote his *Philosophy of History*, several ecclesiastics requested Larcher to reply to it, and, in 1767, appeared his celebrated *Supplement to the Philosophy of History*, a work of extraordinary learning, and the first which gave the author a high public reputation, while it put the old philosopher into a very unphilosophical passion against the author. But Larcher's chief work is his translation of

Herodotus, in nine volumes, not so much admired, however, for the style of the version, as for the richness of the commentary, and the learned discussions on geography and chronology. He led such a life of literary retirement, as to escape the fury of the Revolution. When the imperial university was founded in Paris, he was elected professor of Greek, a mark of honor to him in his old age, or rather to the university, in which he performed no active duties. He died in 1812. In early life he was an infidel, and resolved with others, to do what he could to destroy Christianity. But, in his last edition of Herodotus, having become wiser and better in his old age, he struck out all those passages which could be construed as unfavorable to the Bible. A pretty full account of the life and writings of Larcher, by Boissonade, may be found in the nineteenth number of the *Classical Journal*.

When Larcher was eighty-three years of age, Wytttenbach wrote to him, requesting him to furnish the materials for a sketch of his life, and received a long letter in reply, containing some amusing passages, of which Wytttenbach made no public use. The following quotation is taken from Kraft. "You request me to furnish you with some particulars respecting my life. That is very flattering, and I know how to appreciate every word you shall write respecting me. As you probably intend to honor my memory when I am no more, the best encomium you can pass on me, would be to say, that I had discernment enough to perceive and appreciate your rare attainments; that I sensibly felt the friendship with which you honored me; that our friendship has never been suffered to languish; that it has been maintained, with unabated warmth, for more than thirty-five years. This, sir, is what will do me the most honor in the eyes of posterity. As to the rest, I am quite indifferent."

P. 135. SAINTE CROIX was born in Mormoiron, near Avignon, in the south of France, in 1746. After finishing his public education in the college of the Jesuits, at Grenoble, he was, in his youthful days, led by the circumstances of his noble birth, and the example of his family, to enter the army, where he was made a cavalry officer, as soon as he left the college.

His public life, his perils and losses during the revolution, though in the highest degree interesting, cannot be detailed here. His estates in the comté of Venaissin were confiscated; he himself escaped from prison, and fled to Paris; his wife soon followed; two of his sons perished in the bloody scenes which commenced in his native province. He devoted his last years to religion, and to literature, and found them the solace and support which he needed. He died in 1809. The earliest production of the Baron de Sainte Croix, was his *Critical Examination of the Historians of Alexander*, written when he was but twenty-six years of age, which won the prize in the Academy of Inscriptions. From this time he laid aside the sword, and devoted himself to letters. In 1775 and 1777, he gained two other prizes in the same Academy, by two essays, which afterwards served as the basis of his great work on the *Secret Religion of the Ancient Nations*, published in 1784, under the superintendence of Villoison, of which, a second edition, with a different title, appeared in 1817, in two volumes.

P. 139. LUZAC.—Without attempting to justify the alleged ingratitude of John Luzac to Ruhnken, his teacher and benefactor, it ought to be said, that Wyttenbach, though generally candid in his estimates of others, has allowed himself, in this instance, to do injustice to a distinguished man. Huschke, in a letter, dated Amsterdam, March 6, 1796, says, "Though we have great occasion to rejoice, that there are persons, who, in this political frenzy, have not lost their love of learning, we have equal reason to regret, that our present government carries its intolerance so far as to depose some of our very best teachers. Pestel lost his place at the very beginning. Recently, the learned John Luzac has been deprived of his professorship in Leyden. He held two professorships, that of Belgian history, and that of Greek literature. The Provisional Representatives of Holland took from him only the former; but he was so high-minded, that he resigned the latter. His removal was occasioned by a newspaper of his in French, one of the best published, where he copied some articles from the French papers, which were not to the taste of the Directory at Paris. Properly speaking, it is the Directory that deposed him."

Körte, in his life of Wolf, vol. I, p. 314, says: "John Luzac was the friend of Jefferson, of Adams, and of Washington. After he had lost his professorship, Washington wrote to him, 'The man who acts from principle, who never deviates from the path of truth, moderation, and justice, must finally succeed by these qualities. This, I am sure, will be the case with you, if it is not so already.' Luzac, as is known, complained of the Curators before the States General, and recovered his place." A few particulars may be added from the *Biographie Universelle*. Luzac, after finishing his studies under Ruhnken and Valckenaer, and under equally distinguished professors of law, was offered a professorship in Gröningen, and afterwards another in Leyden, but he declined both, preferring to enter upon the practice of law. He became a contributor to the "*Gazette*," in 1772, and was sole editor after 1775. He still prosecuted the study of ancient literature, and held a correspondence with the most distinguished men of the times. The emperor Leopold, Poniatowski, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, bestowed upon him the most flattering marks of favor. In 1785, he succeeded Valckenaer, as professor of Greek, in Leyden. On retiring from office of rector, at the end of the year, in 1795, he pronounced a remarkable discourse, *De Socrate Cive*, full of learning and sagacity, and dedicated it to John Adams, whose oldest son, John Quincy Adams, was then studying at Leyden, under the care of the author. This dedication is a master-piece, and gives evidence of the lively interest which Luzac took in the American struggle for liberty. He translated this discourse into Dutch, with additional observations, and it passed through two editions in the same year. But the affairs of Holland became more and more desperate. The government often applied to Luzac for advice. He could not, however, escape the effects of the general overthrow. This true and enlightened friend of liberty fell under the suspicion of the revolutionary party. His professorship of the history of Holland served as a pretext, and he was suspended from office in 1796. When he resigned his Greek professorship, he was then dismissed entirely. But he recovered his place in 1802. In the letter from Washington, here quoted more at length than in Körte, it is added, "America is under great obligations to the writings

and actions of such men as you." From this time, till his tragical death in 1807, he devoted himself with great success to his favorite studies.

P. 140. BOISSONADE, professor of Greek in Paris, and member of the Academy of Inscriptions, was born in Paris, in 1774. He was formerly secretary of the Prefecture of the Upper Marne, and afterwards associate editor of the *Journal des Débats*, for which he wrote articles displaying great ability, under the signature of Omega. The following circumstances will serve to explain the allusions in this letter. Wyttenbach had written to Sainte Croix; "I hear that Boissonade has edited the *Heroics of Philostratus*, and that he has sent me a copy of it. But I have not received it. Should it come to hand, I would give an account of it and of its author, in the next number of the *Bibliotheca Critica*." When Boissonade was informed of this by Sainte Croix, he wrote to Wyttenbach; "My *Philostratus*, most learned friend, appears before you, a nice judge, at a late hour. Full of defects, as it is, it would have been imprudent in me to send you a copy. I therefore resolved not to make myself known to you till I had finished another work which could be received with more favor. But Sainte Croix informs me that you have requested a copy which you might notice in your next number of the *Bibliotheca Critica*, and I could not do otherwise than comply."

P. 141. SIMON CHARDON DE LA ROCHETTE was born in 1753, studied at Paris, and early took rank with the most eminent Greek scholars of his country. In 1773, he went to Italy, for the sole purpose of visiting its libraries, and formed the plan of editing the *Greek Anthology*, upon which he bestowed much labor and expense. He was the intimate friend of Villoison. The Revolution ruined his moderate fortune, and interrupted his literary projects. After 1796, he became a principal contributor to Millin's *Magasin Encyclopédique*; and it is the collection of the valuable articles which he wrote for this journal, which constitutes his principal work, *Mélanges de Critique et de Philologie*, in three volumes, published in 1812. He died in 1814. Jacobs, in the preface to his



Delectus Epigrammatum, says that all the costly and excellent preparations which Rochette had made for his great work, the Greek Anthology,—and he had labored twenty-five years on it,—were, towards the close of life, and in his poverty, sold for a small sum; and no one now knows what has become of his papers. Speaking of this “man of elegant and various learning,” he exclaims, *Utinam tam felix quam doctus!*

JAMES MORELLI, the celebrated librarian of Saint Mark, in Venice, was born in that city in 1745, and died in 1819. In 1802, he published a volume, containing the examination and collation, with the texts of the better editions, of 260 Greek manuscripts of the Venetian library. Many of the classical critics of Europe, particularly Wyttenbach, Chardon Rochette, and Villoison, were greatly indebted to him for his friendly aid. At his death, he left to the library an extensive collection of manuscripts, which he had procured for himself, and 20,000 pamphlets. Well might Ruhnken say of him, *Morellius, quem fugitivorum, ut vocantur, opusculorum nullum unquam fugit.*

P. 143. JEAN BAPTISTE GAIL, was born in Paris, in 1755. In 1791, he was made professor of Greek in the Collège de France. In 1814, Louis XVIII appointed him superintendent of the Greek and Latin manuscripts of the royal library. He lectured for many years on the Greek language and literature. His most valuable labors were his French translations and his editions of Greek authors. His edition of Thucydides, with a Latin and a French version, various readings, and notes, in ten quarto volumes, was a work of external splendor. Wyttenbach could not, of course, afford to have a volume soiled, though the whole was a present. In a letter, dated 1810, Gail says, “I have sacrificed to this Thucydides from ten to twelve years’ labor, and forty thousand francs. With the most favorable sale, I must lose, at least, fifteen thousand. Is the insolence of my adversaries to be my only reward?” He had the mortification to see Corai preferred to him by Napoleon, and he complained bitterly of literary cabals. In fact, Gail has fared much better in the English and Dutch reviews than elsewhere; and he certainly had some singular notions, such, for example, as that the cities of Delphi and Olympia had only an imaginary



existence. He translated Matthiae's Greek Grammar into French. He died in 1829.

P. 144. THE MARQUIS LOUIS DE FONTANES, member of the Institute, a poet, celebrated in the writings of Chateaubriand, and a statesman and orator, whom Napoleon highly honored. After passing through a great variety of offices, literary and civil, he was, in 1808, made le grand-maître de l'Université, or the minister of education for all France.

P. 146. *To protect our library.*—We have, in this instance, a very favorable specimen of that system of plunder, by which the French brought to Paris the most precious and rare books, manuscripts, and productions of art to be found in the libraries and galleries of the conquered countries. We have seen not a few of these, which were restored, after the battle of Leipsic, to the German libraries, still wearing the "red jackets," as the morocco binding is called, which they received in Paris.

H. C. A. EICHSTAEDT, of Jena, is ranked among the most accomplished of modern Latin writers, and is, in other respects, also, a distinguished classical scholar. He was born at Ossig, near Meissen, in Saxony, in 1772. At the age of eleven, he entered the Schul-Pforta, and, at the age of fourteen, the university of Leipsic, where he studied under Morus, Beck, and Reiz. Soon after taking his degree, he became private teacher, and then professor extraordinarius in Leipsic. In 1795, he succeeded in obtaining a place in Jena, where he divided his time between teaching, and aiding Schütz in his Literary Journal. On the removal of Schütz to Halle, in 1803, Eichstaedt was appointed professor ordinarius of eloquence and poetry in Jena, where he still remains. It was he that commenced the New Literary Journal in Jena, in opposition to the Journal which Schütz had taken with him to Halle. Eichstaedt's paper continued till 1841. On account of its having too many young men among its contributors, it had been declining for several years. A new Jena paper, of superior character, has since appeared, under the auspices of Professor Hand, an honored rival of Eichstaedt in Latinity, as well as in

other respects. Diodorus and Lucretius are the principal, if not the only authors edited by Eichstaedt, and these are unfinished; but he has written numerous essays of the highest character, on classical subjects. He is almost universally respected among the scholars of his own country, although it would appear from private correspondence, that he was somewhat trickish in his younger days.

P. 147. LEWIS PURGOLD, an excellent man, and a fine scholar, was several years teacher in the gymnasium at Wiborg, and, in 1815, was assistant in the Royal library of Berlin, where he died of the apoplexy, in 1821.

G. A. F. AST, so well known for his writings on Plato, and whose death we have so recently had occasion to lament, was born in Gotha, in 1776. After studying in the gymnasium of his native city, he entered the university of Jena, where he began to study theology, under Griesbach and Paulus, but soon gave himself wholly to classical literature, under Eichstaedt. In 1805, he was appointed professor of philology in Landshut, and when that university was united with Munich, in 1826, he was removed to the latter place, where he remained till his death, in 1840. His ardor for the philosophy of Schelling was much abated in his later years, and philology became more exclusively the object of his pursuit. His life of Plato, and his large Platonic Lexicon, are among his best productions. He is too often hypercritical, particularly in his earlier writings, and in his lexicon, finished but a short time before his death, he has hardly met the high expectations that were raised.

*My notes on Julian, etc.*—The Critical Epistle, mentioned a few lines above, is the one which he wrote at Göttingen, while under Heyne, and which was his principal recommendation to Ruhnken. Schäfer added this to his edition of Julian's Eulogy on Constantine. To the Leipsic reprint of Wyttenbach's *Morals*, 1796–99, which contained only one volume in two parts, Schäfer added notes of his own. The Tübingen edition of Plutarch's complete works came out in fourteen volumes, 1791–1805, under Hutten's care, who, in the last seven volumes, made much use of Wyttenbach's labors. Schäfer's moral character is such, that we cannot allow our impressions of him to be materially

changed, from the fact that he attempted to furnish the German student with a cheap edition of a work which few professors even could afford to purchase, at the enormous Oxford price.

P. 149. *This new war.*—"Napoleon, in his ambition, and in his hostility to England, violated, in 1803, under various pretexts, the Luneville treaty of 1801, and the treaty of Amiens, made in 1802, and Holland and Hanover were seized and occupied by the French. Thus the war, which had scarce been ended, broke out again with still greater violence."—*Kraft*.

P. 150. CHRISTIAN DANIEL BECK, professor of ancient literature, in Leipsic, after laboring as academical teacher with great success for more than fifty years, died universally lamented, in 1832, at the age of seventy-five. He left a library of 24,000 volumes. Though his studies were spread over a very wide field, they were always connected with philology, in which he was peculiarly at home. His influence upon the numerous young men, who flocked to Leipsic to enjoy his instruction, was very great. It was he that established, in 1785, the Philological Society at Leipsic, which was finally adopted and patronized by the government, in 1809, when its name was changed to Philological Seminary. His various literary productions consist chiefly in editions of the classics, translations, bibliographical works, and academical essays, technically called Programms.—See Passow's account of Beck, in his letters to Breem and Hudtwalker, where, however, it must be remembered, that if Beck was a little dull in his manner, Passow was as much too fiery, and his estimate is, therefore, to be received with a little allowance.

P. 151. *You surely had good reason for declining.*—"Soon after the appearance of the *Prolegomena* (1795), Wolf received, through Ruhnken's influence, a call to the university of Leyden, in Luzac's place. He was much inclined to accept the proposal, and took preliminary measures for it. The facilities which Leyden offered to the philologist, and the literary society there, held out great inducements. According to his usual custom, he consulted his friends on the subject."—*Körte's Life of Wolf*.

William von Humboldt dissuaded Wolf, urging the insecurity of every thing in Holland, at that time of disorder. J. H. Voss thought he had better remain where he was. Spalding advised him to accept the appointment. He finally wrote a reply to Ruhnken, declining the offer, of which the following is the substance, as given by Körte: "I am here surrounded with numerous friends, and have many hearers; and am, besides, nearly the only one in this place to sustain our studies. I prefer teaching, to writing for the press. I have here a sure support, which is adequate to my wants; for one can live here, if he be economical, very respectably on one thousand rix dollars. Finally, my office imposes on me no duty to which I am adverse. \* \* The professorship of eloquence, which I hold, is nothing. Halle eloquence is a ludicrous sort of thing; it never has a voice, except when a king is married or dies. I have never delivered an oration here, except on the death of Frederic the Great."

P. 157. *And the commentary.*—The commentary was never published.

P. 158. AUGUSTUS MATTHIAE was born in Göttingen, in 1769. He commenced his studies in the gymnasium of the same place, and then prosecuted them in the university. His principal teacher was Heyne, in whose Philological Seminary he took an active part. In addition to philology, he studied zealously the philosophy of Kant. After spending nearly ten years as a private tutor in Amsterdam, where he formed the acquaintance of Wyttenbach, de Bosch, and Huschke, he returned to Germany, and through Heyne's recommendation, became teacher in a new Institution in the Belvidere Palace at Weimar; and on its extinction, in 1801, he was appointed rector of the gymnasium at Altenburg, where, for more than thirty years, he distinguished himself as a successful teacher and author. His knowledge of languages was not limited to those of the ancient world; he was well acquainted with the Dutch, the English, the French, and the Italian. Besides his Greek Grammar, which has been translated into English, French, and Italian, he has published an edition of Euripides, in nine volumes, Cicero's Select Orations, and his Select Epistles, Sketch of Greek and Roman

Literature, and Miscellaneous Writings, Latin and German, published in 1833. The last is a volume containing thirty addresses and articles relating mostly to classical studies, and the mode of instruction in gymnasia.

P. 160. IMMANUEL G. HUSCHKE was born in Greussen, near Nordhausen, in 1761. He studied at Schul-Pforta, where he laid the foundation of an exquisite classical scholarship. From this celebrated gymnasium he went to the Jena university, to study theology; but, like his friend and associate Jacobs, he was led by his tastes to pursue classical literature exclusively. After passing a few weeks at Göttingen, on the completion of his university course, he went to Amsterdam, as a private teacher, and made the acquaintance of de Bosch, van Santen, Ruhnken, and, to some little extent, of Wyttenbach. He manifested an early desire to become a professor in Leyden, but Ruhnken did not encourage the project. In 1795, when Luzac was displaced, van Santen procured the appointment of Huschke in his place. The latter resigned his post as private teacher, and began to prepare himself to enter upon the duties of his new office. But as Luzac commenced a suit against the curators, Huschke was kept from his place while the case was pending, and became melancholy, and returned to Germany. Here he remained out of employ, residing a part of the time at Göttingen, and prosecuting his studies there, when, in 1806, he was appointed professor in the university of Rostock, where he spent the remainder of his days, and where he died in 1827. After Luzac's death, in 1807, Huschke was again invited to a professorship in Leyden; but he did not accept it, and it was given to Creuzer. Huschke's exquisite scholarship, his delicate health, his nervous, melancholy temperament, rendered him a very interesting and yet somewhat troublesome friend. As a critic, he was highly prized. Jacobs, speaking of a journey which he made to Göttingen, in 1800, in company with Böttiger, says, "Huschke, whom I had not met for ten years, was at this time in Göttingen. Some little misunderstanding which had arisen between us, was, upon our seeing each other, removed by a few words. Huschke was naturally suspicious, and very sensitive. He was afflicted with a hypochondria, which, in many periods of his life, produced a

settled melancholy." In two letters written from Rostock to Schütz, in 1808, Huschke says: "Probably you, like the Rostock gentlemen, think I have given up all idea of going to Leyden. I did, indeed, long ago decline the appointment, and considered the matter as settled. But in February last I received new and more favorable proposals. The curators, however, have their hands very much tied; they cannot, as formerly, do what they would. Every thing now depends on the king. I have made conditions, and engaged to go, if they shall be accepted." "I had gone pretty far in negotiating with the curators of Leyden; but difficulties arise again. Besides the objections already mentioned to you, my health suggests another. I found the climate unfavorable to me, even in my younger days; and as I am now infirm in a place far more salubrious than that, I fear I should be still worse off there."

JEROME DE BOSCH, a native of Amsterdam, was born in 1740. He early distinguished himself, under the instruction of the younger Burmann, in Latin poetry. These fugitive pieces, which are very elegant for their pure Latin diction, were collected, and published, in two volumes, in 1803 and 1808. His principal literary production, however, was his Greek Anthology, with the Latin Version of Hugo Grotius, in four volumes, quarto. A fifth volume, which was ready for the press when he died, in 1811, was published by van Lennep. The first three volumes contain the text, and the masterly translation of Grotius, in Latin verse, corresponding with the Greek, verse for verse, and measure for measure. The notes which the editor added to the unpublished observations of Salmasius, in the fourth volume, gave him a distinguished place among Greek scholars. In 1800, he was appointed curator of the university of Leyden, and, in that important office, did all in his power to repair the injury done to the university by the revolution of 1795. His library was, in classical literature, especially in the princeps editions, as well as in splendor of binding, one of the richest private libraries in Europe. Jacobs, after speaking of the aid which de Bosch had given him in his Anthology, goes on to say: "And yet we were rivals in this work, and I had found fault with some things, in my review of his edition. But envy and hatred were far from this excellent

man, who thought himself sufficiently rewarded for his labor, by the fame which he acquired in bringing before the public, in a worthy form, the Latin version of his great countryman. A practised Latin poet himself, he was peculiarly qualified to appreciate the labors of Grotius." David Jacob van Lennep, in his eulogy, pronounced in 1817, commends the generous and humane character of de Bosch, as worthy of the imitation of all scholars. "As in his private and social life," says his eulogist, "so in his writings, he abstained from all quarrelling, freely expressing his own opinions, but at the same time courteous to all who differed from him." He used to urge young men to do the same, and always held up Heyne to them, as a model in this respect.

P. 161. WYTTENBACH AND CREUZER.—It will be recollected, that both these distinguished scholars studied at Marburg for a time. Bang was the first teacher of Creuzer. In the university of Jena, which the latter subsequently entered, Schütz and Griesbach were his principal teachers. When he became a private tutor in Leipsic, he had opportunity to attend the lectures of Beck and Hermann. Savigny, recently professor of law in the Berlin university, and one of the most learned civilians of the age, was formerly professor in Marburg, and it was through his influence that Creuzer was appointed professor there. The change in the government of Hesse, here referred to, is that which was occasioned by its being incorporated into the new kingdom of Westphalia, under Jerome Bonaparte. All the universities in the kingdom, namely, Göttingen, Halle, Marburg, Helmstädt, and Rinteln, languished, and the last two were soon afterwards abolished. The university funds were needed to raise armies.

P. 164. GEORGE HENRY MOSER, rector of the gymnasium in Ulm, a disciple of Creuzer, and distinguished in Roman literature, was born in 1780. From 1807 to 1809, he was a member of the Philological Seminary in Heidelberg. He became teacher in Ulm, in 1810, on his return from Holland, and was made rector in 1826. He has published learned editions of several of the philosophical treatises of Cicero.



P. 166. JOHN CHRISTOPHER ADELUNG, who did for the lexicography of the German language, what learned academies have done for others, was born in a little village near Anklam, in Pomerania, in 1732. He commenced his studies in this town, then entered the once celebrated, but now extinct, classical school at Klosterbergen, near Magdeburg, from which he went to the university of Halle. He was, for a time, teacher in Erfurt, but left that place, on account of differences of religious opinion, in 1761, and went to Leipsic, where, as conrector, translator, and literary drudge, he remained in poverty till 1787, when, on becoming known as the author of the German Dictionary, he was made librarian in Dresden, where he remained till his death, in 1806. His lexicon is, for the time when it was written, an excellent work. A good Mithridates could not be produced in his day. His grammars are inferior to his lexicon. He used to say, that his writing-desk was his wife, and the seventy volumes from his own pen were his children. He had a robust constitution, and studied fourteen hours a day. Though a virtuous and temperate man, in the old and easy sense of that term, he kept a *Bibliotheca Selectissima*, as he termed it, in which were to be found forty varieties of wine.

CHRISTIAN GODFREY SCHÜTZ, a very excellent scholar in the history of literature, and a distinguished philologist, was born in 1747, in Dederstaedt, in the Mansfeld territories. He studied with great success in the Latin school of the Orphan house, and then in the university of Halle, where he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, at the age of twenty. Notwithstanding his poverty, he resolved to remain at the university after his course of study was finished. At the suggestion, however, of Semler, who had directed his studies, he accepted a place as teacher in the Knight's Academy at Brandenburg; but he was recalled to Halle within a year, as Inspector, or assistant of the Theological Seminary, of which Semler was the Director. "Since 1757," says Körte, in his *Life of Wolf*, "when the seminary came under Semler's direction, ancient literature was encouraged. He labored to raise up, through that institution, learned theologians, by lending his influence to classical philology, and providing for lectures on Greek and Roman authors, to be given by the



Inspector. Schirach first held these lectures, from 1765 to 1769, who was followed, from 1769 to 1779, by the excellent Schütz. The latter held five or six lectures a week on philology, to which not only the members of the seminary, but the students of the university generally had free access. These lectures had such an effect, that other professors lectured, also, on classical literature. He was made professor ordinarius, in 1776, but went three years after to Jena, as professor of eloquence. His loss in Halle was deeply felt. In Jena, he delivered lectures on the history of literature, with unexampled popularity. In 1785, he, Wieland, and Bertuch established the Literary Journal, which was, for a long series of years, the best literary paper in Europe. Wieland soon retired from it. In 1804, Schütz received two invitations, with the most flattering proposals,—the one from the king of Bavaria, to go to Würzburg, the other from the king of Prussia, to go to Halle, as professor of philosophy and eloquence. He preferred the latter, and accordingly removed with his journal to Halle. While he and Ersch, now associate editor, conducted this paper in Halle, Eichstaedt established a new one in Jena, in its place. In the meantime, a Philological Seminary had sprung up in Halle, under Wolf, and, on his being transferred, in 1807, to Berlin, Schütz took his place. He was one of that class of philologists who treat the study of the languages with taste; he diffused, by his lectures and his writings, that enthusiasm for classical studies, which produced such scholars as Jacobs and Creuzer. The fiftieth anniversary after his master's degree, was celebrated September 3, 1818, which was a holiday for all Halle, for every body, young and old, knew and honored the good old Schütz, as they were accustomed to call him." He sold his right in the journal in 1824, but continued to hold the place of senior editor till his death, in 1832. His editions of Cicero and of *Æschylus* are his best critical productions. Bullmann, in his History of the University of Halle, says, "He was not more distinguished for his learning than for his amiable character. He is one of the most humane philologists known in history, and expressed the deepest regret when he saw the inhumanity of some professed Humanists." Wyttenbach used

to say that he was the only German who could translate Kant's works into Latin.

P. 167. JOHN AUGUSTUS APEL, a writer of considerable merit, known as an opponent of Hermann, on the subject of Greek metre, and as an imitator of the ancient Greek tragedies, studied for the law in Leipsic and Wittenberg, and afterwards became a senator in Leipsic; but he devoted his restless life to various kinds of light literature, and wrote many reviews. He died in 1816, at the age of forty-five.

*Rebound.*—A call to another university is generally the occasion of increasing a valuable professor's salary, if he remain.

P. 168. *This Locella.*—"The Baron A. M. de Locella prepared and published a new edition of Xenophon, at Vienna, in 1796. This is the first critical edition. Not only were the numerous errors of former editions corrected, but many chasms, occasioned by carelessness, were filled. Where the manuscript itself is deficient, the conjectures of Hemsterhuys, Abresch and D'Orville and others from Bast, were adopted. Bast had in his youth made preparation to edit Xenophon. He now gave up his papers to Locella, which contain the first specimens of his extraordinary penetration and critical tact. Locella made a new translation, and added a commentary, which embraces all the observations of the above-mentioned scholars."—*Schöll*.

"G. BODONI, of Parma, born in 1740, is the man who, by his talent, knowledge, taste and industry, raised the art of printing to an elevation reached by none of his predecessors. In simple regularity he sought and found the true principle of beauty, both in the form of the type and in the arrangement of the paragraphs. The color of the ink, the quality of the paper, and the evenness of the impression, left nothing to be desired; and in this respect he is not excelled either by his contemporaries, or the latest typographers of England and France. That which crowns all his works, is the Lord's Prayer in 155 languages, and in corresponding types. He died in 1813."—*Falkenstein's History of the Art of Printing, Leipsic, 1840.*

P. 169. *The edition of Heindorf and Böckh.*—The projected edition of Plato with a new translation, commentary and scholia, by Bast, Heindorf, and Böckh, failed in consequence of the death of the first two. Their rich materials passed into the hands of Weigel, who undertook to complete the unfinished work, but who finally preferred to give them over to Stallbaum, and the reader need not be told that no better disposition could have been made of them.

P. 171. *Philological Seminary.*—As the philological professorships grew out of the theological, so philological seminaries, about the time of Heyne and Wolf, appear to have originated in the theological seminaries. Most of the universities now have such institutions. Though the regulations of these seminaries vary in the different universities, their design and general character are the same. The object of a philological seminary is to educate teachers of the Latin and Greek languages for the higher classes in the gymnasia, and for the universities. The director of the Seminary, generally the ablest professor, selects, after a rigid examination, about twelve of the maturest scholars and most promising young men of his department, to constitute the seminary. Those who are so fortunate as to gain admittance, receive an annual allowance of about fifty rix dollars. These institutions, having the nature of teachers' seminaries, the exercises, held once a week, are conducted chiefly by the members, under the supervision of the director. Each member takes his turn in reading an elaborate critical interpretation of some Latin or Greek author, which is rigidly criticised by the other members, and finally by the director, who also decides upon the criticisms of the others. In some universities the seminaries are divided into two branches, Latin and Greek, with two directors. See Passow's Letters, pp. 198, 208.

P. 172. K. A. BÖTTIGER, so well known for his admirable writings on ancient art, manners and mythology, was born in 1760. He studied at Schul-Pforta, and afterwards in Leipsic, under Reiz and Morus. In 1784, he was made rector of a gymnasium in Guben. Through Herder's agency, he was brought to

Weimar, where he was director of the gymnasium from 1791 to 1804, when he was called to Dresden, as superintendent of the Page Institute. In 1814, this was merged in another institution, and Böttiger was appointed director of the Knight's Academy, and superintendent of the Dresden gallery of antiques. He died in 1836. His numerous writings consist mostly of essays, reviews, and small treatises. His *Sabina*, or morning scenes in the chamber of a Roman lady, is an invaluable little volume to the classical scholar. His Latin and smaller German writings have been recently collected and are now publishing under the care of Julius Sillig.

Jahn, in his *Annals of Philology*, in noticing the Biographical Sketch of Böttiger, by his son, observes: "The biographer has given particular prominence and effect to his description of Böttiger's literary life and character. In Guben and Bautzen, he appears as an earnest, practical schoolman, pursuing his philological studies in the manner of Heyne, and the men of that day, and devoting special attention to the art of teaching, and the best mode of treating the languages in schools. In Weimar, on the contrary, his labors took a higher direction, and his intimacy with Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Göthe, Kotzebue, Meyer, and others, turned his attention from the art of teaching to elegant literature and ancient art. The description of this period is very full, and the reader feels a growing interest as Böttiger becomes a connoisseur, a contributor to journals on elegant literature, and annuals, and a correspondent, furnishing literary intelligence to journals both at home and abroad, and skilfully finding his way through literary and court intrigues, complaisant to all, though often treated ill, and still attached to such a life, with all its evils. His talent for elegant literature and art was most fully brought out in Dresden, where he gradually retired from the school, and directed his attention more and more to the public, holding popular lectures on ancient art, mythology, and classical literature, throwing out his views in articles for every literary journal he could find, explaining to visitors the remains of ancient art in the Dresden galleries, and participating in all that was interesting in literature, or in the higher circles of social life."

P. 173. *Thirty-eight wagons.*—Saxony wished to be neutral in the war of 1806, between Prussia and France, but was compelled, by peculiar circumstances, to join Prussia. But within thirteen days after war was declared, the Prussian army was annihilated. The Saxons, who were also conquered in the battle of Jena, received from Napoleon the promise of neutrality, on condition they would join the Confederation of the Rhine; and the condition was accepted. And yet, four days after the battle, Davoust entered Leipsic with 40,000 men, and the next day, the city was called upon to deliver up all the English wares and money, and all its military stores. Six days later, 45,000 yards of fine, and 300,000 yards of ordinary cloth, 150,000 pairs of shoes, and large sums of money were demanded; and then, to crown the whole, Napoleon laid a contribution of 7,053,358 rix dollars upon Saxony, of which the Elector himself assumed one-third, in order to relieve his people.

*The restoration of the Halle university.*—The university of Halle was in a flourishing condition, under the fostering care of the King of Prussia, when the war between France and Prussia broke out, in 1806. Three days after the battle of Jena, which was on the fourteenth of October, 1806, Halle fell into the hands of the French conqueror. Bernadotte, who had been waited on by a committee of the university, had issued a proclamation for the protection of the university, but before it could be printed and distributed, Napoleon arrived, who, at first, promised to confirm the proclamation, but, being irritated by some mischievous newspaper articles, the next morning, Oct. 20, he gave out his imperial mandate, that the university should be suspended, and that all the students, who were not natives of Halle, should leave the town within twenty-four hours. The salaries of all the professors, except the botanist, Sprengel, were stopped. May 18, 1807, Dr. Niemeyer and four other professors, were seized and carried to France, without accusation or explanation; but this very circumstance placed Niemeyer where he could use his great personal influence successfully for the restoration of the university. By the treaty of Tilsit, Halle was included in the new Westphalian kingdom, under Jerome Bonaparte, and the new government promised that the pay of the professors should be resumed on and after the first of October. On the twenty-third

of December, Niemeyer, who had returned to Halle, and two other professors, were sent out by the city and the university, to Cassel, to take the oath of allegiance to the young king. It was on this occasion, that Niemeyer made so favorable an impression, in an address to Jerome, that the latter promised to be the guardian and patron of the university. Proclamation was accordingly made, that the university of Halle be re-opened in the spring of 1808. Niemeyer was made chancellor and perpetual rector, as a reward for his extraordinary services. But Nösselt had died; Wolf and Schleiermacher had gone to Berlin, where the loss of Halle was to be made up by a new university; Jacobs, to Charcow; and other professors had gone to other places. Schütz took Wolf's place. In 1809, the new and weak Westphalian government, in which J. Von Müller, as minister of education, had, up to the time of his recent death, done all in his power for the university, found it necessary to suspend the universities of Helmstädt and Rinteln, and the Pædagogium of Klosterbergen, and to apply all the funds to the support of Göttingen, Halle, and Marburg. In 1810, Wegscheider, formerly of Rinteln, and Gesenius, formerly teacher in the gymnasium at Heiligenstädt, were added to the theological faculty in Halle. The number of the students was, at this time, less than 200. In 1805, it was 937. Napoleon, in his journey from Magdeburg to Dresden, July 13, 1813, stopped at Halle; and, in his exasperation, threatened to drive away all the professors, and burn the city. Within two days after, the university was suspended a second time, by an order from Cassel, the Westphalian capital. The funds were to be directed to the other universities; the professors were put upon half-pay, and promised a place elsewhere. But on the eighteenth of October, the battle of Leipsic put an end to these troubles; and Halle finally reverted to the Prussian government. As a Prussian university, it was restored in August, 1814, after the professors had, for nearly one term, voluntarily opened their courses of lectures. All the arrearages of their salaries were generously paid. Most of the students, however, joined the army against Napoleon the next year. On the twelfth of April, 1815, the Wittenberg university, which had hitherto belonged to Saxony, but was now included in the Prussian territory,

was united with the Halle university. While a part of the professors went to Leipsic, as the only remaining university of the kingdom of Saxony, others went to Halle. The students belonging to the newly-acquired Prussian province, would, of course, resort to a Prussian university.

P. 174. *The universities of the new kingdom.*—The fate of the Helmstädt university can be best learned from a few extracts of Professor Bruns's correspondence, which, besides, give a lively picture of the times. Under date of Helmstädt, April 20, 1808, he writes to Schütz; "Our troubles, arising from non-payment of our salaries, are not yet ended. We are still more disturbed by the latest, though unofficial, advices from Cassel. The Julia Carolina (university) is perhaps already sentenced to death. We expect soon to know the certainty. I, as owner of a large house, from the room-rents of which I derive a part of my support, shall, in that case, lose almost the entire value of my estate. His Westphalian Majesty has, at the very commencement of his reign, required great sacrifices of his subjects. They will be sensibly felt by those who have to make them. A great change, as I think, is about to come over our literature and all our literary institutions. Perhaps the time is not distant, when men shall think that the best way to honor Napoleon for his great deeds is to obliterate the memory of all that was done before him. Then farewell history, ancient languages, criticism and philology. Such times I never expected to see. Henceforth we shall be more the property of Napoleon than of Jerome, and the former consequently rule over us. He seizes upon all the royal domains, and cloister funds." Again, Helmstädt, Jan. 28, 1809, he writes; "In Cassel men are all the while studying how many universities and gymnasia can in the most advantageous way be abolished, and their funds be pocketed by the government, and Helmstädt has not many advocates there. It would be much easier to squeeze the universities together, if our houses could be shoved along at the same time. I cannot, however, indulge in pleasing hopes for learning in this kingdom, though Johannes Von Müller and Wolfradt will do all they can." Helmstädt, Jan. 23, 1810. "I could not answer your kind letter, my dear friend, before receiving from Cassel a decision in regard to my destination.



This has finally reached me by the last mail ; and as I was called upon to say whether a removal to Halle would be acceptable to me, I have replied to the minister of education that, on many accounts, it would be very agreeable to me. I say the same to you ; and as it is now decided in the councils of the gods that Julia Carolina is to be stricken from the list of the universities, I regard it as a happy circumstance, that I can hereafter honor you and other worthy men in Halle as my colleagues. \* \* \* Five professors will go to Halle ; three, and perhaps four, to Göttingen." The university of Rinteln shared the same fate.

*To lay upon the altar.*—Saxony, with a modification of the treaty of 1807, ceded, March 19, 1808, to the new kingdom of Westphalia, which Napoleon had founded for Jerome, the bailiwick of Gommern, with Ranis and Elbenau ; the county of Barby ; a partial claim on Treffurt ; the prefecture of Dorla ; and, finally, the Mansfeld territories.

P. 175. PROFESSOR JACOB.—This is Lewis Henry Von Jacob, father of a distinguished lady, now resident in the United States, known in literature, under the signature of *Talvj*, a word made up of the initials of her maiden name. He was born in Wottin, in 1759, and died in 1827. "He had commenced his career in our city with honor, as academical teacher, and author ; he was, in 1789, made professor extraordinarius, and, in 1791, professor ordinarius of philosophy in Halle. In 1807, at the time of the Westphalian government, he went to Charcow, as professor of political economy, and was afterwards called to Petersburg, as counsellor of state, and received a title and an estate. After several years' service in the Russian government, he returned, in 1816, to his former place in Halle, and devoted himself, with new energy, to the duties of his professorship."—*Bullmann's History of the University of Halle*, p. 269.

P. 176. *His triple mound.*—According to Wieland's own request, his remains were placed in one grave, with those of his wife, and of Sophia Brentano. A simple monument is placed over it, with an inscription written by himself.

*In exile in Schmiedeberg.*—"The university of Wittenberg, the venerable mother of the Reformation, was obliged, in 1813,



to yield to arms, and emigrated, in part, to the neighboring village of Schmiedeberg."—*C. W. Böttiger's History of Saxony.*

P. 177. *Wieland's translation of Cicero.*—Schütz had recently completed his valuable edition of Cicero's Letters, and was well qualified to put the finishing hand to Wieland's translation. He did not, however, undertake it. The work was finished by F. D. Gräter, of Zürich.

ANTOINE BERNARD CAILLARD was attached to the French ministry, in various capacities, at Parma, Cassel, Copenhagen, Petersburg, etc. In 1795, he was minister plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin. He died in 1807. He was a lover of literature, and possessed a magnificent library.

P. 178. AUBIN LOUIS MILLIN was a man of various and extensive, though not of profound learning. His *Magasin Encyclopédique*, a journal commenced in 1792, and conducted by him from 1795 to 1816, gives one of the best views of the entire literature of Europe during that period. His *Galerie Mythologique* is so valuable, that Tölken translated it into German, where it has passed through two editions, the last in 1836. The 190 plates are accurate copies from ancient works of art. C. O. Müller says, "his labors, in clear and popular representations of ancient art, are invaluable." He died in 1818.

PORTE DU THEIL was a scholar of great and various activity, both as an historical collector, and as a classical philologist. He translated *Æschylus*, and in connection with Rochefort published a new and improved edition of Brumoy's *Théâtre des Grecs*. The translation of Strabo, by du Theil and Corai, with notes by Gosselin, in five volumes, is a valuable work. Du Theil died in 1815, at the age of seventy-three.

P. 179. STEPHEN CLAVIER was born in Lyons, in 1762. He early gave himself to the study of the languages, then entered upon the profession of law, and became judge of a criminal court, and finally member of the Academy of Inscriptions. His edition of Apollodorus, with a French translation and notes, is said to be excellent, as also his edition of Pausanias, in seven volumes, particularly the exact French translation, the greater part of

which was printed under Corai's care, after the author's death, in 1814.

PASCAL F. J. GOSSELIN, associate editor of the *Journal des Savans*, after 1816, and associate keeper of the Cabinet of Medals with Millin, at Paris, was born at Lille, in 1751. He travelled in France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, eight years, for the purpose of perfecting his knowledge of ancient geography. His two greatest works relate to ancient geography. A widower, without children, he spent most of his later years in solitary study, at Montmorency. He died in 1830.

P. 181. J. A. MARTINI-LAGUNA was born in Zwickau, in 1755. He lived alternately on his estate in his native town and in Dresden, and devoted his time to private study. Of his projected work on the epistles of Cicero and other Latin writers, only one volume appeared. His library and most of his papers perished in the flames. He was an elegant scholar. He died in 1824.

P. 183. *Long and circuitous*.—The encouragements given to learning were so great in Saxony, that the number of its students was then, and is now, too large for the demands of the State. Consequently, there are so many men, both young and old, waiting for places, that *Lipsia vult expectari* has long been a proverb.

P. 185. GRUBER.—This is the individual who is universally known as one of the editors of Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopedia*, a gigantic production, being not only the most extensive, but the most scientific which the world has ever seen. It is an unfinished work, still in progress, under Gruber, Hoffmann, Meyer, and Käntz. Ersch died in 1826. Gruber was born in Naumberg, in 1774, studied in the gymnasium of that place, and in 1797 entered the university of Leipsic. After a short residence in Prussia, as family tutor, he returned to Leipsic, and commenced his career as a writer. In 1803, he became private teacher in the university of Jena; afterwards he seems to have lived as an author, for a time, in Weimar. Through Reinhard's influence, he was appointed professor in Wittenberg, in 1811. He was at

a later period appointed by the university to confer with the Prussian court in regard to the union of the Wittenberg and Halle universities, and in 1815, after the union, he became professor in Halle. On the death of Ersch, he took his place as one of the editors of the Literary Journal of Schütz. His published works are numerous.

SCHOTT, WINZER AND HEUBNER.—H. A. Schott went, in 1812, to Jena, as professor of theology, where he continued to hold a very high rank in his profession, till his death in 1835. His *Isagoge*, or Introduction to the New Testament, is regarded as one of the very best.—J. F. Winzer was born in the same year with Schott, in 1780. He was formerly a teacher in the gymnasium at Meissen; from 1809 he was professor in Wittenberg, and when this was closed, he was, in 1814, made professor of theology in Leipsic, where he still continues. His writings are known to the theologian.—H. L. Heubner is director of the Preacher's Seminary, which has taken the place of the university at Wittenberg, to which students now resort, after having studied theology at a university. He was, at first, made teacher, and afterwards professor in the university. In 1817, he was made third director, under Schleusner, and in 1832, first director in the Seminary. He is one of the most distinguished of the evangelical theologians. Nitzsch, of Bonn, is his disciple. K. H. L. Pölitiz, mentioned a few lines below, was a few years teacher in the Knight's Academy, in Dresden, and afterwards professor in Wittenberg, and finally, in 1815, in Leipsic, where he died in 1838. His numerous writings in history, literature and statistics, have a high reputation. He was a very thorough scholar.

LOBECK.—Christian Augustus Lobeck, professor of ancient literature in Königsberg, and one of the most distinguished of Greek scholars, was born in Naumburg, in 1781, and studied at the gymnasium of the same place where his father was rector. In 1797, he entered the university of Jena, but in 1798 went to Leipsic, to study philology, and became one of the best of Hermann's disciples. In 1802, he became adjunct teacher in the university of Wittenberg, and without giving up this office, he was in 1807 made conrector, and in 1809 rector of the gymnasium of the same place. In 1810, appeared his *Ajax* of Sophocles,

which established his reputation as a superior Greek scholar, and procured him, through Reinhard's influence, the appointment of professor extraordinarius. It was on entering this office, that he wrote his learned treatise *De Morte Bacchi*. In consequence of the interruptions at Wittenberg, occasioned by the war, he accepted, in 1814, a call to Königsberg, in the place vacated by Erfurdt's decease, where, as teacher and director of the Philological Seminary, he has continued to labor, till the present time, with extraordinary success. His earliest disciples, who studied under him in Wittenberg, were Friedemann, Spohn and Spitzner. His writings are not numerous, but they are of the highest character. His *Phrynicus* will not suffer in comparison with any similar work of the age. His new edition of *Ajax*, with a very full commentary, published in 1835, is highly praised, though some men of another school of philology have found fault with it. His *Aglaophamus*, like his last principal work, *Paralipomena Grammaticae Graecae*, in two volumes, 1837, show as well as his *Phrynicus*, that, in acquaintance with all the writers of the Greek language, he is scarcely excelled by any of the great scholars of his country.

P. 188. K. D. ILGEN, formerly rector of Schul-Pforta, was one of Beck's first students. He was born in 1768. His great knowledge of classical and oriental philology procured for him, at the age of twenty-two, the office of rector in Naumburg, where he had commenced his studies when a boy. In 1794, he was appointed professor of oriental languages in Jena. From 1802 to 1831 he labored with the most extraordinary success, as rector, to improve and reform the school which has educated more eminent philologists than any other gymnasium in Germany. He died in 1834, at Berlin, where he had retired on a pension. His edition of the Homeric Hymns is his chief work in classical literature, in which he held a distinguished place.

*Terrific article on Heyne.*—This is the unjust review of Heyne's Homer, referred to by Wyttenbach, page 153, which appeared in the Literary Journal of Schütz, in the May number, 1803. The materials were furnished by Wolf, Schütz, Eichstaedt, and Voss, in concert, the last of whom was commissioned to draw up the article; and he did not fail to pour in the gall.

P. 189. J. SCHWEIGHÄUSER was born in Strasburg, in 1742, and died in the same place in 1830. His editions of Herodotus, Polybius, Athenaeus, Arrian, etc., gave him a high, and, in many respects, a permanent reputation. He was imprisoned, and banished from Strasburg during the French Revolution. He was afterwards restored to his professorship.

*Proposals from Munich.*—Jacobs, in his autobiography, says: "The war was professedly brought to a close, by the peace of Tilsit, in 1807; but all the north of Germany seemed to rest on a volcano, while Bavaria, in the south, now a kingdom, appeared to be the only place which offered a secure retreat. \* \* At this time, I received a call to Munich, as professor of classical literature in the Lyceum, and as member of the Academy of Sciences, with the most favorable proposals."

SCHLICHTEGROLL, one of the northern Germans, whom the Bavarian king had called around him, to raise the character of literature in Munich, wrote, under date of Munich, Nov. 30, 1810, to Schütz, thus: "What could I not relate to you of the malignity with which our enemies here endeavor to embitter our lives! We have many things to contend with, but hope it will yet be acknowledged, that we have fought a good battle, for which all Protestants, and all men of learning, will thank us. Jacobs will leave this place in two or three days. My sorrow at his departure, amounts to absolute distress and melancholy. The king, the minister, the crown-prince, and many intelligent Bavarians, regard it as a national loss. The most honorable proposals are made to him; but the thought of being obliged to sit with von Aretin, takes from him all inclination to remain here, where there is a noble sphere of action for him, and where he has already sown much good seed."

P. 190. THIERSCH.—Frederic William Thiersch, professor of classical literature, in Munich, was born in 1784. He studied under those admirable teachers, Lange and Ilgen, in Schul-Pforta, from 1798 to 1804, and then in Leipsic, under Hermann, and with Schäfer, whence he went to Göttingen, to study under Heyne, in 1807. The latter, in a letter to Johannes von Müller, said: "We have here in the university, a Thiersch, from Saxony, a young man of rare talent, fire, and strength. He

preached a short time since, and we were surprised at the young man's pulpit talents. \* \* He held his disputation, *pro gradu* a few days ago, and Wunderlich was his opponent. That was such a fête as we have not enjoyed for a long time." In 1809, he was chosen professor of the new gymnasium in Munich, and he made his way thither, through the French army, in the tumult of war. The minister, von Aretin, embittered his first years in Munich; but the attempt made upon his life, opened the eyes of the public to the intrigues of that corrupt man. Thiersch has done more than any other man for Greek literature in the south of Germany.

P. 191. *What do you say*, etc.—Wolf and Voss had hitherto been friends, but it is not strange, that two such fiery spirits should, at length, fall out with each other. Wolf, in one of his literary freaks, attempted to excel Voss in his own way,—in exact imitation of the Greek, in translation, and then called it all trifling, and thus, while he got a new plume for himself, he left poor Voss in an awkward condition. The younger Voss took up the defence, like a true knight.

J. G. GURLITT was born in 1754, and studied in Leipsic, his native city. From 1778 to 1802, he was teacher in Klosterbergen, whence he went to Hamburg, where he died, as Director of the Johanneum, a celebrated gymnasium, in 1827. He was distinguished for his writings on the archaeology of art, as well as for his general classical attainments.

P. 192. *Call to Göttingen*.—Heeren, who was commissioned by the Westphalian government, to make proposals to Jacobs, wrote to him: "What is desired of you, is, to sustain the study of the classics, and particularly those studies which relate to the antiquities of art. If you should desire it, the circle of your studies can be enlarged. There is no wish to impose on you any duty which you may not like. I am directed to request you to make your own terms for entering into the service of the king. You have no occasion to fear that there will be any collision. All my expenses, including rent, and every thing, amount to from 1600 to 1800 rix dollars. You are at liberty to demand such a support as you may think necessary."

“Enticing as these proposals were,” says Jacobs, “I could not overcome my scruples; and, as all pecuniary considerations were anticipated and removed, I reflected upon my standing motto, *si qua sede sedes*, “let well alone,” and declined the proposal. It has always been my opinion, that one ought, in all such cases, first to look within, and ask himself whether his shoulders are broad enough to bear the burden, and not till this question is settled, ought he to consider external circumstances. I never felt that I was adapted to a university life, and have, consequently, not prepared for it; and I could hardly expect, in my forty-eighth year, to give my studies that extension which would be reasonably expected of a successor of Gesner and Heyne.”

P. 193. WUNDERLICH.—The following sketches respecting Wunderlich, are selected from Jacobs's Personalien. “About the close of the last century, Wunderlich, of Groussen, entered our gymnasium in Gotha. He was but a boy; yet he had an insatiable thirst after knowledge. He hung upon me, and almost compelled me, by his naïve entreaties, to give him private lessons in Greek, of which he had just acquired an elementary knowledge. Such was his power of memory, and his unremitting effort in study, that in a short time, he was so far advanced, as to be able, in connection with von Thümmel, another of my pupils, to peruse the Oration on the Crown, which he afterwards edited. In the summer of 1801, he left the gymnasium, full of youthful confidence, for the university, for which he was well prepared. I recommended him to Heyne, whose letters to Johannes von Müller, recently published, show with what paternal solicitude he watched over this young man. Heyne wrote me, under date of June 24, 1801: ‘Your Wunderlich comes so warmly recommended from you, that I begin already to regard him as a foster-son.’ Huschke wrote me of him, Jan. 13, 1802: ‘I live on the most confidential terms with this friend and countryman of mine. He was recommended to me by you, and how could I do otherwise than receive him with open arms? Besides, I have found him to be exactly as you represented him. He has brought with him good acquisitions, no inconsiderable talent, and withal, a pretty fair supply



of modest assurance. *Nihil ineptius est hac explicatione*, is a kind of motto with him, when, in his remarks on Æschylus, he contradicts Schütz. This daring begins gradually to disappear. Frequent hearty thrusts, given him in the nick of time, have cooled down his heated blood. Now, his contradictory corrective assertions run thus: *mihi displicet hoc*; and I have accordingly changed my marginal remarks, and, instead of *tu magis etiam ineptus*, I now write, *tuum magis etiam mihi displicet*. And thus we both come to our good sense again. It is a pity that he has yet no taste for the Latin poets." Heyne, in his letter to Johannes von Müller, then minister of education, dated, November, 1812, wrote thus: "Wunderlich will apply to you, on account of his call to Augsburg, which he will decline, if he can have the title of professor here. It is desirable to do all in our power not to lose him; for philology he is my chief hope. He is assessor of the philological faculty; reads lectures with much approbation, and is highly respected by the students, but he can devote only one-half his time to his lectures, being compelled to give private lessons nine hours a day, in order to support himself. It would be desirable to have a young undergrowth shooting up here, and such are Wunderlich, Thiersch and Dissen." He died of the quinsy, in 1816, while making a revision of the fourth edition of Heyne's *Tibullus*.

P. 194. GODFREY HENRY SCHÄFER was born in Leipsic, in 1764, and studied in the St. Thomas gymnasium, and in the university of his native city. Ernesti, Reiz, and Beck were his classical teachers. Some time after taking his master's degree, he became a publisher, in connection with another person in Leipsic. In 1810, he was elected professor in the Leipsic university, but he received only 150 rix dollars salary. The works edited by him are very numerous, and the observations added by himself, have a high value. His select classical library, consisting of 7,000 volumes, was sold to the university, in 1818, for 10,000 rix dollars. He contributed very many observations to the London edition of Stephens's *Thesaurus*; enough on the single particle, *ὅν*, to constitute a volume. His notes to Demosthenes were pronounced by Hermann to be his



best work. By correcting the press for so many Greek authors, Schäfer greatly injured, and finally destroyed his eye-sight. Passow, in a letter to H. Voss, under date of June 24, 1811, remarks; "I have begun to find my bearings in Schäfer's Gregory of Corinth; for I never was, and never expect to be, able to read such a book through in course. Schäfer's unsubdued learning has always come forth too much in fragments, but they are the limbs of a Titan. He has never had time, as he complained in his Sophocles, to make use of all the notes he had collected, being obliged, from regard to profit, to write from memory. Seidler assures me,—what seems almost incredible,—that the same is true of his Gregory. If this man could have time to elaborate a work thoroughly, it would be incomplete in its parts, to be sure, but still the work of a giant. What is still more strange, is, that he studied theology, law, and medicine, before his attention was directed, by accident, to philology. He has translated, without his name, innumerable works on medicine, from the modern languages." In another letter, written three years later, he says: "I spent a few days in Leipsic, in pleasant intercourse with my faithful old Seidler, Hermann, and the indescribably good and cordial Schäfer, from whom something splendid might have proceeded, if he had the power to throw off foreign influence." A second philological library which he had collected, he sold, when his eye-sight failed him, to the emperor of Russia. He spent the last years of his life in retirement, with his son-in-law, Höpfner. He died in 1840.

P. 195. To illustrate the fiscal relations of the German universities, we will take Halle, in the year 1834, as a specimen. Its income was 70,737 rix dollars. Besides the above, there are 5,750 rix dollars, annually, for charitable purposes, 1000 of which go for the widows and orphans of deceased professors; 4,400 for free tables for poor students. Collections are taken four times in the churches in all Prussia, for students' stipends, and those which are made in the province of Saxony go to the Halle university. There are 108 free tables for the Lutheran church; twenty for the Reformed church, and eleven for the Magdeburg students, making in all, 139. There are twenty

stipends, at thirty rix dollars each ; thirty at twenty rix dollars each ; twenty-nine from the Wittenberg fund, at different values, and seven from legacies, making in all eighty-six stipends. The highest salary is two thousand rix dollars ; the lowest, one hundred rix dollars ; the largest number receive from three hundred to twelve hundred rix dollars. The professors have, besides their salaries, also the tuition-fees, the highest of which in Halle, in 1834, was two thousand five hundred ; and the lowest, ten rix dollars.

P. 198. FRANCIS L. K. PASSOW, one of the most honored of recent German philologists, was born in Ludwigslust, in Mecklenburg, in 1786, and died as professor in Breslau, in 1833. His first classical teacher, Ernest Breem, as family tutor, inspired him early with a love of antiquity. In his 16th year he went to the gymnasium of Gotha, where Kaltwasser, Döring, Lenz, Kries, and, above all, Jacobs, exercised a forming influence upon his mind. Jacobs, in particular, became his beau-ideal of excellence in character not less than in scholarship. In 1804, he entered the university of Leipsic, where he studied privately, often residing out of town, and even journeying, and paying particular attention to no one's instructions except Hermann's. Here, in the Greek Society of Hermann, he was associated with Seidler, Weiske, Gräfe, Hand, and Thiersch. In 1807, he was made professor of Greek, in the place of H. Voss, in the gymnasium in Weimar, and from that time to 1800, the flourishing condition of the school was owing to his efforts and those of his colleague Schulze. At the close of that period, he went to Jenkau, near Dantzie, where his enlarged system of effort would have done much for classical learning in that place, had not the disturbances of the war broken up the school. He returned to Berlin, and spent his time there as described in his letters. In 1814, he succeeded J. G. Schneider, where for a series of eighteen years, as professor of Greek, director of the Philological Seminary, and after 1829, as lecturer on the archeology of art, in connection with Charles Schneider, he succeeded in rendering Breslau scarcely inferior to any other university in the department of classical literature. C. O. Müller, Wellauer, Göttling, Osann, and Weber of Bremen, are among his disciples. His Musaeus

appeared in 1810, his *Germania of Tacitus*, in 1817; his *Nonnus* was nearly finished at his death. He wrote some of the best critical articles which appeared in the reviews at his time.

P. 200. JOHN SCHULZE rose rapidly in public estimation, and after passing through various grades of honor, was, in 1818, associated with von Altenstein, the great minister of education in Prussia. It is to Schulze that Prussia is indebted, in a great degree, for the present flourishing condition of its gymnasia.

P. 201. *Of the Latin course, etc.*—The plan of study, in regard to the two classic languages of antiquity, is thus laid down in the regulations for the gymnasia of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, in 1834. The course embraces eight years.—“*The Latin language.* Next to the German, the Latin language is the most important branch of study, inasmuch as, by its simple character, it presents the clearest view of the grammatical structure of language, and being the source of several modern languages, it is the key to a thorough knowledge of them, and besides, it facilitates the understanding of scientific terms, and is, in fact, indispensable to the studies of those professions which have descended to us, historically, from earlier times. The eighth class is to have ten Latin exercises a week. A beginning is to be made with exercises in reading, according to the rules of accent and quantity; practice in grammatical forms, particularly the declensions and regular conjugations, and the general rules for the gender of words, to which may be added, the translation of simple sentences, or phrases containing nouns, with their qualifying words. The acquisition of a *copia verborum* is to be commenced with learning the *vocabula domestica*. The seventh class is to have eight Latin exercises weekly. Irregular forms, particularly anomalous and defective verbs, the derivation of words, and the simpler rules of syntax, are to be learned by this class, in connection with the translation of easy sentences from Latin into German, and from German into Latin. The sixth class, eight hours a week, in which attention is to be given to the *syntaxis convenientiae et casuum*, and the explanation of those peculiar forms of expression which are of the most frequent occurrence, such as the accusative with

the infinitive, the ablative absolute, etc. Translations are to be made from Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Aurelius Victor, and Phaedrus, or from an approved Latin reader; also, translations from German into Latin. The fifth class is also to have eight Latin exercises a-week, in which the doctrines of modes and tenses, and a systematic view of the structure of sentences are to be taught, accompanied with translations from German into Latin. To be read, Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Justin, and Ovid's *Tristitia*. The fourth class, the same number of weekly Latin exercises, in which the construction of dependent clauses, and of *participial constructions*, is to be explained systematically, accompanied with translations from German into Latin. During this year, are to be read the Letters of the younger Pliny, Curtius, Florus, and easy selections from Cicero and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The second class, with seven exercises a-week, are to review general syntax, and be instructed in the elegances of the language, and in synonyms, and make written translations, for practice, in both. Here, too, free and extemporaneous exercises in Latin, and, in particular, metrical exercises are to be held; and the authors to be read, are Livy, Cicero's rhetorical works and epistles, Virgil's *Æneid*, and the odes and epistles of Horace. The first class, also, seven recitations a-week, in which the practical exercises of the last year are to be continued. The works to be read, are the Annals of Tacitus, Suetonius, Velleius Paterculus, Seneca's and Cicero's rhetorical works, Quintilian, Virgil's *Georgics*, Ovid's *Fasti*, the epistles and satires of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Persius, Juvenal and Plautus.

“*The Greek language*, as the instrument by which the most cultivated nation of antiquity exhibited its views of the world, forms, together with the German and Latin, a necessary and highly important part of the system of education in the gymnasia. Instruction in this language is to be carried far enough to enable the student to read its literary productions, without any difficulties arising from grammatical constructions, but not so far as would be necessary, if the Greek were the common language of literature. Greek studies, therefore, are to relate more to the comprehension of the language, than to the formation of a Greek style. It is to be commenced,

accordingly, with the sixth class, with two exercises a-week, proceeding from a correct pronunciation, to a knowledge of grammar, as far as verbs in  $\mu$ , and to the translation of simple sentences. The fifth class, with four weekly exercises, is to learn the verbs in  $\mu$ , the principles of derivation, and simpler rules of syntax. In the meantime, irregular forms of words are to be explained, the Greek roots to be committed to memory, and suitable parts of the chrestomathy to be read. In the fourth class, which is to have four Greek exercises a-week, through the year, the syntax of simple sentences must be taught systematically. Here, Xenophon's *Anabasis* is to be read, and, after preparatory instruction on the Ionic dialect, Herodotus, also, and the *Odyssey*, and with the interpretation of the last, are to be connected exercises in scanning. The third class, with five exercises a-week, will attend to the modes and tenses of verbs, and the syntax of compound sentences, in connection with which, the *Cyropedia* and *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, and Homer's *Iliad* will be read. The second class is to have six Greek exercises weekly, in which the whole body of the syntax is to be studied anew, the difficult constructions and idioms explained, and prosody to be mastered. The works to be read this year, are the *Hellenica* of Xenophon, Lucian, Plutarch, the *Iliad*, and a tragedy of Sophocles. The first class, which is to have six exercises a-week in this language, will attend to the more difficult metres, and read Thucydides, Demosthenes, some of the *Dialogues* of Plato, parts of *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes*, and *Pindar* and *Theocritus*."

P. 203. HENRY VOSS, son of J. H. Voss, was born in 1779, in Otterndorf. He went to Halle, to study, in 1798, where he was cordially received by Wolf; and to Jena, in 1801, where he was as intimate with the Griesbach family and with Eichstaedt. He was afterwards rector of the gymnasia in Weimar, where he resided from 1804 to 1806 when he was made professor in Heidelberg, where he died in 1822. He gave an excellent translation of *Æschylus*. His labors on *Aristophanes*, in connection with his father, are also valuable. The translation of Shakspeare found less favor.

P. 204. *Programm*.—In the German universities and gymnasia this word properly signifies an announcement of some public exercise, such as a disputation, promotion, oration or examination. The programm itself generally contains an essay or dissertation.

P. 205. *The decision of Providence*.—That decision took Passow away in the midst of his work, but not before he had established his reputation as the Greek lexicographer of his age. Rost has been engaged to carry out the design of Passow, in several successive editions, making each complete for the several Greek authors which shall be successively examined. In the meantime, Rost has commenced a Greek Thesaurus of his own, which shall, in respect to expense, be within the reach of all.

P. 206. *More than all the elegance of Johannes von Müller*.—The author refers to an interesting collection of letters which passed between Gleine, Heinse, and von Müller.

P. 207. *My first lonely winter*.—The almost unparalleled struggle which Prussia passed through, in her calamitous wars, had made it necessary to let the gymnasium at Jenkau go down. Passow considered his past labors there as lost; he had been thus unhappily thrown out of employ. Meanwhile he was called to part with his wife, to whom he was unusually attached.

P. 211. The materials for the article on the "SCHOOL OF PHILOLOGY IN HOLLAND," may be found in *Vitae Hemsterhusii et Ruhnkenii*, cura Lindemann, Leipsic, 1822; *Wytenbachii Vita*, ed. Mahne, Brunswick, 1825; *van Heusde Initia Phil. Platonicae*, Utrecht, 1827; and Lindemann's *Iter in Bataviam susceptum*, published in Jahn's *Leipsic Jahrbücher*. The article is, for the most part, condensed and abridged. Some passages are literally translated.

P. 233. PAUL held the office of first Silentiary under Justinian. The duties of this office consisted, in part, in keeping order in a house, and, in part, in acting as private secretary to the emperor.

Paul was the author of many epigrams. He possessed wit and taste, and was well read in the poets, but wrote in a diffuse style.

P. 261. WYTTEBACH'S wife was Joanna Gallien, of Hanau. They were married on the seventeenth of February, 1817. He appears to have taken this step partly for the purpose of securing his estate to one who had long watched over his interests with assiduous attention. After his death, she removed to Paris. It is not known whether she is now living. She is represented as a very intellectual woman, and as the author of a number of interesting works. Among these are "Theogene," Paris, 1815; "The Banquet of Leontis, a dialogue on Beauty, Love and Friendship," Ulm, 1820; and "Alexis," a romance, Paris, 1823. In 1827, she received from the university of Marburg the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy! at the centennial celebration of that university. The following are the words of the diploma: "*Auctoritate Gulielmi II, Electoris Hessiae, promotor ritè constitutus, C. A. L. Creuzer, Joannae Wytttenbach, genere Gallien, D. Wytttenbachii viduae immortalī vita dignae, ob doctrinae elegantiam scriptis probatam antiquae urbanitatis odorem spirantibus, jura et ornamenta doctoris philosophiae artiumque liberalium magistri, ex philosophorum ordinis decreto, hoc ipso die saeculari tribuit.*"

P. 269. USE OF THE GREEK DIALECTS.—This ingenious and eloquent discourse was delivered before the Munich Academy of Sciences, on the twelfth of October, 1808. The translator has ventured to condense the introductory paragraph, which refers to the king, on whose Saint's-day the session was held, and to omit part of the concluding page, in which the author takes occasion to pay a courtier's compliment to the royal patron of the Institution. As these passages are purely occasional, and have nothing to do with the subject treated of in the discourse, and as one specimen of this kind of academic flattery has been given, at the conclusion of the Discourse on Plastic Art, it was thought unnecessary to translate them at full length here.

The views presented by Jacobs on this subject, have generally received the assent of scholars. With regard to epic poetry, however, Thiersch has given an account differing, in some



particulars, from the statement of our author. According to him, the language of epic poetry was originally the national language of the Greeks,—that is, it is not to be considered a dialect, but a language understood and used by the whole Grecian people, and cultivated to a high degree of beauty, copiousness, and picturesque power, by the bards of a very early period, who roamed over the continent and islands of Greece, in the practice of their musical profession. This language was called the Homeric, also, from Homer, the greatest of the bards. Afterwards, when the single States became free political communities, it lost its supremacy. The other dialects, which had remained in a rude and uncultivated state, now began to be used, the people regarding such usage as a mark of political independence. At length, with the progress of mental culture, the dialects advanced to a high degree of elegance and classical completeness.

P. 287. FERDINAND G. HAND, professor of Greek literature in Jena, was born in Plauen, in Saxony, in 1786. He commenced his studies under private teachers, and on the removal of his father, as an ecclesiastical dignitary, to Sorau, in the eastern part of Prussia, the son entered the gymnasium of that place. In 1803, he went to Leipsic, to study under Hermann. In 1810, he was appointed professor in Weimar, in Passow's place, where, for seven years, he distinguished himself as a superior teacher. He was, in 1817, appointed director of the gymnasium in Schwerin, but the duke of Weimar, unwilling to lose such a teacher, gave him a professorship in Jena. As teacher of two daughters of the duke, he passed one year with them in Petersburg. His *Turselinus*, or work on Latin Particles, in three volumes, is justly regarded as one of the most valuable philological productions of the present century. His *Manual of Latin Composition*, *Lehrbuch des Lateinischen Styls*, from which the substance of the article on the Origin and Progress of the Latin Language is taken, has the reputation of being the best of the innumerable books which have been written on the subject. As a Latin scholar, he ranks among the first in Germany. He



is a popular writer, a skilful judge of music, and has received many marks of distinguished honor from the government.

The article here presented, is taken from the second edition of the above-mentioned work, published in 1839. It has been much abridged, and somewhat altered in style and arrangement, so as to adapt it to the general character of the present volume.

P. 315. MORAL EDUCATION OF THE GREEKS.—This is one of the longest and most elaborate of the occasional pieces of Jacobs. It contains a great deal of excellent thought, many passages of refined and scholarly eloquence, a delicate appreciation of the genius of ancient Greece, and, in some respects, no doubt, a just vindication of the moral character of the ancients. But, on some counts in the indictment for gross immorality, brought against the Greeks by the moderns,—particularly in regard to vices for which the modern languages happily have no recognized name,—his defence is inconclusive and unsatisfactory. The subject will not bear discussion,—hardly, indeed, allusion; yet it was necessary to glance at it, as one topic out of many, to be considered in forming our estimate of ancient morality. The language of Jacobs has been somewhat tempered down in this part of his discussion, as a sense of decorum required; but his ideas, with all that is essential to a faithful representation of them, have been scrupulously retained. Without going into particulars, it needs merely to be stated, that the testimonies of the ancients,—the best of them,—are numerous, full, and explicit, and go directly to the proof of a frightful and hideous extent of moral corruption and nameless infamy, certainly in the later ages of Greece. These vices of the Greeks were severely reprobated, no doubt, by thoughtful moralists, like Socrates and Plato; but their commonness in Greek society is unhappily too well established. The Homeric age was unquestionably much purer in private morality, than what are called the Historical times. These authorities show, at the same time, that much of this corruption sprang from, or at least was favored by, the gymnasia, and other peculiar Hellenic institutions. The testimonies of the ancients on these points are so strong, that we must regard the favorable view so warmly and eloquently supported by Jacobs, as the error

of an enthusiastic scholar, led astray by too great partiality for his ancient favorites. "Who would not wish," says William Adolph Becker, professor in the university of Leipsic, while commenting on a passage from another work of Jacobs, in which he had expressed himself to the same effect, "who would not wish to be able to agree with the worthy author, could it be done otherwise than at the expense of truth; if the facts did not so clearly and distinctly testify to the contrary, that one must have purposely shut his ear to their voice, to be able to deceive himself upon this subject?" In the curious and interesting notes to the "*Charicles*," the work here referred to, Becker has gone into a most minute, learned, and conclusive investigation of the subject, and, in his decision,—a decision from which no appeal can be taken,—has shown a delicacy and correctness of moral sense, no less creditable to his heart, than the admirable clearness of his reasoning upon the immense materials of his erudition, is to his intellectual ability.

But the error of Jacobs in one respect, does not impair the general value of his opinions and researches, any more than a special immorality understood to exist, to some extent, among the ancients, impairs the general value of ancient literature. The subject being considered in this light, it has been thought best to admit this essay, though it contains some views which, as we have seen, are manifestly erroneous, and others, which are in the main correct, but which may be pressed too far. The author is a pure-minded man, and very enthusiastic in his favorite studies. The classics have manifestly exerted a salutary, as well as decided influence on his moral feelings and literary tastes. Hence, he may be in danger of overstating the good moral effects produced by the study. On persons of different temperament, the beneficial influence might be less decided, or might be positively injurious. Much is depending upon the manner in which one studies, and upon the particular authors with whom he is familiar. As a general thing, it may be stated, that the more thoroughly the study of the Greek and Roman writers is pursued, the less is the moral hazard which is incurred.

It has been thought, however, that a defence of classical study, on the score of morality, would not be without its value,

though the reader should dissent from some of its positions. It is important to have both sides of an important question stated fairly and fully. In no other way, can one arrive at the exact truth.

The unfavorable side of classical study, in respect to its moral bearings, has been elaborately discussed by Professor Tholuck, of Halle, in the first number of Neander's "*Denkwürdigkeiten*," a translation of which may be found in the second volume of the *Biblical Repository*. The late Dr. Gesenius, though differing widely from the views advanced by Tholuck, pronounced it to be the ablest article which had appeared on the subject. In the course of his argument, the author discusses the origin of heathenism; the estimation in which their religion was held by themselves; the character of polytheism, and of the deification of nature in general, and of the Grecian and Roman religions in particular; the influence of heathenism on the life of the Greeks and Romans; the sensuality of polytheism, and its entire moral weakness. These various points are illustrated with a profusion of learning, and supported with not a little solid argument. The extreme laxity of morals, especially in the later ages of the Greeks and Romans, is but too obvious, the classical writers themselves being witnesses. Many things in their modes of life, manners and customs, etc., appear to be wholly indefensible. The natural effect of them on the corrupt minds of the great mass of the people was bad, though individuals of refined and virtuous sentiment might, and did, deduce valuable lessons from them.

The concluding paragraph,—being merely occasional,—has been modified and abridged in the translation; but the substance of it has been preserved.



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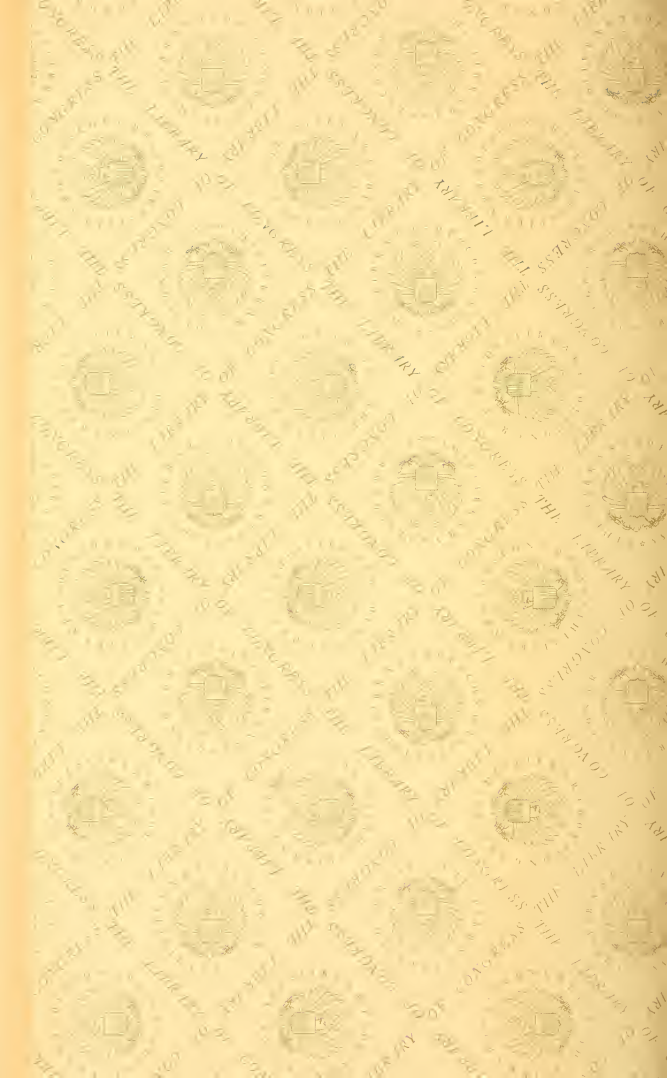
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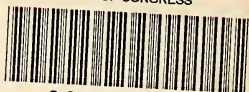








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